

DD'S QUAZY LOVE QUIZ: "are you KOOKIE, too?"

PHOTOPLAY

OVEMBER 25¢

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gotten
over
Eddie?



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reach for Listerine*



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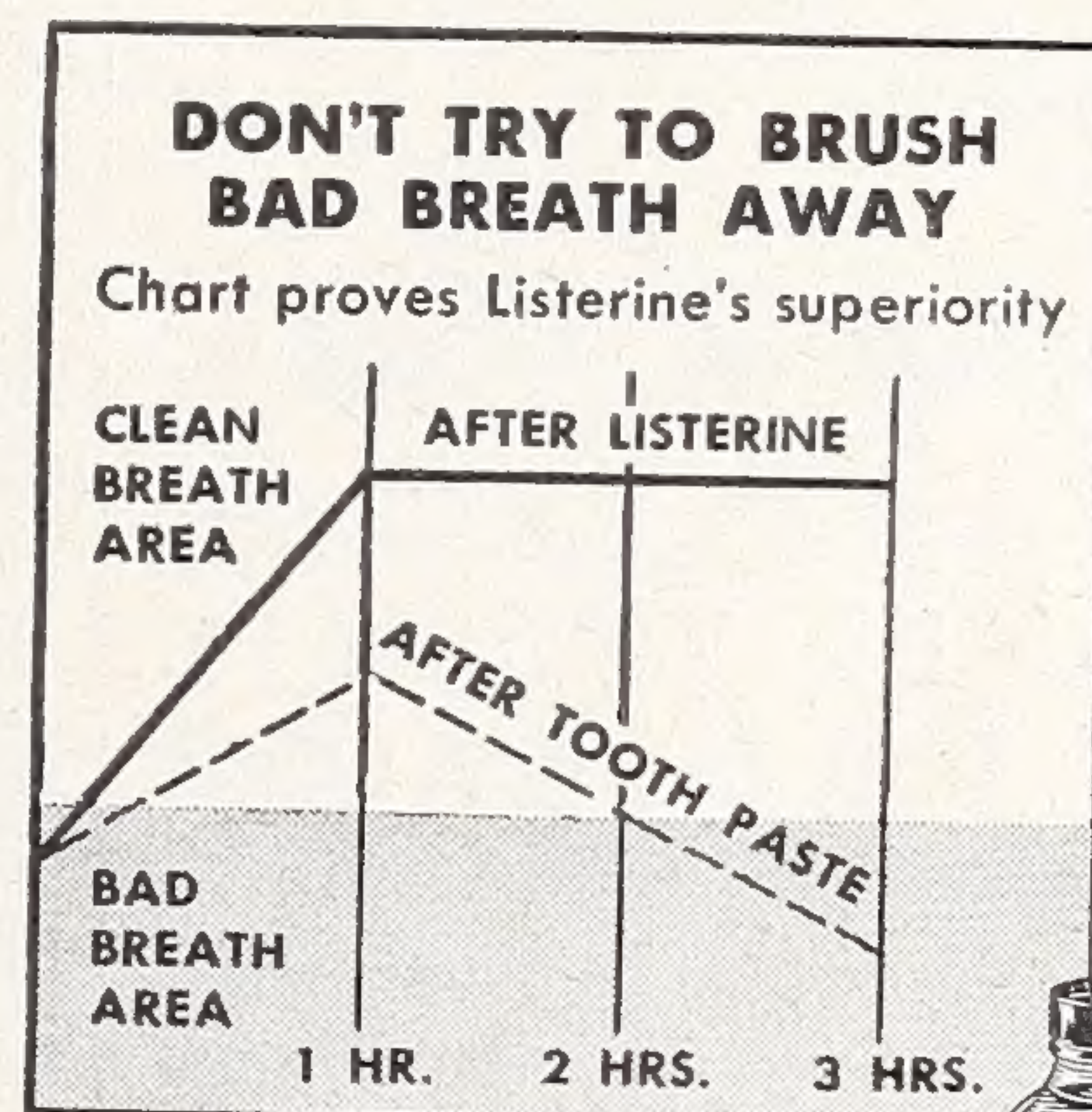
Tooth paste is for your teeth; Listerine is for your breath.

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. . . every time you brush your teeth

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NOVEMBER, 1959

VOL. 56, NO. 5

PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

EXCLUSIVE

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COVER PHOTO: Debbie Reynolds by Fitzgerald-Carter. Debbie stars in "It Started with a Kiss" and "The Gazebo" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

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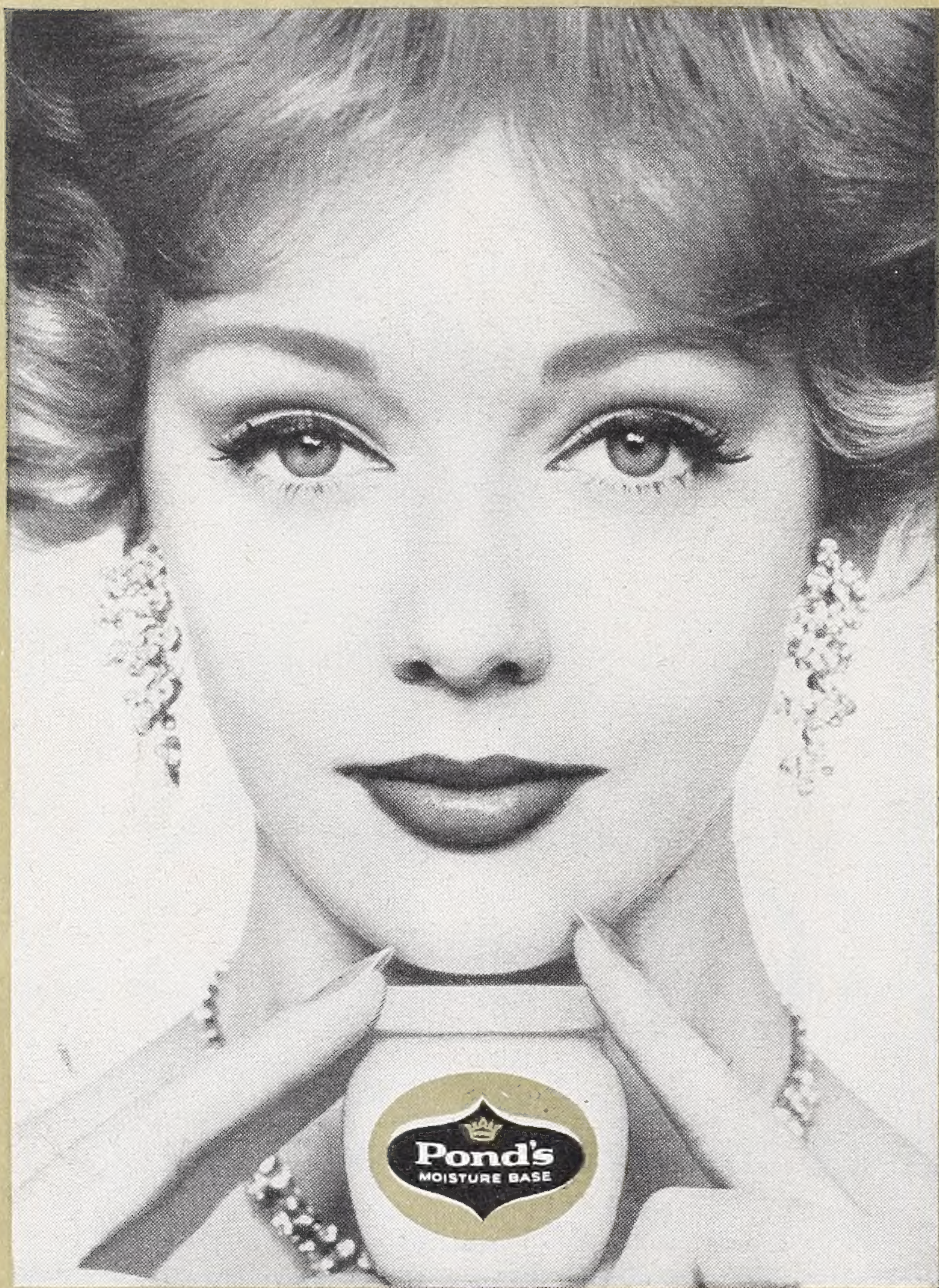
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✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR A—ADULTS F—FAMILY

NOW PLAYING

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the months indicated. For full reviews this month, see contents page.

✓✓✓✓ **BIG FISHERMAN, THE**—Buena Vista; Panavision, Technicolor: A dazzling spectacle illuminates the beginnings of Christianity, with Howard Keel as St. Peter. John Saxon and Susan Kohner provide the romance. (F) September

✓✓✓✓ **BLUE DENIM**—20th, CinemaScope: Disturbing story shows that nice kids can get in trouble, too. As Suburban Heights youngsters, Carol Lynley and Brandon De Wilde experiment with sex too far. It's Carol's picture—the one that'll make her a star. (A) October

✓✓✓✓ **DEVIL'S DISCIPLE, THE**—U.A.: Based on G. B. Shaw's play, a witty, fast-stepping film about the American Revolution, bolsters the colonists' cause with Kirk Douglas and Burt Lancaster and puts Laurence Olivier in charge of the redcoats. Rousing entertainment. (F) October

✓✓✓ **FIVE PENNIES, THE**—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Listen to the beat, as Danny Kaye plays jazzman Red Nichols. The heartbeat's in his love for wife Barbara Bel Geddes and daughter Tuesday Weld. (F) September

✓✓ **FOR THE FIRST TIME**—M-G-M; Technirama, Technicolor: Come on in—the music's sweet and loud and the scenery's fine. On Capri, Zsa Zsa Gabor ends up just a former flame when Mario Lanza meets gentle Johanna von Koszian. Affecting little tale. (F) October

✓✓✓✓ **PORGY AND BESS**—Goldwyn, Columbia; Todd-AO, Technicolor: Sidney Poitier, Dorothy Dandridge as the star-crossed lovers and Sammy Davis Jr. as their tempter stand out in Gershwin's classic. (F) September

✓✓ **PRIVATE'S AFFAIR**, A—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Sal Mineo and Terry Moore have star-sparkle; Gary Crosby's likable; Christine Carere's lovely; Barry Coe's handsome. But a forced plot hampers nice people. (F) October

✓✓ **SCAPEGOAT, THE**—M-G-M: Offbeat movie doesn't quite live up to its dramatic opening, when Alec Guinness as a bored English schoolteacher meets Alec as a debonair Frenchman. He and Bette Davis hold your interest. (A) October

✓✓✓ **TAKE A GIANT STEP**—U.A.: In a splendid acting debut, singer Johnny Nash is a boy of sixteen, a Negro in a white world, still facing universal troubles as he takes the step from adolescence to maturity. (A) October

✓✓✓ **THAT KIND OF WOMAN**—Paramount, VistaVision: Under the fashionable frankness of this World War II drama beats a soft and sentimental heart. Tab Hunter's a naive paratrooper who falls in love with Sophia Loren—then learns about George Sanders. (A) October

✓✓✓✓ **THEY CAME TO CORDURA**—Columbia; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Different sort of film that happens to have a western setting, on the Mexican-American border in 1916. When the story's tensions separate the men from the boys, Gary Cooper sees Van Heflin as a brute, Tab Hunter a careerist. Ignoring glamour, Rita Hayworth's great. (F) October

**CLARK
GABLE**

**CARROLL
BAKER**

**LILLI
PALMER**

**LEE J.
COBB**

The **FRESH**-est comedy that
ever put the accent on **YOUTH**...
and it's sparked by the
sparkling-est switch in an age!

**Hold On
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Here's the kind of slightly
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daring entertainment that
comes along only once
in a blue moon!

in the
Perlberg-Seaton
production of

BUT

NOT

FOR

ME

*but
definitely
for
you!*



Also starring **BARRY COE** with **THOMAS GOMEZ** • Produced by **WILLIAM PERLBERG** and **GEORGE SEATON** • Directed by **WALTER LANG** • Screenplay by **JOHN MICHAEL HAYES** • Based on a Play by **SAMSON RAPHAELSON**



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I still don't believe there's a person named Fabian, although I met him. Now that I have met him, though, I like Fabe's honesty: admitting he can't sing. However, there's one thing a singer *should* be able to do—sing! . . . Hugh (*Wyatt Earp*) O'Brian is trying to break the fingernail-biting habit. . . . Steve McQueen's a racing fan whose career is speeding upward. . . . Will acting spoil Kim Novak? It could, you know. She's gotten by big without it. . . . I wonder what Pat Boone ever did with those white sneakers. . . . To me, Shirley MacLaine is in there acting even when she is sitting quietly. . . . How does Cary Grant do it? I believe Cary looks better in "North by Northwest" than he does in his early movies on TV. Grant took Florida like Ponce de Leon never did. . . . I'm rooting for Lauren Bacall to be a big hit in the Broadway show, "Goodbye Charlie." I miss Bacall while wandering the Hills of Beverly. . . . Shelley Winters bellows Hollywood is a place where a woman can't even have a friendly fight with her husband. . . . "Money isn't everything," admitted Jim Garner, "but at least when you have it, you don't have money troubles." . . . Speaking of Jims, how about Jimmy Stewart as an Air Force big-wig? . . . With the heavy TV production at the major studios, they look like motels, with actors, directors, writers checking in and checking out practically overnight. . . . I wonder if Milton Berle and his Ruthie will ever be accepted one hundred percent by The Clan. . . . To me, Doris Day is a puzzlement, representing (*continued*)

Fabian? ? ? I didn't really believe it till I met him.



*Dig Jimmy Stewart
as an Air Force VIP.*

THAT'S
HOLLYWOOD
FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

Your
name
is Lucy
Hardesty

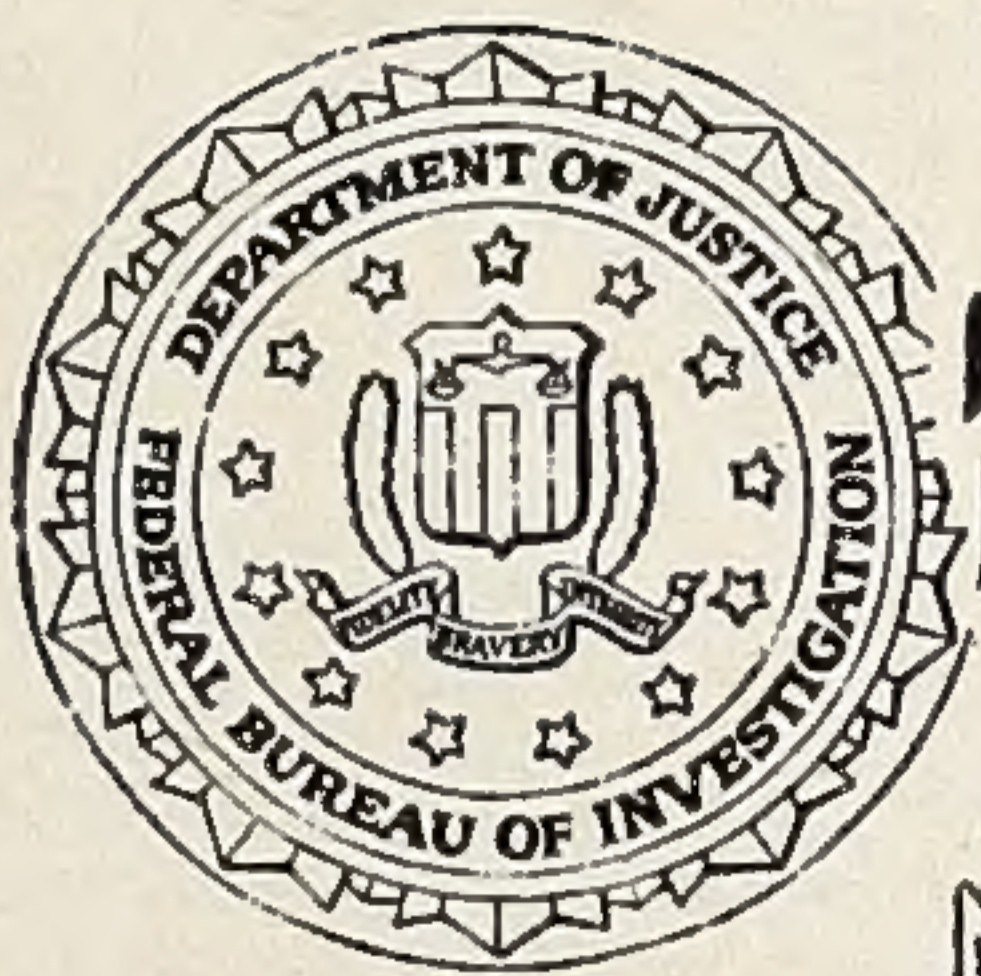
and you
married a
man from
the FBI...

So you were often on the move. Indian murders in Oklahoma. A spy chase in New York. A killing in Chicago. You couldn't call it dull. And the fact was, your kids loved it...

You didn't celebrate when Congress passed the law that enabled your husband to carry a gun. And you didn't sleep the night he went after deadly public enemy John Dillinger — or all the other nights with all the other hoodlums...

You never got rich. You were often scared and alone. But you had something that made it all work. Something called love. And it turned out to be a wonderful life...

***And now it has turned out to be
a wonderful motion picture!***



THE FBI STORY

STARRING
JAMES STEWART

as Chip
Hardesty

VERA MILES

as the girl
behind the man



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Screenplay by
Production • RICHARD L. BREEN and JOHN TWIST • MERVYN LEROY

Directed by

Music by
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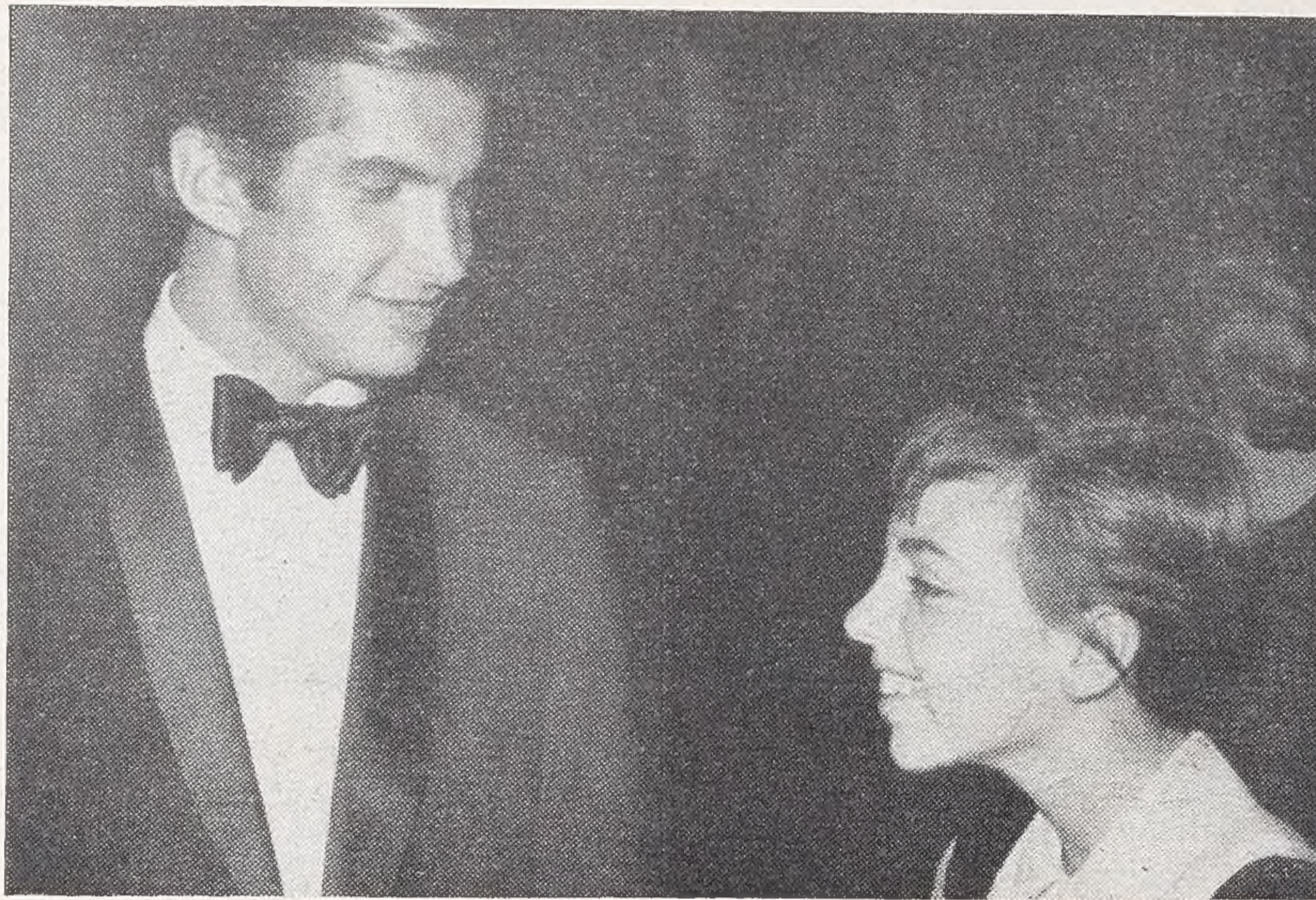
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HOLLYWOOD

continued



George Hamilton IV is really shy—except with Lisa Minnelli.

a wholesome swinger. And that's a hard thing to do, man! . . . I used to mix up Jaye P. Morgan and Jane Morgan. And now that I'm about to tell you they're clear to me, I find I'm still confused. . . . For that matter—quick like—can you tell me about the The Four Lads, The Four Preps, The Four Aces. Fore! . . . I believe many of the teen stars like Sandra Dee and Dodie Stevens should go out on double dates with their mothers. Don't think I'm way out. Mamie Van Doren and her attractive ma used to date as sisters. . . . Tab Hunter is a better actor than credited. . . . I think the New York publicity man who suggested Joseph Welsh to Otto Preminger for the judge in "Anatomy of a Murder" deserves a raise and a mention. Here's the mention: His name is Nat Rudich. . . . Blonde Barbara Nichols says she'd like morning better if it came later in the day. . . . The Duke often selects the clothes for his Mrs. John Wayne. . . . The New Tell-All Trend: Anna Maria Alberghetti didn't try to keep the fact she had her nose fixed a secret. You'd be surprised at the number of glamour girls with bobbed noses. . . . Don't get me wrong. I like most rock 'n' roll. It isn't the music that's awful; it's the lyrics. . . . Recommended listening: Sinatra's "No One Cares" and George Hamilton IV's "The Steady Game." . . . Hollywood is a place where an actor will work years to become famous enough to be recognized, and then start to wear dark glasses so no one will know who he is. That's Hollywood for you.



Will it be Clan membership for Dorothy Towne? Frank and Dino seem to like her.

NEW LIQUID LUSTRE-CREME IS HERE!

**Now you can shampoo...
Set with plain water...and have
lively, natural looking curls!**

Martha Hyer

starring in
**"THE BEST
OF EVERYTHING"**
A CinemaScope Picture
Released by 20th Century-Fox
Produced by
Jerry Wald Productions, Inc.
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New Rich,
Rich Liquid!
Lanolin-
Blessed!



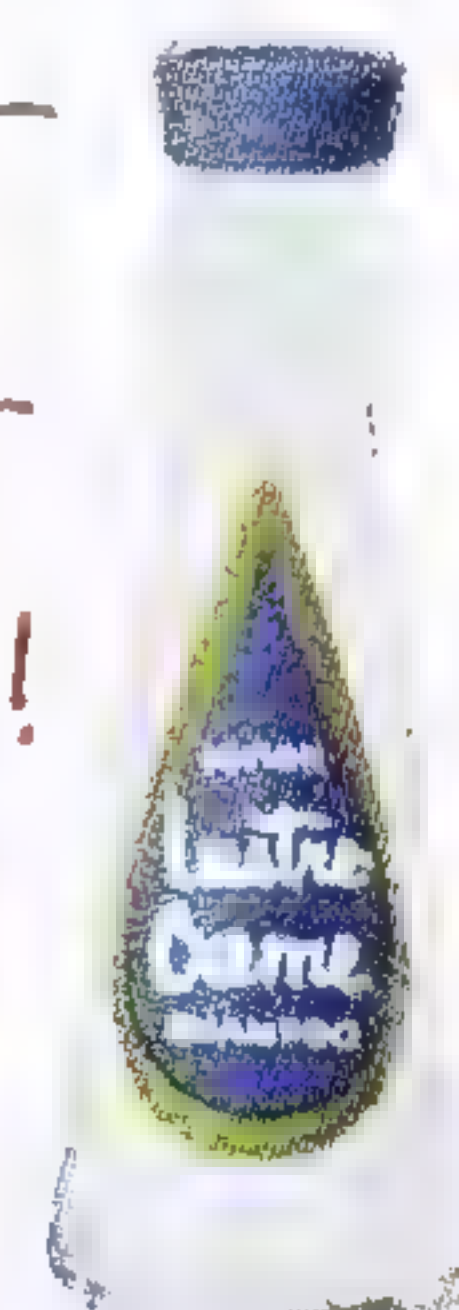
MARTHA HYER, one of Hollywood's most beautiful stars, always asks her hairdresser for a Lustre-Creme Shampoo because it leaves her lovely blonde hair shinier and easier-to-manage. Why don't you see what Lustre-Creme can do for YOUR hair?

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Set—with just plain water!
An exclusive new formula—unlike any other shampoo—leaves hair so manageable any hair-style is easier to set with just plain water. Curls are left soft and silky—spring right back after combing. Waves behave, flick smoothly into place.

Lustre-Creme —
never dries —
it beautifies —
now in liquid,
lotion or cream!



4 OUT OF 5 TOP MOVIE STARS USE LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO!

Sara Hamilton's

INSIDE STUFF



You just never know what you're going to find at a Hollywood party. For instance, there was Connie Stevens, smiling like she'd swallowed a canary. And there were George Nader and Martha Hyer, picking up right where they left off months ago.

Party News: Jill St. John and Lance Reventlow didn't let go of each other's hands all through the party given by **Jules Stein**—he's the head man on the MCA totem pole. . . . "We'll be married in the spring," Jill told me. "But I didn't say which spring," Lance teased. Jill laughed, but rumor has it Lance is in no hurry. "Don't believe anything you hear about my trying to change Lance," she said. "We like each other as we are—that's why we're getting married." . . . Spotted **George Nader** with **Martha Hyer** and it looks as though that twosome may be starting up again. . . . **Connie Stevens**, sipping pineapple punch, was smiling like someone with a big secret. "Uh-uh," she shook her head at me. "I can't tell you—yet."



Lance is so vague and teasing about setting a date for their marriage that I wonder just how long Jill St. John's beaming look will last.

Purely Personal: **Molly Bee** turned twenty, but she was acting like a teenager in love at her birthday party, holding hands with agent **Jerry Weintraub**. . . . **Rock Hudson** may not know it till he reads it here, but **Debbie Power** is peeved at him. She claims Rock snapped pictures of the late **Tyrone Power**, just before they went to Spain, and now she can't find Rock to get the negatives. Maybe those "serious" rumors scared him away, but Rock needn't worry. Debbie's most frequent date these days is **Arthur Loew Jr.**, **Liz Taylor's** one-time steady. . . . **Carol Lynley** and **Brandon DeWilde** made such a nice couple for a while, but now Carol seems more interested in **Michael Enonomoni**, a young film cutter. Seems he's older in his ways than Brandon and it looks like Carol's feeling very grown-up these days. . . . **Tuesday Weld** only recently turned sixteen. I wonder if that means she's now going on thirty-two? . . . **Debbie Reynolds** liked Honolulu so much, she may buy a house there. And for her parents' 31st wedding anniversary, Debbie took them to the island setting of the Luau. **Harry Karl** wasn't there himself, but he sent champagne.

Around Town: Every bachelor in Hollywood is trying to wangle a date with **Hank Fonda's** lovely daughter, Jane, but **Shirley MacLaine's** brother, **Warren Beatty**, has the inside track—so far. . . . Producer **Ross Hunter**, who's planning to make you cry as hard at his new "Portrait in Black" as you did at "Imitation of Life," has **Sandra Dee** in that one, too. "I must say, Sara, I'm proud of her, but," he winked, "I almost couldn't afford to hire her, she's going ahead so fast." . . . **Desi Arnaz's** car jumped off the road, hit three poles and took out 20 feet of metal railing. "I don't have a scratch," Desi told me when I called to check.

NEW Eye Make-Up

Won't Smudge! Won't Run!

Won't Rub Off...Ever!



Yours! Luxuriant lashes—instantly! Hazel Bishop's Ultra-Matic* Mascara automatically curls, colors, separates lashes! No brush! No water! No unpleasant odor! As easy-to-carry and use as your lipstick! Striking velvety shades of black, brown, green, blue. **Only \$1.**

Yours! Luminous eye lids—instantly! Hazel Bishop Eye Shadow smooths on evenly, blends in perfectly, leaves no hard edges. Keeps your eyes looking glamorous all day long or all evening. Stunning iridescent shades of blue, green, violet, silver. **Only \$1.**

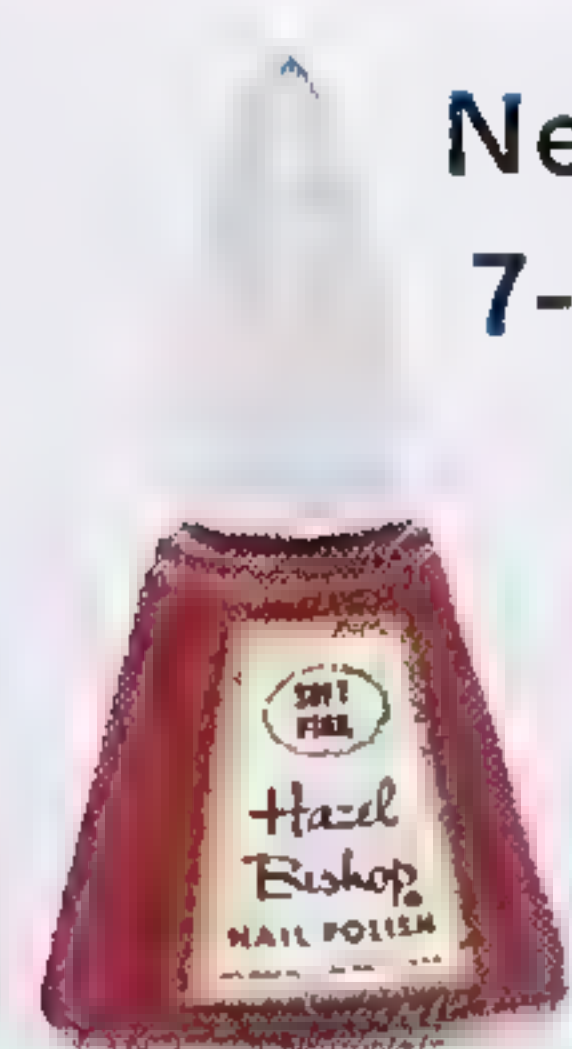
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Now at last—Hazel Bishop makes it easy for you to have larger, lovelier eyes—instantly! With the first and only Eye Beauty Aids guaranteed† to stay on and on...beautifully!

Even when you swim, shower, rub your eyes, get caught in the rain, or cry at the movies! Each in a stunning metal case that looks and feels like solid gold! Each only \$1.

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New! Hazel Bishop 7-Day Nail Polish

Built-in base coat gives you extra-hard, diamond-like finish that resists even the hardest knocks!



New! Hazel Bishop Compact Make-Up

This All-in-One make-up never cakes, streaks, or turns orangey! Applies like powder. Clings like liquid make-up!



New! Hazel Bishop Liquid-Creme Make-Up

Never looks masky! Never feels heavy or greasy! The only make-up that covers your skin without smothering it!



New! Hazel Bishop Ultra-Matic Lipstick

Amazing new-kind-of lipstick gives you a perfect lip line—everytime! In “No-Smear” or Extra Creamy “Formula 77” types.

INSIDE STUFF

continued



Where's Jeanne Crain been these last years? She and Paul have been right here in Hollywood, making up for lost time.

Hollywood Is Like That: "I want to be happy," **Tommy Sands** confided between shows at the Cocoanut Grove. "Later on, I want to look back at my life and say 'Wow!'" I'd stopped by to wish Tommy luck in the army, but he didn't need it. "Thanks for coming, Sara," he said, "but I won't be leaving for at least another year." . . . Now that **James Darren's** divorce is final, he'll be going ahead as planned and marry **Evy Norlund**. I wish them well, but you should hear what the fiance Evy left behind in Copenhagen has to say on the subject! . . . It's good to see **Jeanne Crain** pick up her career again, but I don't blame her for taking those two years out. "I had four babies before the last one and never had time to enjoy any of them," she said. "But Lisabette Ann was mine. I wouldn't even hire a nurse—I took care of that baby myself." . . . It's always happening, but I keep being surprised when I run into a star at such an everyday place as a vegetable market. Yet that's where I met **Ann Sothorn** and that's how I ended up at her Sunday barbecue. Ann's daughter Tish, who's really blossomed into a beautiful teenager, led me over to the pool-side soda fountain and we mixed up the wildest concoction you ever saw. After that, who could eat steak? . . .

Irene Dunne's work with the U.N. is important, but I miss her in films.



Spotted Jeannette MacDonald and Gene Raymond. "Come back to movies," I coaxed. "We'll even ban popcorn for you!"

In My Opinion: No teenager would ever go in for the hijinks some older stars like **Frank Sinatra** and **Steve McQueen** have been pulling. . . . There's only one cure for **Tab Hunter's** loneliness and that's the right wife. But Tab says she must love horses and tennis, be simple and unaffected yet have a temper, and care nothing about a career. Know anyone who fits that description? . . . Nobody has yet come along to fill **Jeannette MacDonald's** place in movies . . . **Carlo Ponti** may "love and protect" his wife **Sophia Loren** right out of the movies if he doesn't find better—and fewer—pictures for her. . . . **May Britt** couldn't have been more wrong. Won "Blue Angel" fame, lost husband, called it a tie.



Above: When she heard the talk that Pia wouldn't visit her this year, I know that must have hurt Ingrid even more than all of her court troubles. Left: On a rare visit, Irene Dunne gets a welcome.



Is She Is Or Is She Isn't: In case you haven't been able to untangle the **Ingrid Bergman** marriage jig-saw, here's some help. The Italian courts refuse to recognize Ingrid's divorce from **Roberto Rossellini** and say she's still married to him, not **Lars Schmidt**. Ingrid answers that if that divorce doesn't hold up, then neither does the one she got from **Peter Lindstrom**, which means she was never really married to Rossellini in the first place. Clear? But at least Ingrid had **Pia** with her. After all the talk that she wouldn't visit, Pia did. (*Continued*)



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New Kotex napkins . . . choice of most girls



INSIDE STUFF

continued

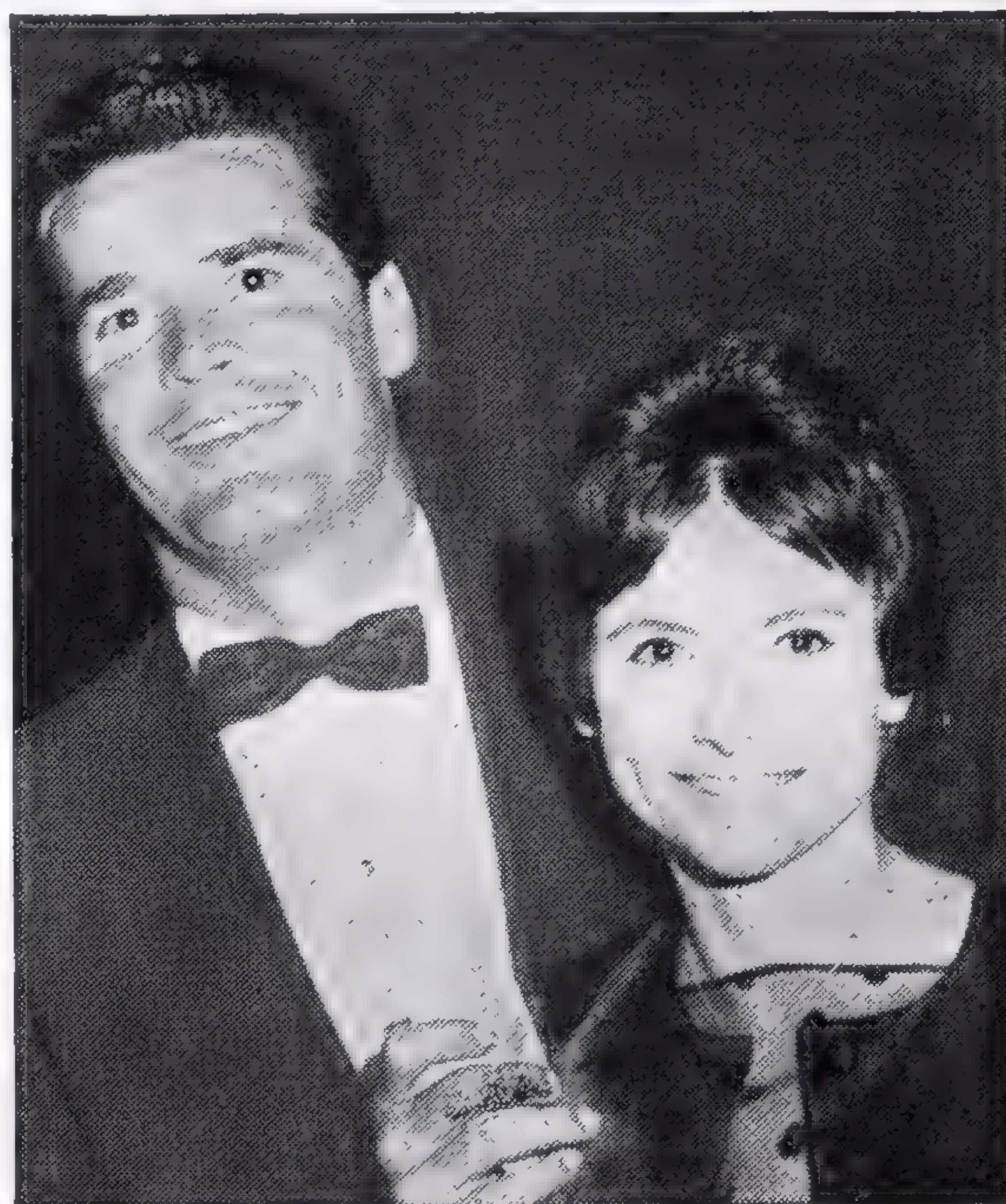
Checking The Rumors: "The newspaper columnists seem to know more about it than I do," **Dorothy Malone** laughed when I called to check the rumor that she was pregnant. "It's not true," she said, but her voice sounded wistful. . . . **Liz Taylor** has slimmed down and the rumors that she was pregnant, which Liz denied all along, seem to be false. One clue: Liz's shopping spree at Dior's. And speaking of that, what's this I hear that **Eddie Fisher's** complaining Liz spends too much money? . . . As I had feared, the **Pier Angeli-Vic Damone** reconciliation didn't last. Those ten months apart, Pier explained, left too wide a gulf between them. Seems even little Perry couldn't bring them close again.



Dorothy Malone and Jacques Bergerac are denying those rumors but I'd be willing to bet they both wish they were true.

The Kookie Crowd: Never saw anyone look quite so gloomy as **Fabian** on "The Hound Dog Man" set, just after **Sandra Dee** had phoned to say she couldn't go with him to **Tommy Sands'** opening. Fabe was scared to ask another girl at such short notice, but he finally did. Then he confided that the director wants him to lose five pounds. "It's rough," he moaned. "I always grab a sandwich just before bedtime and I don't know if I can sleep without it. But," he promised, "I'll try." . . . Bumped smack into **Edd Byrnes** as I was going in and he was hustling out of a Beverly Hills lamp shop. "Now I've got a bed, a stove—and a lamp," he said. But Edd wouldn't have had even that if his mom and kid sister Joanne hadn't visited and made some order out of his Laurel Canyon hideout.

While here, they also met **Asa Maynard**. Edd seems mighty serious about this gal.



Things look brighter now than they have in a long time for Jim Garner and his Lois.

I Look Back: It was during the lush thirties in Hollywood that **Jean Harlow** and I sat across the studio lunch table and talked. "I'll die young," she suddenly prophesied. "I have one thing to learn or accomplish in this life and then I'll go." A few months later Jean was dead of uremic poisoning and the town was stunned. As Harlean Carpenter, Jean came to Hollywood from her native Kansas City and a year later shattered movie screens around the globe with her ungirdled performance in "Hell's Angels," one of the first all-talkie movies. As a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, she acted up a riot in such movies as "Red Headed Woman," "Red Dust," "Dinner at Eight," and "Reckless" with co-stars **Clark Gable**, **William Powell**, **Spencer Tracy** and **Cary Grant**. After two unhappy marriages, Jean



sought security in marriage to producer **Paul Berns**. A few months later Berns was dead by his own hand, leaving a legacy of scandal and heartache to the girl who tried so desperately to find happiness. Actor **William Powell** was her last and greatest love. She died before they married.

The Telephone Rings: **Hal Wallis**, who's as eager for **Elvis's** next picture as you are, phoned to tell me he's already begun shooting it. Though the scenes with El will have to wait till his discharge, Hal already has reels and reels of El's army base, Frankfurt and all the other places in Germany that El has been to. El will play a GI and the picture looks like it'll turn out almost like a documentary of all his experiences overseas. . . . **Efrem Zimbalist's** lovely wife **Steffi** phoned from Encino to invite me to a party. But before the evening came around, Steffi was on her way to the hospital with hepatitis. Last time I talked to her, she was feeling much better. . . . **David Nelson**, off to the Army, has been making

farewell rounds of studios, restaurants and favorite haunts, but dad **Ozzie** called to answer a big loud "No!" to the rumors **Rick** will move into his older brother's bachelor diggings. . . . Both the **Jim Garners** have been having a bad time with their health lately but, when I called their home, Lois seemed to be feeling much better. And now that **Jack Kelly's** carrying more of the "Maverick" load, Jim should be able to get that ulcer under control. It was giving him much more trouble than anybody wanted to admit. . . . Back from her Hawaiian honeymoon, **Margaret O'Brien** phoned to say she'll continue with her career after all. "Bob wants me to," she said. I could have predicted so. (*continued*)

vive la différence!

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INSIDE STUFF

continued

Divided Families: Spotted **Anna Kashfi** in a Beverly Hills grocer's, with little Christian Devi perched atop her shopping cart. With those brown eyes and heavy brows, he looks exactly like his dad. Anna, who's been seeing eye doctors about those severe headaches she's been getting, looked peaked. Still not over the emotional shock that came with the failure of her marriage to **Marlon Brando**, she's now in the middle of another battle with him. Court orders are the weapons. When Anna sought one to restrain Marlon from popping in at all hours to see his son, he responded with one that kept her from taking Christian Devi to India as she had planned. . . . Remembering what a gentle, loving woman **Dixie Lee Crosby** was, I can only wish that **Gary Crosby**, who loved her so, would take another look at his battles with Bing and ask himself if that's the way Dixie would have wanted it!



TV he-men like Bob Horton, Rory Calhoun and Clint Walker can handle a fight. But the town's hoping Bob's feud with Ward Bond doesn't go quite that far.

Giddap He-Men: Those Western TV stars are a rugged lot. "Cheyenne's" **Clint Walker**, a one-time night-club bouncer and also oil rigger, was an honest-to-goodness deputy in Nevada and "Gunsmoke's" **Jim Arness** is a former lumberjack. . . . "The Texan," **Rory Calhoun**—a hardrock miner in Nevada, a cowboy in Arizona and a logger in California—is one of the top gun and bow-and-arrow hunters around. . . . **Dale Robertson** of "Wells Fargo" won 28 letters at Oklahoma Military College and went from private to first lieutenant in Patton's army. . . . **Jock Mahoney** of "Yancy Derringer" starred at football and **Richard Boone** of "Have Gun, Will Travel" is a converted oil field roustabout, fisherman, prizefighter and aerial gunner. . . . **Ward Bond** of "Wagon Train" won his spurs on the U.S.C. football team—and I'll bet Ward's partner in the series, **Bob Horton**, wishes he'd stop using them on him!



With Jock Mahoney on the team, what'd the other ten men do?

Cal York's Jottings: After those suicide-attempt headlines of a year ago, **Gia Scala** made happier news with her marriage to TV actor **Don Burnett**. . . . **Edd Byrnes** may have sounded glib and casual as he talked to the record crowds who met him everywhere he went on his "Yellowstone Kelly" tour. But it wasn't easy. Edd's strictly a "Hello, how are you?" boy and prefers it that way. . . . Those house-furnishing blues finally got to

Carolyn Jones, who temporarily fled her manse, leaving husband **Aaron Spelling** and a decorator to carry on. . . . **Gardner McKay** and **Maria Cooper**, Gary's daughter, are a steady item. Wonder what **Tab Hunter** has to say about that? She used to be his favorite date. . . . **Rock Hudson** and **Doris Day** are planning a new album after the success of their "Pillow Talk." The only person not happy about this is **Jack Lemmon**. His Malibu home is within earshot of their practicing and he yearns for his old-time quiet. . . . After that close brush with death, **Roger Smith's** building up his strength by working out at the studio gym with **Clint Walker**. . . . The reason for all that muscle-flexing around town is **Steve Reeves** and the biceps he shows off in "Hercules." There'll be a whole series of "Hercules" pictures made, but, sighs Steve, "I'd rather make a western." . . . When **Haya Harareet**, the one-time Israeli marine who's coming your way in "Ben Hur," arrived in town, the person she most wanted to meet was writer **Clifford Odets**. Seems she appeared in repertory in his "Waiting for Lefty" in Israel.





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Angel Face makes all the difference! On the left, it's Golden Angel Face. On the right, it's Blushing Angel Face.

New Cosmetic Discovery! Now you can magically change your skin tone to go with any fashion color!

Most fabulous beauty fashion since Pond's created the first compact makeup—new Angel Face with *cosmetic-silicones*!

Now you can change your skin tone to make any fashion color flattering—without looking artificial! New Angel Face is a new *kind* of foundation-and-powder. With *cosmetic-silicones* you can make dull skin blush, sallow skin go golden-pink, flushed skin turn pure ivory—in the touch of a puff.

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See the 8 new Angel Face shades. Choose two, three or *more* and discover how many ways you can look lovely, day and night!

New **Angel Face** by Pond's



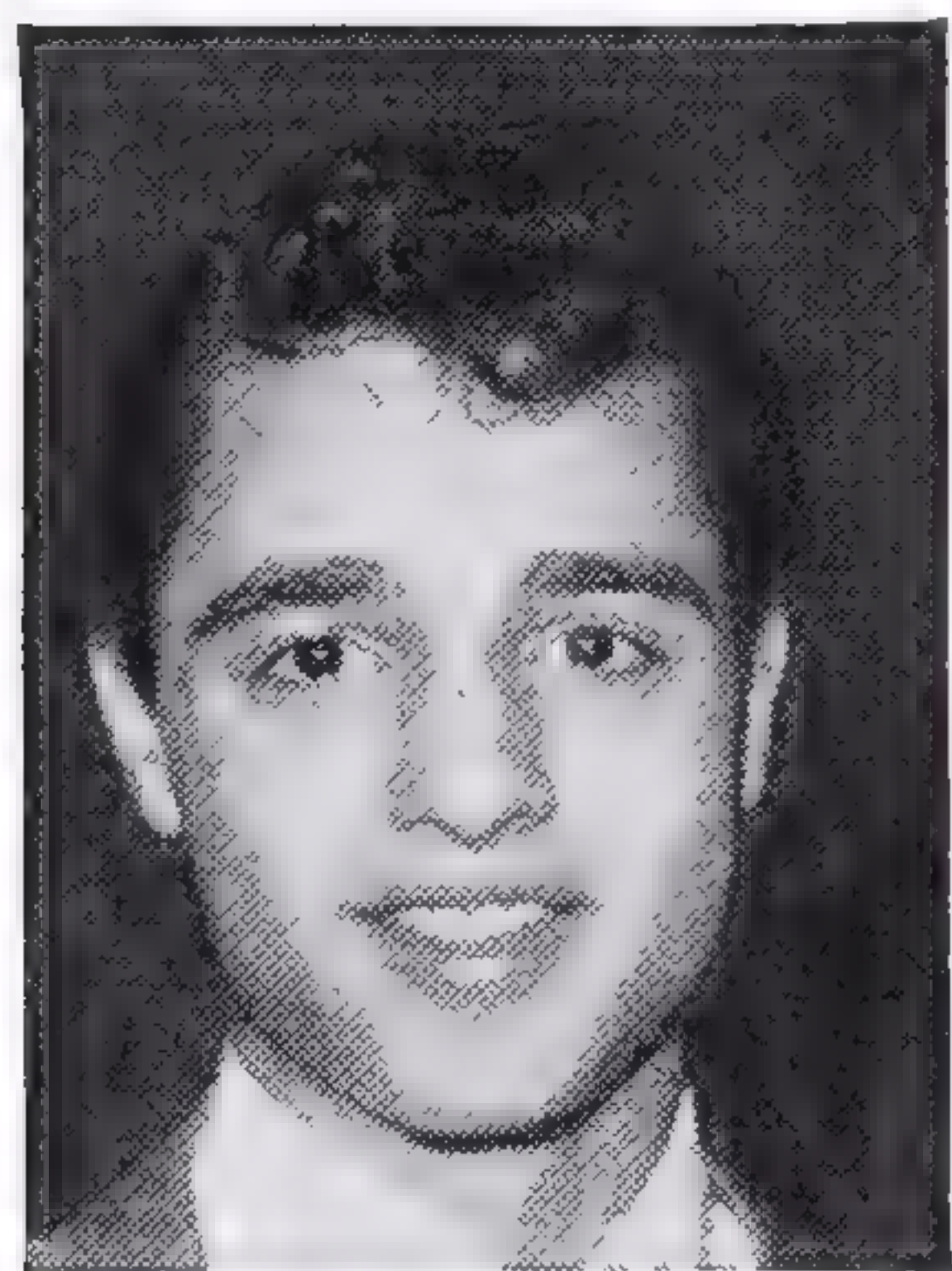
New soft, subtle color that clings! *Not* masky cream, *not* messy powder but—sheerest foundation-and-powder-in-one. In Luxury Compact with 24K gold design. 1.25 plus tax.

Readers Inc.

DEAR MISS PAIN:

I know lots of girls who call up boys on the telephone to just talk—about school and stuff. Sometimes they're boys they date, but not always. My mom says that a girl should never call a boy, that that won't make him date her. She says neither of my older sisters ever did (at least not till they were engaged) and they both got nice husbands. But I don't know, it's what the kids I know are doing today. Though, even if I were to call one up, I wouldn't know what to say. It should be for something pretty important, I guess.

MILLIE
Troy, N.Y.



Sal Mineo

DEAR MILLIE:

The boys agree with your mother. Unless it's important, let them call. As Sal Mineo said, quoting a show-business joke that agents tell anxious actors: "Don't call us, We'll call you." It's the boy who's supposed to have

that little black book and your name will never be in it once he knows *you* have his number.

DEAR MISS PAIN:

I've heard other girls talk about this problem but it's never happened to me before. I went out with this boy I've known for a long time. We've gone to school together for five years and our parents are friends and he's always seemed so very nice. Anyway, we doubled with my friend, Gladys, and after the movies drove around a while and then my friend's date, who was driving, parked down by the lake. And, then, right away this boy started wrestling with me. Finally, I couldn't fight him off any longer so I got in the front seat with Gladys. I was so scared when I got home but I didn't dare tell my mother. She probably would have called his father. And now Gladys is mad at me because her boyfriend got sore that they had to take me home. Boy, I want to be sure that never happens to me again.

MARILYN S.
Albany, N.Y.

DEAR MARILYN:

Maybe it's time for a change—of friends! I don't think so much of Gladys or any girl who won't help a friend out of a difficult situation . . . nor of a boy who won't take a "no" for an answer. But from now on, be forewarned: even lifetime friends can

develop Jekyll-Hyde personalities when out on dates, so avoid a repeat wrestling match by keeping away from "parking" areas. If you have to, invent an early curfew or develop a ravenous appetite for a hamburger or make it clear to your girlfriend before you go out that you don't want to end up parking. Choose your double-dates carefully. It's pretty difficult to keep your guy in line when you're not getting any cooperation from the front seat.

DEAR MISS PAIN:

What can you do when you're out on your first date with a boy and you can't think of anything to say? I'm sixteen and a couple of different boys have asked me out but I always say no because I just know that when we're alone I wouldn't be able to say anything. Even when I think about it I start shaking like a leaf and my throat gets all dry and I feel like crying. My friends all go out on dates (though not so often as they pretend) and they say there's nothing to it. But I know it isn't that easy because even when a boy walks me down the hall at school I just about have enough to say to get from homeroom to biology—no more. What would I ever do for *hours*?

JAN
Milwaukee, Wis.

DEAR JAN:

It takes us girls a long time to learn that boys, too, have many of the same interests as we do. Schoolwork, jobs, football team, music, clothes and the latest dance step. So if you're scared, remember—if you can talk to your girlfriends, you can talk to a date, too. And to keep you from getting panicky on that first date, here are a few tricks: If you have a choice, suggest a movie. That'll take up a few hours (let's hope he's not the type who talks during a movie!). This will give you something to talk about afterwards. Try double-dating on your first date. Conversation is easier with four people . . . in fact, you'll probably find yourself trying to squeeze in equal time. But a real sharp girl does some homework first. *Discreetly* find out a few things about him. You can't go wrong if you start with *cars*! Line up some conversation starters, like: "Can you *really* repair a car?" Or make him feel really important, ask him how he knows so much about cars. And remember, it takes two to talk. He's going to help carry that conversational ball, too. So just relax and have fun—that's really what dates are all about.

DEAR EVELYN:

I went out with a real square last weekend. It was our first date and he asked me to go to one of our community dances. I don't know why because he can't dance and since it was the kind of dance where you come with a date there wasn't much cutting in and I

was stuck with him all night. I had such an awful time I made him take me home early and when we got there I just said good-night real fast and slammed the door after me. Then, on Monday, I saw him with a real cute guy. I found out later that they're friends. I'm just dying to go out with him—the cute one—but all my friends say he'll never ask me, that creepy Harry probably told him how awful I acted. Gafney isn't such a big town and news travels fast around here. What do you think? Do I stand any chance of getting this cute boy to ask me out?

SUSIE R.
Gafney, S.C.

DEAR SUSIE:

Being nice to people doesn't cost you much effort and—besides being something you *should* do—it can pay off, you know. And regarding Harry's "cute friend," only time will tell.

DEAR EVELYN:

Why do boys always talk about their old girlfriends when they're out on a date with another girl? It makes me so mad—and all my girlfriends, too. If those girls are such sensations, why didn't they take one of them out instead of me? This hasn't happened just once or twice, but lots of times. I never talk about other boys I've dated. I don't think it's right to, and I don't think it's fair for a boy to tell me what a great dancer Mary is, and how pretty Lucy is, and, boy, what fun Nancy is at parties. It kind of hurts to have a boy say those things. It makes me feel so sort of dull but they can't think I am because they keep asking me out. What's wrong with these boys anyway?

BETTY R.
Sacramento, Calif.

DEAR BETTY:

I think perhaps boys usually talk this way to impress you and to make themselves feel more important. But I agree—it isn't fair to you. Next time a boy starts talking about an "old girlfriend" (and you can be sure it's only "talk" or he *would* be out with her), take a



Annette Funicello

tip from Annette Funicello: Whenever a boy threatens to filibuster over another girl, smile and say, "But I'm more interested in hearing about *you*." Do you know a boy who could resist that topic?

(Continued)



I dreamed I was a medieval maiden in my *maidenform® bra*

The past was never quite *this* perfect! I'm a legendary figure in STAR FLOWER, Maidenform's newest work of art! Genius idea: petal-patterned circular-stitched cups, underlined with twin elastic bands for *custom* fit and blissful *breathing* comfort.

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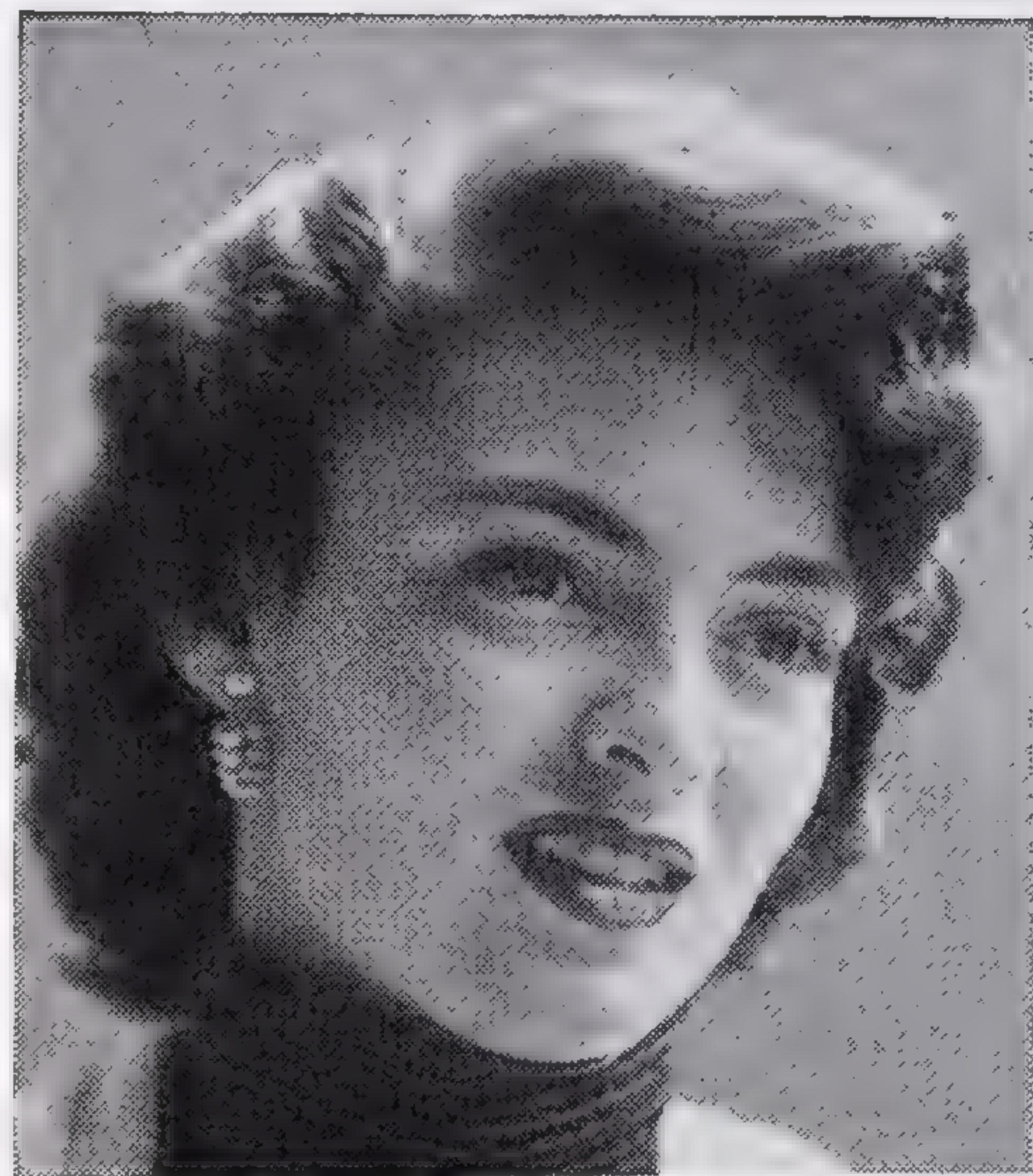
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No drying detergents! No greasy cold creams!
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New! lather fragrance color wrapper

Readers Inc.

continued



A reader hopes Susan's not forgotten.

Lest We Forget

Looking over some of my old scrapbooks, I just ran across a picture of the late Susan Ball. What a wonderful talent to have died so young—to be forgotten so soon. I think she was about as beautiful as anyone could try to be.

I wonder if it would be asking too much if I asked you to print a picture of Susan for those of us who may almost have forgotten her great talent and winning personality.

CAROLE POLUMSKY
Clarkstown, Wash.

Spellbound

I have just come back from seeing "Anne Frank," and I think it is a truly magnificent picture! I'm glad they didn't put it in color, for they would have ruined the spell it put you in. I was drawn from my theater seat and placed in the attic-house where the picture took place. My clothes were transformed to those of the war era. My bag of popcorn disappeared, and in its place, rationed food. I didn't talk with my neighbor, but listened for the German patrol cars.

It's funny, but the theater was like an empty house. A deathly silence hung over the place and seemed to capture us all. And the sounds were terrifying! I don't use that word as a horror word, but to describe the bombs, the patrol cars, the silence.



Ed Wynn, Millie Perkins in "Diary."

These words are a little fancy for me, but I am still under the spell of the picture, and this is the only way I can describe it. I congratulate director George Stevens on this masterpiece!

I think Dick Beymer's an exciting new star and I hope to see more of him.

ANNE
Baltimore, Md.

Let's have more of your "fancy words." We think they're pretty wonderful.—Ed.

A Little Info

Hats off to Warner Brothers for bringing us the most outstanding movie of the year—"The Nun's Story."

I have already seen this great movie twice and loved every minute of it.

Audrey Hepburn was so convincing as the young Belgian nurse who became a nun and later left the convent after a seventeen-year struggle with herself.

And may I say that Peter Finch, who played Dr. Fortunati, is a truly fine actor. How about a little information on him?

MARY NEWCOMB
St. Louis, Mo.

Sir Laurence Olivier calls Peter Finch the greatest actor in the world. You might remember him in one of his first American movies in which he starred with Elizabeth Taylor in "Elephant Walk," or as the Sher-



Peter Finch stars with Audrey Hepburn

iff of Nottingham in Walt Disney's "Robin Hood." He really achieved stardom on the London stage under Sir Laurence's banner but he's been everything from a Buddhist priest's assistant to waiter, rabbit hunter and newspaperman! As for vital statistics—Peter was born in London, England, is 5'11", has brown hair, hazel eyes and is married to the former Yolande Turner.

(Continued)

Write to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 E 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We regret we cannot answer or return unpublished letters. To start fan clubs or write stars, contact their studios.



Watch it all disappear (your tummy bulge, that is) with the exclusive Criss-Cross inner belt: it crosses your middle twice for double control! While four side sections of leno elastic shape you beautifully. In finest nylon with a vertical stretch satin back for this tiny price: \$5.95. Get **CRISS-CROSS** by

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BESTFORM



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"Skin blemishes made it impossible for me to enjoy myself. To make matters worse, scrubbing, cosmetic lotions, even a prescription didn't seem to help. Nothing really worked until I tried Clearasil. Now my friends tell me I have one of the nicest complexions in my school."

Sandra Swanson

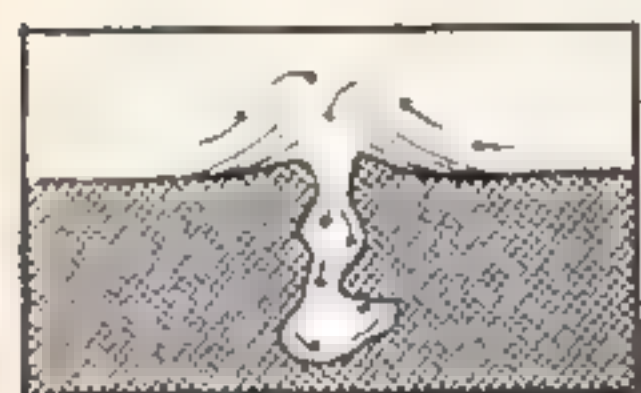
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'STARVES' PIMPLES

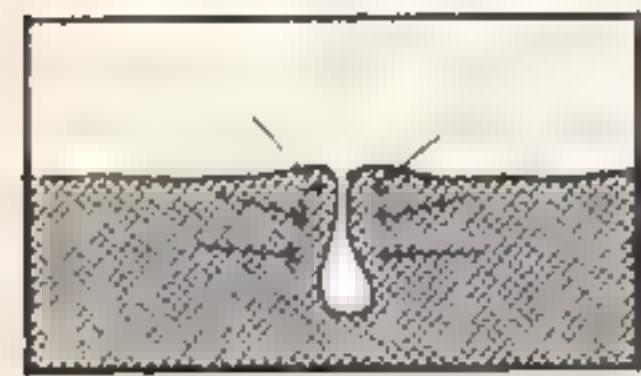
SKIN-COLORED, *Hides pimples while it works*

CLEARASIL is the new-type scientific medication especially for pimples. In tubes or new squeeze-bottle lotion, CLEARASIL gives you the effective medications prescribed by leading Skin Specialists, and clinical tests prove it *really works*.

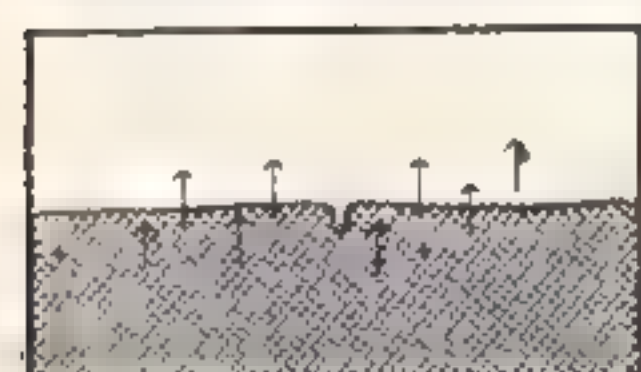
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1. Penetrates pimples. 'Keratolytic' action softens, dissolves affected skin tissue so medications can penetrate. Encourages quick growth of healthy, smooth skin!



2. Stops bacteria. Antiseptic action stops growth of the bacteria that can cause and spread pimples . . . helps prevent further pimple outbreaks!



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'Floats' Out Blackheads. CLEARASIL softens and loosens blackheads so they float out with normal washing. And, CLEARASIL is greaseless, stainless, pleasant to use day and night for uninterrupted medication.

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At all drug counters.



LARGEST-SELLING PIMPLE MEDICATION
BECAUSE IT REALLY WORKS

Readers Inc. *continued*

confidentially...

I'm nineteen years of age and for most of my years I have been wanting to become an actress. I've had quite a bit of experience in singing and beauty contests.

In the fall I intend to start dramatic school in hopes of pursuing my career.

I have blond hair and blue eyes, am 5'4" and weigh 119 lbs.



PEGGY BARNES
273 Broadway
Bayonne, N. J.

Got a problem! Seems I've got so many pictures in my scrapbook that I haven't any room to put my favorites which are Jim Garner and Elvis Presley.

I was hoping that maybe someone would like to trade Pat Boone and Rick Nelson pictures for pictures of Elvis and Jim.

KAREN FEELEY
845 N. East St.
Fenton, Mich.

I have a collection of pictures of June Allyson which date back to 1945 and before, when June was beginning her career, which I would like to sell. The collection includes four full scrapbooks, plus many loose pictures, numbering altogether well over 1000. I also have 55 actual photographs, 8x10 and smaller.

All pix and articles are in excellent condition and I will sell the entire collection, including postage, for \$5.

ELIZABETH M. GILSON
645 No. Sierra Bonita Ave.
Pasadena, Calif.

I am a little girl six years old. This may be different from other letters you get, but all my life I've wanted to be an actress. I have long blond hair and blue-grey eyes, and have been in Kindergarten one year.

Is anyone interested in a new child star?

VICKI CONLEY
1305 Burnett St.
Wichita Falls, Tex.



I am very interested in Tony Curtis and Debbie Reynolds. Anyone who has any pictures or autographs of either of these stars, please write me:

REBECCA MCKILLIPS
P.O. Box 137
Natchitoches, La.

My girlfriend and I are great admirers of Burt Lancaster and Yul Brynner.

Is there anyone in your country who would like to exchange photocards, portraits, etc. of these gifted actors?

SIGRID KELLER
FUERTH/BAVARIA
Leibnizstr. 7
Western Germany, Europe

I get my copy of Photoplay through a generous friend residing in Florida. I should be most grateful if you would list my name so as to enable me to get in touch with other readers. I am most interested in music, exchanging stamps and letters.

M. ASHAR
Govt. Printing Dept.
Kuala Lumpur
Fed. of Malaya

I wish very much to correspond with some of your American readers. I'll promise to answer all letters. Readers of either sex welcomed.

ROBERT LIM
96, Albert St.
Singapore 7.

I have heard that one of the studios was searching for a boy to play *Huckleberry Finn* in a movie. Well, like most mothers, I feel I have the right boy. He's 11 years old, has red hair and plenty of freckles. He's

a typical American youngster who loves baseball, hates baths and combing his hair. Fell in love with his teacher and will fight at the drop of a hat. He's had 18 months of voice training and has a beautiful boy's soprano voice, however he captures his audiences mainly with just his face because he looks like an angel with the devil in his eyes!



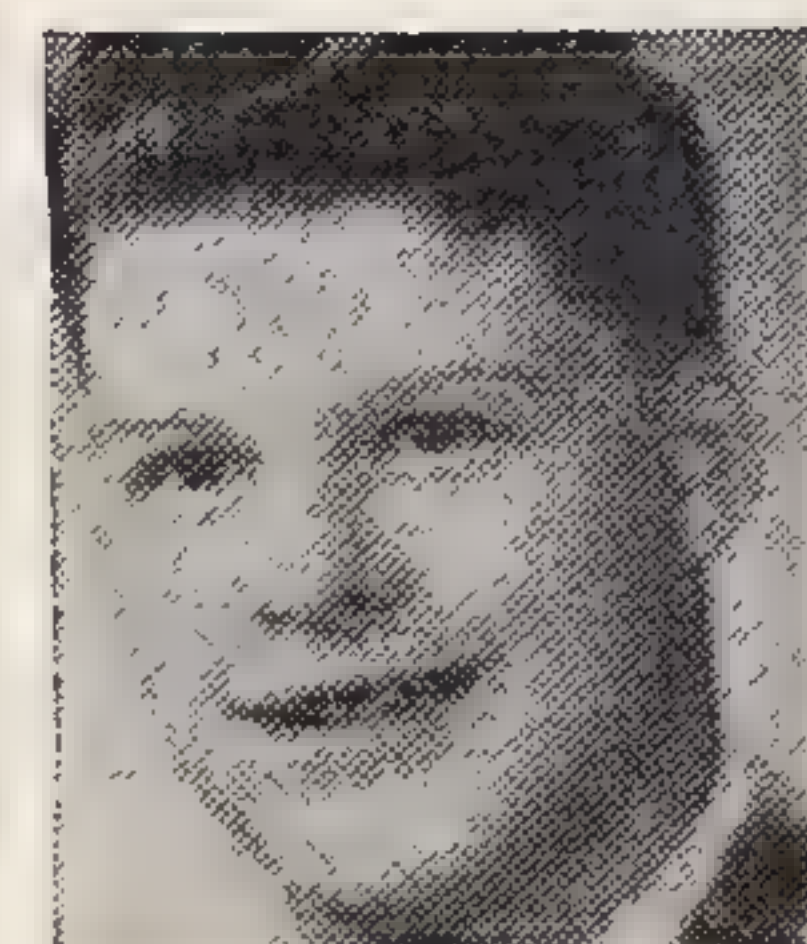
MRS. A. H. McCONNELL
2441 Wilson Street
Lorain, Ohio

I would jump for joy if all you wonderful teenagers who read Photoplay would write me. I'm fifteen and I love Fabian and Ricky Nelson and of course Elvis Presley. Besides writing letters I like to skate and do almost anything you can think of. I recently learned to drive—that's my pet hobby.

So how about it, all you guys and dolls out there? Come on and drop me a few lines.

MARY SUE POSEY
2505 Booker
Little Rock, Ark.

This is a picture of Anthony Gerard. He's seventeen and is very good looking. Besides being a good actor he has a heavenly voice. We think if he were discovered, he would be a real sensation.



NORA LEE BARKLEY
ARLENE BENTLEY
JORGIA LEAH MAJER
BETSY KILDAIRE
DORANN HECKLER
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THE 'LOVE-PAT' LOOK...BY REVLON



Face your world beautifully... even on a moment's notice! Because 'Love-Pat' is complete make-up – not just pressed powder. No other make-up gives you this exact blend of foundation plus powder. There's no fussing with extra base, and Revlon color won't cake, streak or turn orange-y!





THE UNINHIBITED
STORY OF A
CAREFREE BACHELOR
...A CAREFUL
CAREER GIRL...

AND HOW THEY
LEARN THAT
PILLOW TALK
IS NO FUN...
FOR JUST ONE!



ROCK HUDSON
DORIS DAY

THE PERFECT PAIR FOR...

"PILLOW TALK"

IT'S WHAT GOES ON... WHEN THE LIGHTS GO OFF!

CO-STARRING

TONY RANDALL
THELMA RITTER

WITH
NICK ADAMS • MARCEL DALIO • JULIA MEADE

Directed by MICHAEL GORDON • Screenplay by STANLEY SHAPIRO and MAURICE RICHLIN

Produced by ROSS HUNTER and MARTIN MELCHER • AN ARWIN PRODUCTION
A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL RELEASE



Doris sings!
Rock sings!

Your heart sings!

"PILLOW TALK" • "POSSESS ME"
"ROLY POLY" • "INSPIRATION"

CASTS

OF CURRENT PICTURES

BLUE ANGEL, THE—20th. Directed by Edward Dmytryk: *Professor Immanuel Rath*, Curt Jurgens; *Lola-Lola*, May Britt; *Kiepert*, Theodore Bikel; *Harter*, John Banner; *Rolf*, Fabrizio Mioni; *Professor Braun*, Ludwig Stossel; *Clown*, Wolfe Barzell; *Gussie*, Ina Anders; *Keiselsack*, Richard Tyler; *Mueller*, Voytek Dolinski; *Ertsum*, Ken Walker; *Lohmann*, Del Erickson; *Emilie*, Edit Angold.

BUT NOT FOR ME—Paramount. Directed by Walter Lang: *Russell Ward*, Clark Gable; *Eleanor Brown*, Carroll Baker; *Kathryn Ward*, Lilli Palmer; *Jeremiah MacDonald*, Lee J. Cobb; *Gordon Reynolds*, Barry Coe; *Demetrius Bacos*, Thomas Gomez; *Roy Morton*, Tom Duggan.

CRIMSON KIMONO, THE—Directed by Samuel Fuller: *Christine Downes*, Victoria Shaw; *Detective Sgt. Charlie Bancroft*, Glen Corbett; *Detective Joe Kojaku*, James Shigeta; *Mac*, Anna Lee; *Casale*, Paul Dubov; *Roma*, Jaclynne Greene; *Hansel*, Neyle Morrow; *Sugar Torch*, Gloria Pall; *Mother*, Barbara Hayden; *Willy Hidaka*, George Yoshinaga; *Nun*, Kaye Elhardt; *Sister Gertrude*, Aya Oyama; *Karate*, George Okamura; *Priest*, Reverend Ryosho S. Sogabe; *Yoshinaga*, Robert Okazaki; *Shuto*, Fuji.

FBI STORY, THE—Warners. Directed by Merwyn LeRoy: *Chip Hardesty*, James Stewart; *Lucy Hardesty*, Vera Miles; *Sam Crandall*, Murray Hamilton; *George Crandall*, Larry Pennell; *Jack Graham*, Nick Adams; *Jennie (adult)*, Diane Jergens; *Anna Sage*, Jean Willes; *Anne (adult)*, Joyce Taylor; *Mario*, Victor Millan; *Harry Dakins*, Parley Baer; *McCutcheon*, Fay Roope; *U. S. Marshal*, Ed Prentiss; *Medicine Salesman*, Robert Gist; *Mike (adult)*, Buzz Martin; *Casket Salesman*, Kenneth Mayer; *Suspect*, Paul Genge.

IT STARTED WITH A KISS—M-G-M. Directed by George Marshall: *Sgt. Joe Fitzpatrick*, Glenn Ford; *Maggie*, Debbie Reynolds; *Marquesa de la Rey*, Eva Gabor; *Antonio Soriano*, Gustavo Rojo; *Gen. O'Connell*, Fred Clark; *Congressman Tappe*, Edgar Buchanan; *Charles Meriden*, Henry (Harry) Morgan; *Congressman Muir*, Robert Warwick; *Mrs. Tappe*, Frances Bavier; *Mrs. Muir*, Netta Packer; *Major*, Robert Cunningham; *Sally Meriden*, Alice Backes; *Belvah*, Carmen Phillips.

LOOK BACK IN ANGER—Warners. Directed by Tony Richardson: *Jimmy Porter*, Richard Burton; *Helena Charles*, Claire Bloom; *Alison Porter*, Mary Ure; *Mrs. Tanner*, Edith Evans; *Cliff Lewis*, Gary Raymond; *Colonel Redfern*, Glen Byam Shaw; *Mrs. Redfern*, Phyllis Neilson-Terry; *Hurst*, Donald Pleasence; *Miss Drury*, Jane Eccles; *Kapoor*, S. P. Kapoor; *Doctor*, George Devins; *Actor*, Walter Hudd; *Girl A.S.M.*, Anne Dickens.

PILLOW TALK—U-I. Directed by Michael Gordon: *Brad Allen*, Rock Hudson; *Jan Morrow*, Doris Day; *Jonathan Forbes*, Tony Randall; *Alma*, Thelma Ritter; *Pierot*, Marcel Dalio; *Mrs. Walters*, Lee Patrick; *Tony Walters*, Nick Adams; *Harry*, Allen Jenkins; *Dr. Maxwell*, Jay Barney; *Nurse*, Mary McCarty; *Marie*, Julia Meade.

POWER AMONG MEN—UN Film Board, de Rochemont. Directed by Alexander Hammid and Gian-Luigi Polidoro: *Documentary; commentary spoken by Laurence Harvey.*

YELLOWSTONE KELLY—Warners. Directed by Gordon Douglas: *Kelly*, Clint Walker; *Anse*, Edward Byrnes; *Gall*, John Russell; *Sayapi*, Ray Danton; *Sergeant*, Claude Akins; *Maj. Towns*, Rhodes Reason; *Wahleeah*, Andra Martin; *Lieutenant*, Gary Vinson; *Corporal*, Warren Oates.

Answers to Last Month's Puzzle

A	N	N	E	T	T	E		A	V	A
D	E	A	D		I	T		L		M
	L		W					G		F
A	S	T	A					R	E	A
S	O	I	R					A	B	B
I	N		D					H		I
D		I		D	D			A	L	A
E	D	S		R	A	Y	M	O	N	D

New sunshine yellow shampoo

puts *Spring* in your curls



puts *Springtime* in your hair

makes hair easier to manage

New SHAMPOO PLUS EGG, by Helene Curtis, actually leaves curls far livelier, far springier! That's because it *conditions* as it cleanses . . . so very effectively, even limp hair instantly gains new bounce-back beauty, new spring, new sparkle. Every curl is curlier, every wave is wavier. Only Shampoo Plus Egg rinses so fast, so clean. And highlights? Like washing your hair in sunshine!



NEW
NON-SLIP
BOTTLE

Costs no more than ordinary shampoos.

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓ GOOD
 ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD ✓ FAIR

get more out of life—
**go out to a
 movie**

What's on tonight?

**You've got to go out
 to see the best! Look for
 these new pictures
 at your favorite theater**



Pillow Talk

U-I; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓✓ The New York Telephone Company does not officially serve as a lonely hearts club, but in this slick, bright and thoroughly winning comedy it gets two of its subscribers (Doris Day and Rock Hudson) together by putting them on a party line. Doris, usually as wholesome as all outdoors, and Rock, generally the solemn man of action, both turn city-sophisticates here, and with sparkle (top left). In all good taste, director Michael Gordon keeps the atmosphere as intimate as the title "Pillow Talk" suggests and although the pillows concerned are in two different apartments, some split-screen trickery brings Rock and Doris neatly together. You'll be surprised at Rock's new flair for chuckles, letting him stay on top of the situation with a pair of old comedy pros like Tony Randall and Thelma Ritter around. With Doris as an interior decorator, the movie has excuse for some handsome—and some hilariously ugly—sets and with Rock a songwriter, it introduces the hits you'll be hearing: "Roly Poly," "Pillow Talk" and "Possess Me." All the songs slide smoothly into the action; in fact, the whole picture does. ADULT

It Started with a Kiss

M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, METROCOLOR

✓✓✓✓ Onscreen, Debbie Reynolds has been kept in the blue-jeans-and-ponytail stage too long, so it's refreshing to find her turned loose as a mature comedienne in a movie that hasn't a thought in it but is funny indeed. Glenn Ford adds a sensible air to it all as he wrestles with his two problems: how to be a proper Air Force sergeant although you own a car too gaudy for a general and how to be a happy husband although your bride won't share your bed. (See Debbie and Glenn, bottom left.) Eva Gabor and Gustavo Rojo lend European charm to a film that's full of good shenanigans. ADULT

Power Among Men

UN FILM BOARD,
 DE ROCHEMONT; EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓✓ A powerful documentary made by the United Nations Film Board proves that fact can be as absorbing as fiction and real people equally fascinating, although its chief aim is more urgent. People of different nationalities, it says, *can* work together to make modern skills serve humanity, and the business of building or re-building is more exciting than destruction. The message is not given in abstract words; you see it and feel it by watching villagers in Italy, farmers in Haiti, factory workers in Canada and scientists in Norway. And there's a second idea, emphasized in a poetic commentary spoken by Laurence Harvey (of "Room at the Top"): Not only *can* we work together—we *must*, if we want to survive. FAMILY

(continued)

The Inquiring Photographer

THE QUESTION

Everyone wants "The Best of Everything"—but everyone differs as to what it is. What's your idea of
"THE BEST OF EVERYTHING"?

WHERE ASKED

20th Century-Fox studios, Hollywood, during
the filming of Jerry Wald's production of
"The Best Of Everything," directed by
Jean Negulesco in CinemaScope and Color by De Luxe.

*Caroline,
just graduated
from Radcliffe,
played by*
**HOPE
LANGE**



"I can't answer
that till I've
tried every-
thing. I may
not wind up
with the best,
but I'll sure as
Satan have the
most!"

*Mike,
Executive,
played
by*
**STEPHEN
BOYD**



"Escape. In a
bottle, or may-
be in a girl,
provided you
don't get too
involved.
There's always
the danger of
committing
yourself in
that weak mo-
ment."

*Gregg,
young actress,
played
by*
**SUZY
PARKER**



"Last year I'd
have said to be
a part of the
theatre. But
now it's to be
part of the
producer—that
he'd as soon
stop breathing
as let me go!"

*Barbara,
secretary,
played by*
**MARTHA
HYER**



"Just one man
to whom a di-
vorcee isn't a
blank check to
quickie Heaven
—who won't
think that be-
cause I once
said 'I do' it
means that I
always will."

*April,
secretary,
played by*
**DIANE
BAKER**



"A wedding—
any kind, any
place, just so
long as it's
quick and le-
gal. If only I'd
gotten by that
first date with-
out giving my-
self away—but
it's a little late
now."

*Mr. Shalimar,
publisher,
played by*
**BRIAN
AHERNE**



"To have the
office harem
I've got, with
after-hours
dictation privi-
leges. A man in
my position
isn't easily sat-
isfied with un-
der-the-table-
pinching."

*Dexter,
man-about
town,
played by*
**ROBERT
EVANS**



"Girls!
Is
there
anything
else?"

*David
Savage,
producer,
played by*
**LOUIS
JOURDAN**



"Creating for
the theatre. I'd
use anything,
anybody, to
stimulate my
creative juices.
I'll give them
everything in
return, short
of myself."

*Amanda
Farrow,
editor,
played by*
**JOAN
CRAWFORD**



"Success in
business — the
feeling of pow-
er that comes
with it. It
makes up for
the bit I have
to play at night
to keep what
I've got in the
daytime."



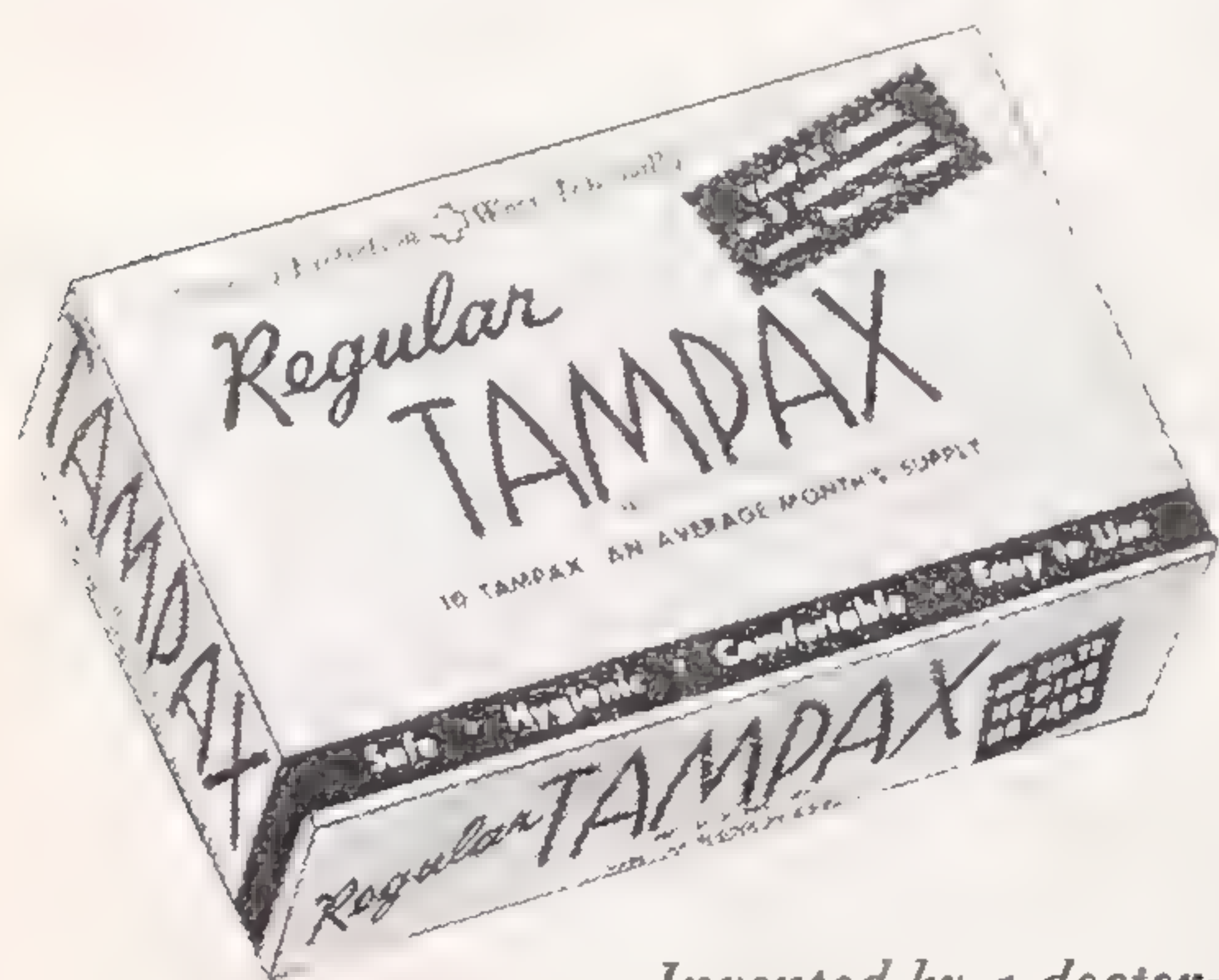
HOW DO YOU MEASURE UP?

Check these beauty standards for the "you" you'd like to be...

- clearly defined mouth in lighter-than-you're-used-to lipstick
- pale shadow in soft sea-blue to light up your eyes
- lashes fanned outward at the corners for that almond look
- a willowy waist to accent a rounded hipline
- a look of confidence that won't leave you even on problem days.

On *those* days, do as millions do—use Tampax and feel free. Free from cumbersome pads and belts... from chafing and binding... from revealing lines and odor... from disposal and carrying problems. Tampax helps you forget there's a difference in days of the month. Worn internally, it's the modern way.

Tampax® internal sanitary protection: Regular, Super, Junior absorbencies, wherever drug products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



*Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women*

MOVIES *continued*

Look Back in Anger

✓✓✓ On the evidence given here, it's hard to figure out what England's angry young men are angry about. But one thing is sure: Richard Burton lives up to the ancient wheeze about the man who is "very even-tempered—always mad." While he (from the wrong side of the tracks) and his long-suffering, aristocratic bride (Mary Ure) from the right side, snap at each other, director Tony Richardson's camera roves around finding beauty in a drab North England town and taking the curse off the talk, talk, talk. Claire Bloom plays Burton's mistress, but it is Gary Raymond, as his unreasonably devoted friend, who's the most likable person in sight. ADULT

The Blue Angel

20TH; CINEMA-
SCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓ It's true May Britt is the very picture of a fine old-fashioned femme fatale. (below left) but she breaks this romantic mold and gives instead a reasonable portrait of a small-time night-club entertainer who, accepting the proposal of schoolteacher Curt Jurgens, leads him to his fall from respectability. A tang of strangeness livens things. ADULT

Yellowstone Kelly

WARNERS, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ TV personalities are hot; westerns are hot on TV; so what more natural than to cram three top TV stars into a big-screen frontier thriller? They're Clint "Cheyenne" Walker, Edward "Kookie" Byrnes and John "Lawman" Russell. What you'll find inside the theater is a good, sturdy Indian-fighting yarn. FAMILY

But Not for Me PARAMOUNT, VISTAVISION
✓✓ At one point in this mild romantic comedy, Lilli Palmer resorts to a low trick to pry ex-husband Clark Gable loose from his new love, Carroll Baker. Lilli presents the much younger woman with a photo of Clark. It's the Gable of 1935, one of his best years as a great Hollywood lover. That joke comes close to being the movie's only joke, though a good many snickers are wrung out of it. Always an intelligent actress, Carroll can't manage the dewy eagerness her part requires; but Lilli has just the light charm that this brittle backstage tale needs. (Lilli and Clark below) FAMILY

The FBI Story

WARNERS, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ For those who demand action, gun-fights and explosions, agent James Stewart and sidekick Murray Hamilton face national enemies ranging from the Ku Klux Klan in the twenties to Red spies in the fifties, in this saga of the great federal agency. For those who want tender sentiment and family love, wife Vera Miles produces children for Jimmy. Although Jimmy's been through all this before, it adds up to pleasing fare. FAMILY

The Crimson Kimono

COLUMBIA

✓✓ If only this movie had decided earlier whether it wanted to be a murder mystery or an interracial triangle, we might have had a minor triumph here. Victoria Shaw, James Shigeta, and Glen Corbett—three new attractive faces—help add touches of imagination and sympathy to a story at times too fast, at times too slow, but generally enjoyable. A good picture for a rainy day. FAMILY



PAUL ANKA Co-Star of "GIRLS' TOWN," an MGM release

"You can always tell a Halo girl...you can tell by the shine of her hair"



*Discover the
hidden beauty of
your hair-with
golden Halo Shampoo*



Revive the satiny sparkle of your hair
with today's liquid gold Halo

So rich even layers of dulling hair spray disappear
with the first sudsing! You'll find today's Halo instantly
bursts into lush, lively lather. Refreshes the beauty of your hair
so completely, you'll never go back to heavy, slow-penetrating
shampoos. Yet, rich as it is, liquid gold colored Halo rinses
away quickly, thoroughly . . . revives the satiny sparkle of your
hair and *leaves it blissfully manageable.*

Weather:
All the news
that's hip
to print

The Monthly Record

By GEORGE

Vol. 1, No. 9

October, 1959

WATCH OUT FOR CLINT EASTWOOD



What happened afterward bothered Clint.

How to get in the movies

"Our doors at 20th are always open to new talent," says Dick Einfield, who, in his mid-twenties, is one of Hollywood's youngest producers. "But before anyone checks her baggage through to California," he added, "she should have had a good speech course and some training in drama. An actress can also help herself at home," Dick said, "by mirror practice."

Dick adds, "Whether it's a job interview or audition, bring along good photos of yourself and a resume. Be sure to dress neatly, speak up clearly and do not fidget. If you have any questions, ask them. It's the best way I know to learn."

Clint Eastwood was doing push-ups to the tune of Dixieland music that blared from his hi-fi when we looked him up at his own pool-side. "... 58 ... 59 ... 60," the co-star of CBS-TV's "Rawhide" counted and then, not one inch out of breath, greeted us.

"I'm a bug about exercise," he said. "You see, accidents are always happening to me. I have to be ready."

For instance, there was the time Clint was in the Army and hitchhiked a ride in a Navy plane. The plane crashed into the sea off Point Reyes, California. "The pilot had his Mae West so he was all right," Clint said. "But I didn't have one."

Clint, who'd learned to swim well as a boy in Oakland, California, made his way through the choppy sea. "Those four miles weren't so bad," he grinned. "What really bothered me was the five-mile hike along the beach for help."

Up until then, Clint had just been drifting, but after coming so close to ending his life, he determined to give it some direction. Another accident—Clint's being spotted in chow line by a Hollywood director—helped.

Stretching his six-feet-four-inches, Clint waved us into the house. "It's time for lunch," he said. "You should see the things my wife does with raw vegetables. Maggie's a model," he called over his shoulder, "for bathing suits." Natch!



Tab on ice?



No wonder Dodie's blue.



Do you agree on Frankie?

BACHELOR CORNER: man talk

Did you know Andy Williams is a ping-pong champ? Or that Elvis carries his folding money in his shoe? ... Fabian says Frankie Avalon's not a good singer—he's a great one, like Frank Sinatra. I agree. ... Dodie Stevens has the word from her folks that she can't date till she's sixteen. "I don't really mind," Dodie insists. "There's always movies or reading or music." Huh? ... If you dig Brandon DeWilde, wear cologne, he likes it. ... And if Tab Hunter's your guy, you'd better learn to ice-skate. You can watch him do it on TV—but not till June. That's when he'll do the NBC-TV spec, "Summer on Ice."



Cast a magic spell!
MAX FACTOR
 Lights your lips with

GOLDFIRE GOWN BY HOWARD GREER

JEWELS BY KENNETH BROWN, BEVERLY HILLS

Goldfire!

It's fashion's blazing new look for lips... the Goldfire Glow! From the deepest smouldering red to a cool golden flame—mix it yourself with MAX FACTOR's incendiary new GOLDFIRE RED and cool iridescent GOLDEN FROST. The magic of red and gold ignites your lips, kindles your smile to a silken flame!



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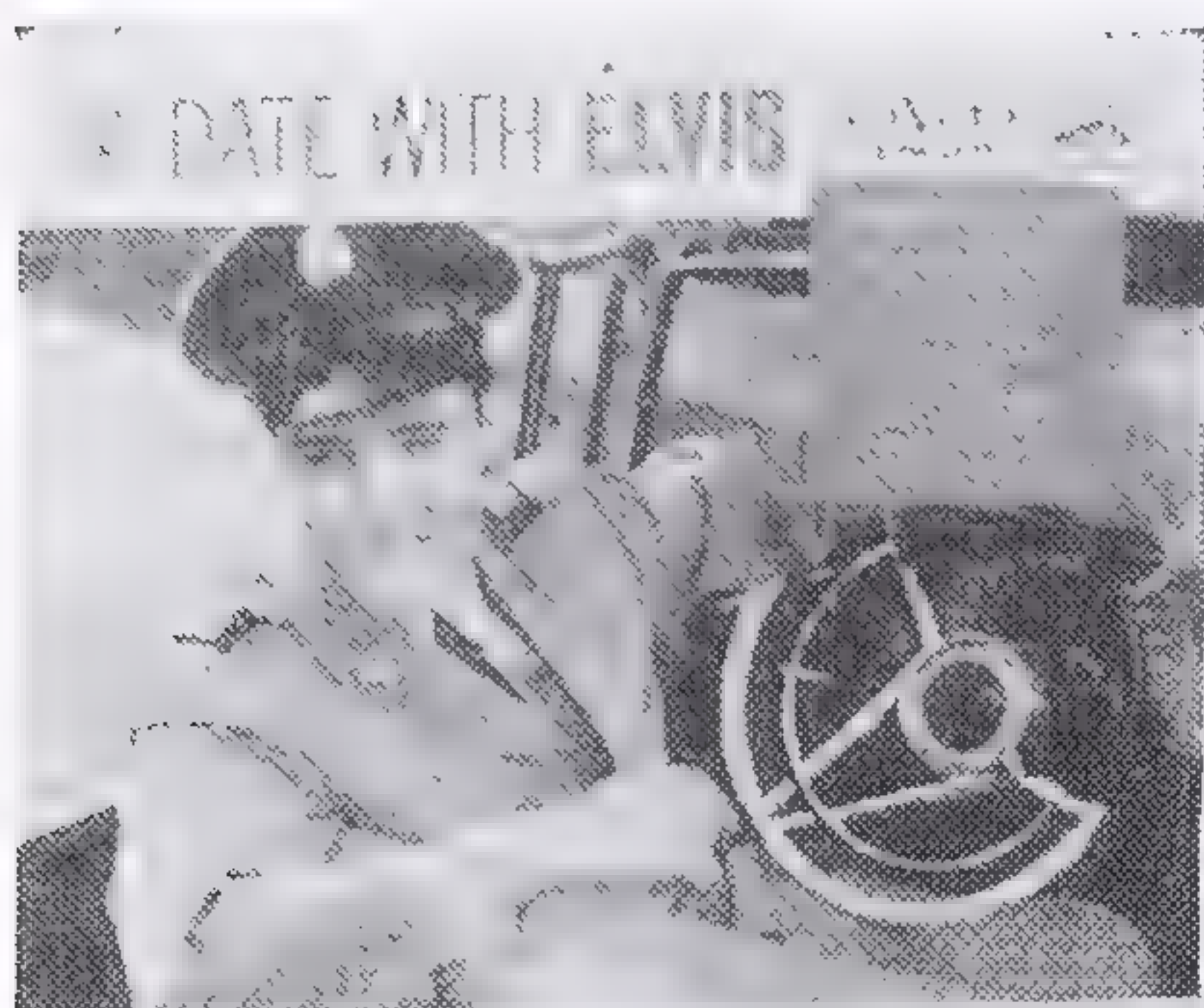
GOLDFIRE LIPSTICK SET

\$1.95* A \$2.75 value! Contains GOLDFIRE RED lipstick, GOLDEN FROST lipstick, and dainty Hi-SOCIETY mirror-case.

Bewitching new magic for your eyes!
 GOLDEN FROST EYESHADOW...\$1.25*



MAX FACTOR...master of make-up artistry for 50 years.



Album cover of the month.

ALBUM REVIEWS

A Date With Elvis: Elvis rocks on ten tunes you've never heard before on lp, including "Good Rockin' Tonight," "Milkcow Blues Boogie" and "Baby, Let's Play House." Even the RCA package is gonesville.

Big Band Guitar: Add the driving sound of a wild guitar to Buddy Morrow's "Night Train" orchestra and you've got all you could ask for in dance music. Especially scraunchy: "Tequila," "Hong Kong Blues," "Third Man Theme." RCA

James Darren: If this one doesn't add more names to Jimmy's 2,000 fan clubs, we'll turn in our lifetime phono needle. Who wouldn't sign for Jimmy's honey-dipped voice on "Walkin' My Baby Back Home" or "Sweet Lorraine"? Colpix.



Lloyd's lucky seven.



Look what marriage did for Sarah.

platter chatter

For a lights-low Saturday party, dig The Four Preps' latest album, "Dancing and Dreaming." . . . If you're lucky, you'll do as well as Sarah Vaughan did in a husband. He was in the band when Sassy sang at an amateur night at New York's Apollo Theater and he's the one who taught her to look as svelte as the voice you hear on her new single, "Broken-Hearted Melody." . . . Be on the lookout for Connie Francis's new albums. She made 'em while touring in England. "When I record over there," she says, "I come out sounding more like a bell." We'll see. . . . Did you know that Lloyd Price is a seventh son? But it's more than luck that makes his "I Wanna Get Married" a smash. . . . Notice all the duos coming up? Skip and Flip on "It Was I," Jan and Dean on "Baby Talk," Santo and Johnny on "Sleep Walk." Still tops: The Everlys on "Till I Kissed You." It's a must for your collection.



Sometimes, it just hits Shari.

How a record is born

Every song starts with an idea, teenager songwriter Shari Sheeley told us, and it has to be a new one. "Sometimes you think for months," she said, "or sometimes it just hits you. Like the idea for my new one, 'Something Else.' I got that from hearing the kids use the expression—it means something real fine or ginchy. Once I had the idea, I wrote it in thirty minutes."

Next step is to make a demo—a rough-cut record of the song—and a lead sheet of the words and music. Then you hunt around for a singer to match the song. Shari found Eddie Cochran for her song.

"From there on in," Shari laughs, "the writer becomes less and less important."

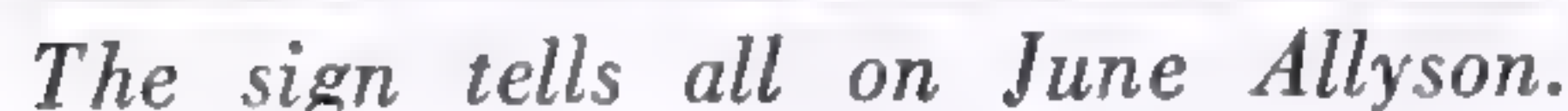
At the recording session itself, the A&R man is the boss. He's like the director of a movie, guiding the singer and the band and keeping his ear tuned for the tiniest flaw. The session takes eight or ten hours and often as many as sixty takes before the A&R man thinks it's perfect.

Finally, when the recording studio is just littered with pop bottles and coffee containers—the A&R man says they're ready to "Master." Everybody heads for the cutting room, listening to all the tapes and watching them get jig-sawed together for the best final version. That's the "master," the tape or record from which the actual records will be pressed. "After that," Shari said, "it's up to the public."

Sta-Puf rinses new fluffiness into all your washables!

You'll be amazed at the softness that Sta-Puf® Rinse restores to wash-hardened fabrics! Just add Sta-Puf to your final rinse, and bath towels fluff up almost double in thickness. Ordinary woolen sweaters feel like cashmere, muslin sheets like expensive percale! Blankets, chenille, terry cloth regain a deep-piled luxurious feel, corduroys and blue jeans lose that boardy hardness. Sta-Puf does wonders for diapers and baby things, eliminating irritating scratchiness. Clothes rinsed in Sta-Puf iron easier, and much flatwork dries wrinkle-free, needs no pressing at all! Be sure to use Sta-Puf Miracle Rinse in your next wash. You'll find Sta-Puf at your favorite grocer's.





If you were born between Sept. 23 and Oct. 22, you share your Libra sign with Deborah Kerr (Sept. 30), George Nader (Oct. 19), Inger Stevens (Oct. 18), Julie London (Sept. 26), June Allyson (Oct. 7), Montgomery Clift, Rita Hayworth (Oct. 17), Dolores Hart (Oct. 20).

If you're a Libra, you instinctively take to the good things in life, but you have a tendency to think of others a little too much, neglecting your own interests. Your natural charm attracts others easily and you have a keen eye for anything artistic and for detail (sometimes you're too much of a perfectionist). Mood music and romantic songs are always your favorites.

P

1	2	3			4	5
6					7	
8			9	10		
		11				
12	13				14	
15				16		
17						

1. A guy who's fresh on a date (kookie talk)
6. "What'd I Say" by _____ Charles
7. Negative
8. Today's discs
9. To dig him the most (past tense)
12. He's the "Lonely Boy"
14. Bandleader (init.)
15. Star of TV's "The Rebels" (init.)
16. Phil's "_____ of Love."
17. Their's is "Cry"

1. This battle's a song
2. One of Andy Williams' collection
3. Of "Cheyenne" fame
4. One (as Bardot would say it)
5. Brooklyn boy who wrote "Stupid Cupid"
(poss.)
10. Afterthought (abbrev.)
11. All right (abbrev.)
13. The "king" himself
14. Part of a TV series
16. Opposite compass points (abbrev.)

Answers in next month's issue.

Lana Turner, when she was Cheryl's age.



Carleton, Kathy, Dot and Jimmy.

Kathy Nolan tells me everybody in movieville's going in for fortune-telling sessions at parties. The gang checks Gypsy Fortune Cards to see if tomorrow'll bring love, money or headaches and, since any number can play, the cards are pulled out at big parties or at small foursomes. When Kathy and some pals read the cards, here's what they said: For Kathy, "Change of mind"; for Carleton Carpenter, "A woman betrays you"; for Dorothy Provine, "Follow any advice—it's good"; and for James Franciscus, "A new important friend." Kathy promises to report as soon as she finds out what these predictions really mean. (If you can't find these Gypsy Fortune Cards at your local store, write me and I'll predict where you can get 'em.) . . . A high-school senior from Denver writes he travelled across country to Dick Clark's Bandstand and held hands there with a doll wearing gold nail polish—with flecks in it! (Why not write and let me know what *your* crowd's up to?)

for RELIEF of COLDS MISERIES and SINUS CONGESTION...

Revolutionary
3-layer tablet
HELPS DRAIN
ALL 8
SINUS CAVITIES



*CRITICAL
AREAS
OF COLDS
INFECTION*

- ▶ **Relieves Pressure, Pain, Congestion**
- ▶ **Works Through the Bloodstream**
- ▶ **Reaches all Congested Areas**
- ▶ **Shrinks Swollen Membranes**
- ▶ **Restores Free Breathing**
- ▶ **Reduces Fever**
- ▶ **Controls Postnasal Drip**

For new blissful relief of colds miseries and sinus congestion...try DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets.

In DRISTAN, you get the scientific *Decongestant* most prescribed by doctors...to help shrink painfully swollen nasal-sinus membranes. You also get a highly effective combination of Pain-Relievers for

relief of body aches and pains due to colds...plus an *exclusive antihistamine* to block allergic reactions often associated with colds. And, to help build body resistance to colds infection, DRISTAN contains *Vitamin C*—actually five times your daily minimum requirement (in one day's dose).

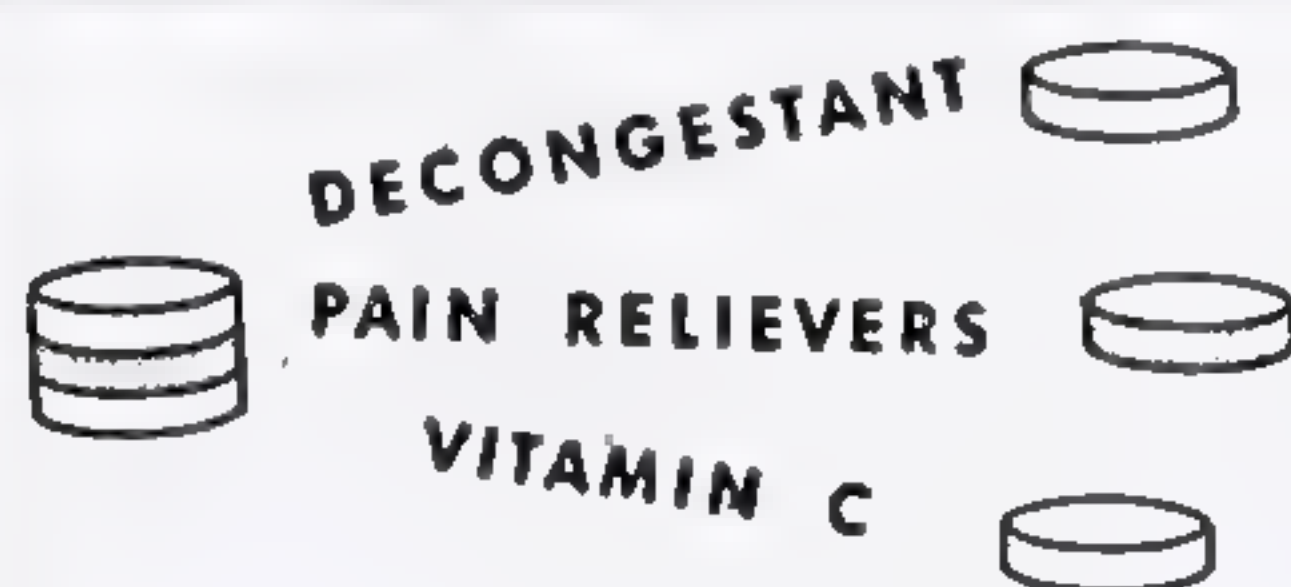
No ordinary colds medicine...whether in liquid, tablet or any other form...can benefit you in the same way as DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets.

Millions of people have already found new blissful relief from colds miseries and sinus congestion with DRISTAN. You can, too! Get DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets. Available without prescription. And...*important*...accept no substitutes.



BEFORE. Sinuses and nasal passages clogged with germ-laden mucus...responsible for so much colds suffering.

AFTER. All nose and sinus areas decongested and drained...free, comfortable breathing restored.



EXCLUSIVE! DRISTAN is the exclusive 3-layer tablet discovery which for the first time makes it possible to unite certain medically-proved ingredients into one fast-acting uncoated tablet.



There's Nothing Like DRISTAN® Decongestant Tablets!



Is it
true...
blondes
have more
fun?

Just for the fun of it, be a blonde and see . . . a Lady Clairol blonde with shining, silken hair! You'll love the life in it! The soft touch and tone of it! The lovely ladylike way it lights up your looks. With *amazingly gentle* new Instant Whip Lady Clairol, it's so easy! Why, it takes only minutes!

And New Lady Clairol feels deliciously cool going on, leaves hair in wonderful condition—lovelier, livelier than ever. So if your hair is dull blonde or mousey brown, why hesitate? Hair responds to Lady Clairol like a man responds to blondes—and darling, *that's* a beautiful advantage! Try it and see!



Your hairdresser will tell you
a blonde's best friend is

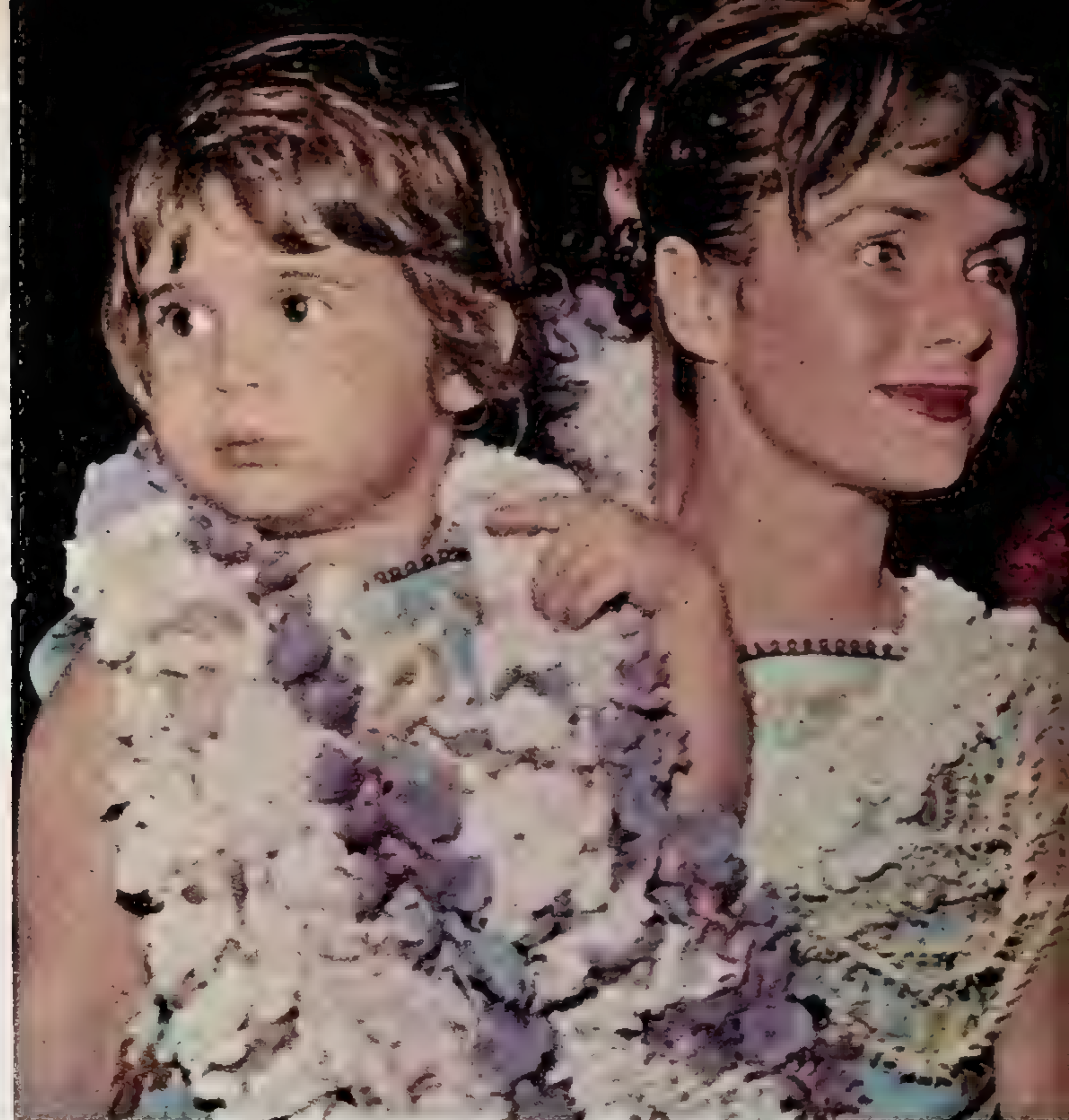
NEW INSTANT WHIP* **Lady Clairol®** Creme Hair Lightener

*T. M. ©1959 Clairol Incorporated, Stamford, Conn. Available also in Canada

has Debbie gotten over Eddie



To romance whispers out of Hawaii, Debbie laughs. But she does admit, "I left all my weariness in Honolulu and brought back so many lovely memories." For Debbie's own account of what happened, turn the page...



(Above) Arriving: Carrie, Debbie, Todd and the nurse. "Carrie couldn't take her eyes off the King. He was all dressed up in a traditional King cape and a helmet made of feathers. He also wore a broad smile. Todd made up his mind he wouldn't wear any leis."

"Carrie was speechless. The King was there to greet us."

The afternoon in Honolulu was as usual—a bright, hot one. As Debbie Reynolds, carrying Carrie and followed by Todd and the nurse, carefully made her way down the landing steps of the airplane, hundreds of fans and well-wishers pressed in to offer flowers and leis. The King—the official greeter of the Island—gave them a welcoming salute, and Carrie, blinking against the sunlight, waved back. Within minutes, the party, which also included Debbie's mother and father, was collared in layers of leis. And despite the heat, Debbie signed autographs until she was hustled to a car where the children were waiting. Looking tired, Debbie told a newswoman, "I'm so tired I can't even make decisions. All I want to do is sleep." And with that, she was whisked off to her island home for the beginning of her first real vacation in nearly one hectic, emotional year.

(Continued)





*(Below) Signing autographs for fans who surrounded car. "Nobody knew about our arrival, yet hundreds of people were waiting for us in the hot sun. I was touched."
(Left) "We drove out to the house. I slept long hours. Then I got up and took a walk around the lovely garden."*



At first, privacy and rest

"It's heavenly," Debbie said as she was shown around the two-story white brick house. The gardens were spacious—with a high fence to give complete privacy. Later Debbie admitted, "There were times when I wanted to peek over the fence to see what was going on outside." But after their first few days, Debbie, Carrie and Todd had no trouble becoming a part of the Honolulu scene. Eating poi at a Luau, water-skiing with Tab Hunter, dancing with Bob Neal . . . the sparkle was back in Debbie's eyes. But when asked about Bob, she insisted: "There is no romance—honestly." (Continued)

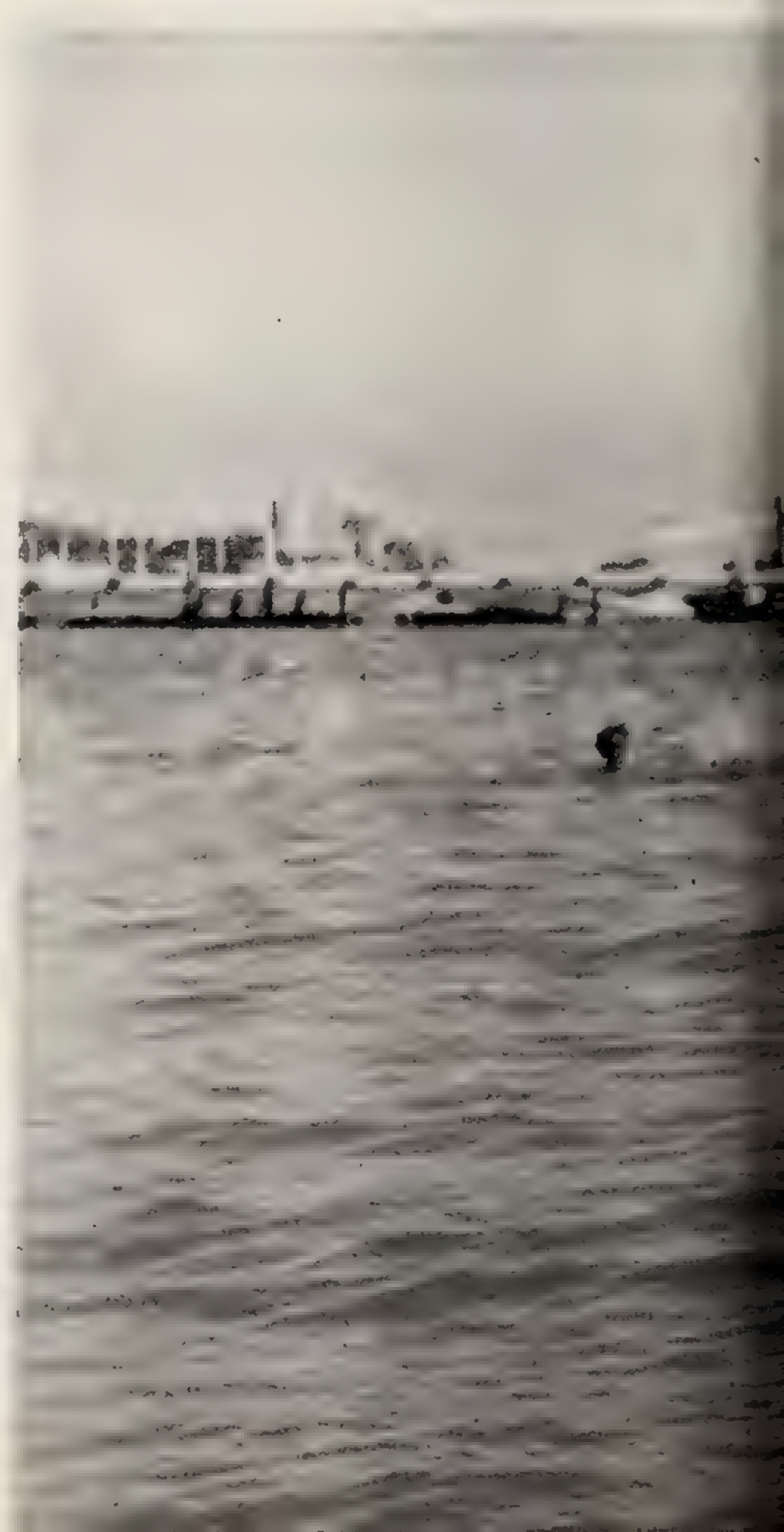


"Bob Neal visited Hawaii; we went out for dinner with friends."



"I enrolled Carrie and Todd in swimming classes. Todd went for it in a big way. But Carrie didn't. She preferred to play audience and watch from the beach."

"Everybody in Hawaii seems to have fun, not dress-up fun, just casual, relaxed. During the day, I lived in shorts. And I never got to wear my evening dress."





"Carrie and I got matching outfits."



"We shopped for records and souvenirs, saw Rick Nelson at a fair."



"Our house was built right smack on the ocean and curled around a lovely patio. All you had to do was walk out of the house when you wanted a swim."

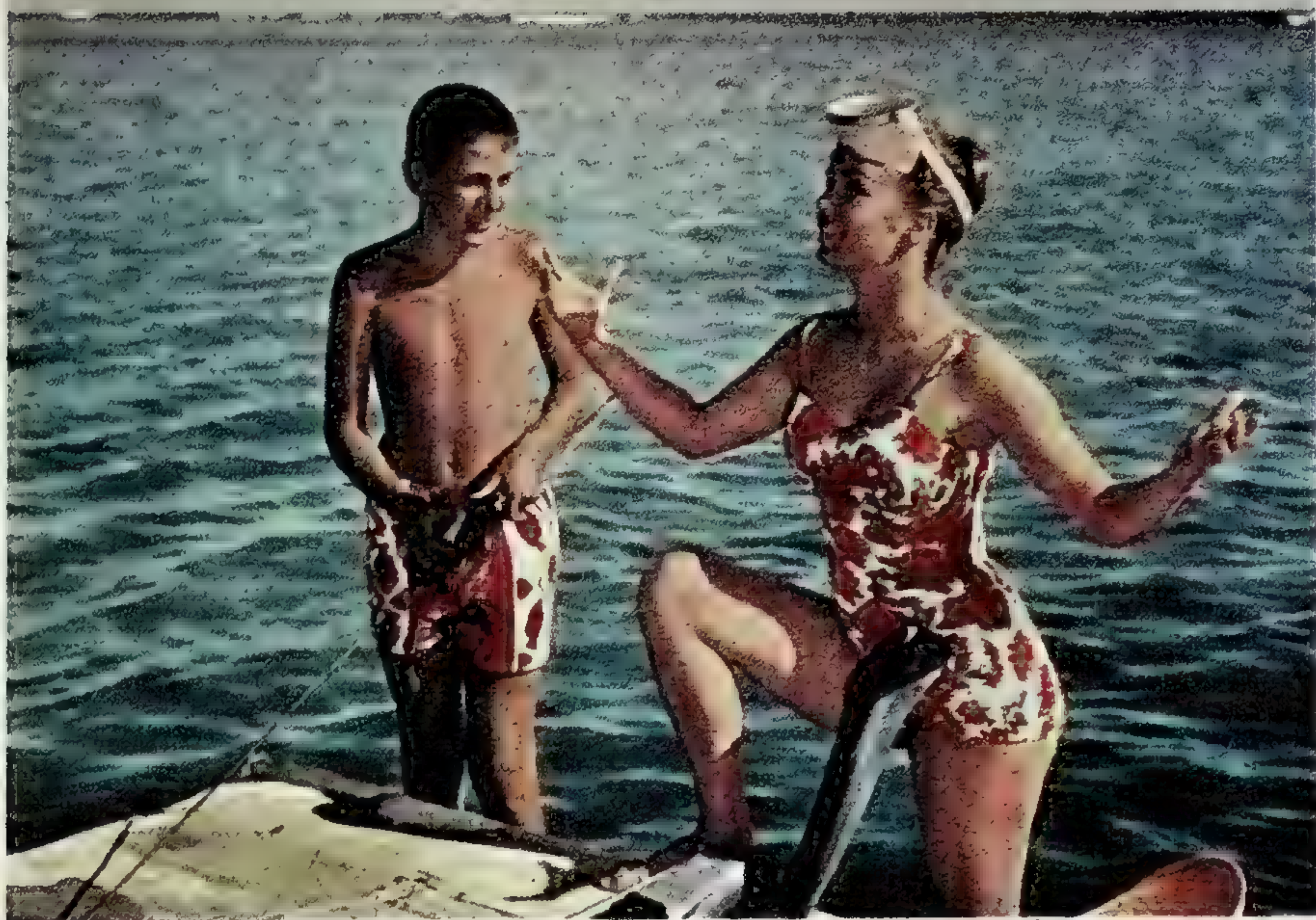




Hawaii—a place to lose old memories...

Debbie, after two weeks in the sun, looked young and carefree. "Why not?" she laughed, with her old bounce. "I have my responsibilities with me—Carrie and Todd—so I don't have any worries. I do when I'm away from them. Watching them playing all over the place, running over to give me a hug . . . caring for them is wonderful." It was a guess, though, who was taking care of whom, with Carrie Fisher standing on Waikiki Beach and watching Debbie water-ski with Tab Hunter. From the beginning, she made it obvious this was no sport for her mother. Finally, in desperation, as Debbie skimmed over a big wave, she stamped her foot and commanded: "Mommie, Mommie, get into that boat right this minute, do you hear? Right this minute." As Debbie flew out of Hawaii a few days later, bronzed and glowing, she made no bones about it: The past was over; the future looked good. And it was pretty obvious that she was leaving behind not only *new* friends but a lot of *old*, useless memories, too.

(Right) "Ann Miller called and came over. We usually took our meals at home (left) or used the patio to take the sun in, to read, or just sit back quietly and rest."



"Once something caught my line—it felt like a whale—I was glad I was strapped down to my seat in the boat and not walking around loose. This was one of the most wonderful parts of my vacation . . . I went fishing with my dad. We had three days of it. We were trying for marlin but the marlin weren't trying. It was all pretty rugged."







by JIM HOFFMAN

6:25 PM

Steve McQueen stood outside the living-room window, watching. His wife Neile sat inside, with her head and arms pressed against the pane, waiting. In the middle of the room, the nurse held six-weeks-old Terry Leslie and, in spite of the intense heat, shivered. The telephone was dead. There was no more water to keep the grounds wet, to hold back the forest fire. The car wouldn't start. Steve watched the flames circling in toward the house from all sides. The fire was so bright and the smoke, rising 4,000 feet into the air, so dense that he couldn't see the sun. He blinked and tears came to his eyes. There was nothing he could do. He looked through the window at his wife again and then he was blurting out the words he had tried so hard to keep back . . .

"We're trapped..."

Steve McQueen said.

**"There's nothing
we can do..."**

Biting his lip, he looked once more at the fire-scorched lawn, at the shade tree he and Neile had planted together. He ran into the house to his wife. "We'd better get out of here—into the open," he told her. "It—it's better that way. It's not quite as hot out there." The baby was whimpering. 6:30. It was time for her bottle. But there was no (*Continued on page 106*)

Edd's
♥ Quazy
love
♥ Quiz

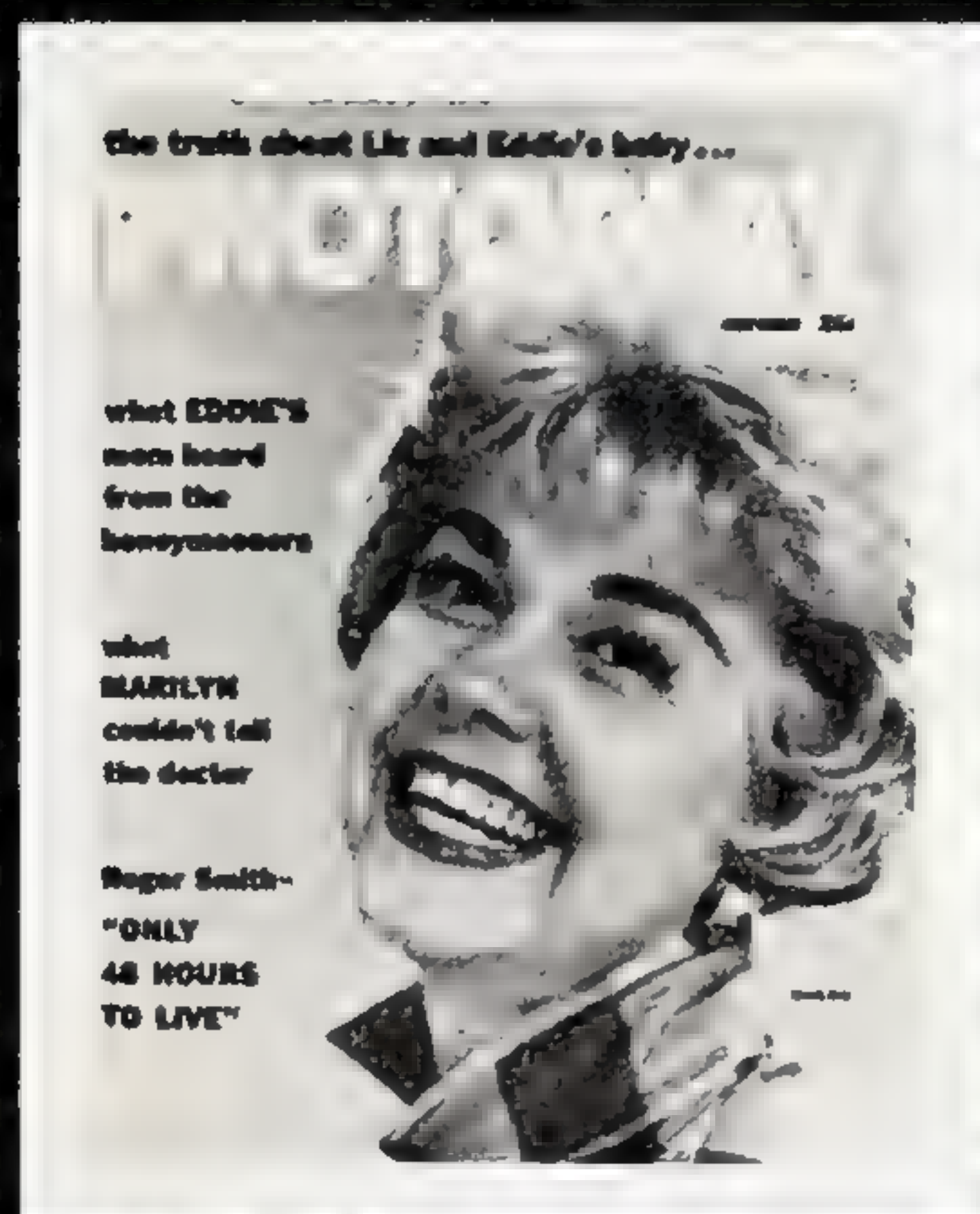
**“ARE YOU
KOOKIE, TOO?”**



Being kookie is a state of mind, like feeling you're in "wowsville" on Tues. but not Sat. To me, it's a way of being wanted, so every time you're out, you're in.



My kookie'll wear a hooded sweater, fluffy bangs like Molly Bee's, light pink lipstick. Kookies don't believe in going steady any more but you'll cry at movies and dig big cars like I do. You'll love short raincoats, dark eyes, small bandanas.



For your score—and for more ways to be kookie—turn to page 88

My kookie'll wear chunky jewelry, belong to a fan club, send sick cards. You'll know how to waltz, read Photoplay, make 1+1 equal more than two (with a blouse and weskit that match more than each other). You're so far out, you're in orbit. Are you my kookie?



Kookies yearn to look like Sandra Dee or Debbie or maybe just like they are. You're my kookie if you wear plaid at evening, dig patterned stockings and flat-heeled ankle boots. You'll collect all of Van Cliburn and Elvis, too. wear your skirts just below the knee, go on a diet. In other words, you're hip — never hep—to a new idea.





JOHN SAXON:

It cut me to the quick when I heard her say-

Slamming the door behind him, John Saxon took the steps two at a time and then, out on the sidewalk, stopped for a good deep breath. He felt great. Even a walk to the grocery store, which he usually griped about to his mom, seemed a good idea on a swell fall day like this. He took a few steps back, to get a running start, and then leap-frogged over the water hydrant in front of his apartment building. But then, when he looked up, John's smile faded. He spotted a group of girls standing on the corner and he knew they'd been watching him. Suddenly, he felt big and clumsy and kind of foolish for jumping over the hydrant. I bet they think that's real kid stuff, he told himself miserably. The girls were in his classes at New Utrecht High, and there was one of them in particular that he thought was real pretty. Now, jamming his hands deep in his pockets, he *(Continued on page 92)*

by NANCY ANDERSON

**“BOY,
IS HE
STUCK
ON
HIMSELF!”**



*After reading
your letters
about
my love story
in Photoplay,
I knew
what
you meant...*



can I ever get him back again?

I never thought I'd talk about this. Certainly I never meant to. But a couple of months ago, when the story of my romance appeared in Photoplay, I confessed he was a famous teen singer. I didn't think it was fair then to give

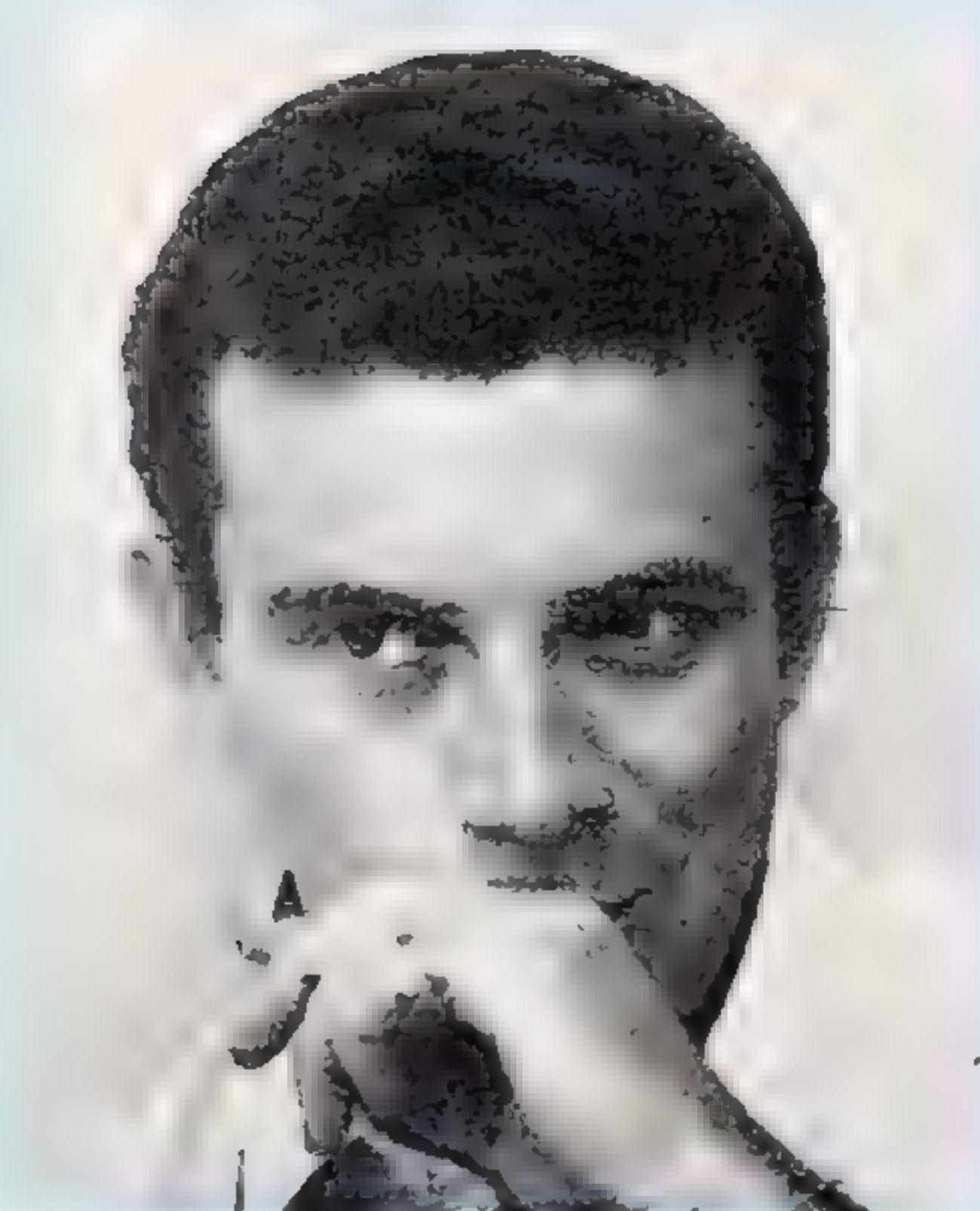
his name, so I called him Tommy. After that I got so many letters from you all, and they helped so much. But so many of you wanted to know who it was I'd loved—and broken up with.

Was the boy really (Continued on page 82)

by **CONNIE FRANCIS**
as told to **GEORGE CHRISTY**

TONY FRANCIOSA:

“why
a guy
looks
at
other
women”



I was just sitting there

to Shelley just six months, he said. Suddenly as he spoke, he noticed an attractive woman walk by. She was tall and willowy and the hat of black fox she wore was balanced

Tony Franciosa sat at a sidewalk cafe table in New York, sipping coffee and talking about acting with a friend of his—a producer. It was a perfect autumn day, a certain crispness was in the air—it’s the kind of day that makes you feel wonderfully alive, he thought. He’d been married





when she walked by.

like a crown on her head. Isn't she lovely, he thought as he looked at her. And then his cup clattered back into his saucer, and he looked down at his coffee, feeling a blush coming to his face.

"What's the matter?" his friend asked. "You're beet red."

Tony didn't say anything for a moment, then he looked up to see if the girl was still there. She was gone. He stirred his coffee a couple of times and then said, "Well, I guess I was staring at another woman."

His friend started to laugh but Tony interrupted. "But I—" then he stopped. He was going to say that he had thought he would never look at another woman once he married. In fact, he'd been sure he would not.

He'd made that promise to himself one night at a party, long before he and Shelley met. A friend of his had just become engaged, and Tony congratulated him enthusiastically. "You're lucky," he said. "Janet will make you a wonderful wife."

And his friend beamed and said, "Don't I know it? We're not getting married (*Continued on page 112*)



I looked—twice!

by EVAN MICHAELS

It didn't mean a thing—or did it?



“I remember when...”

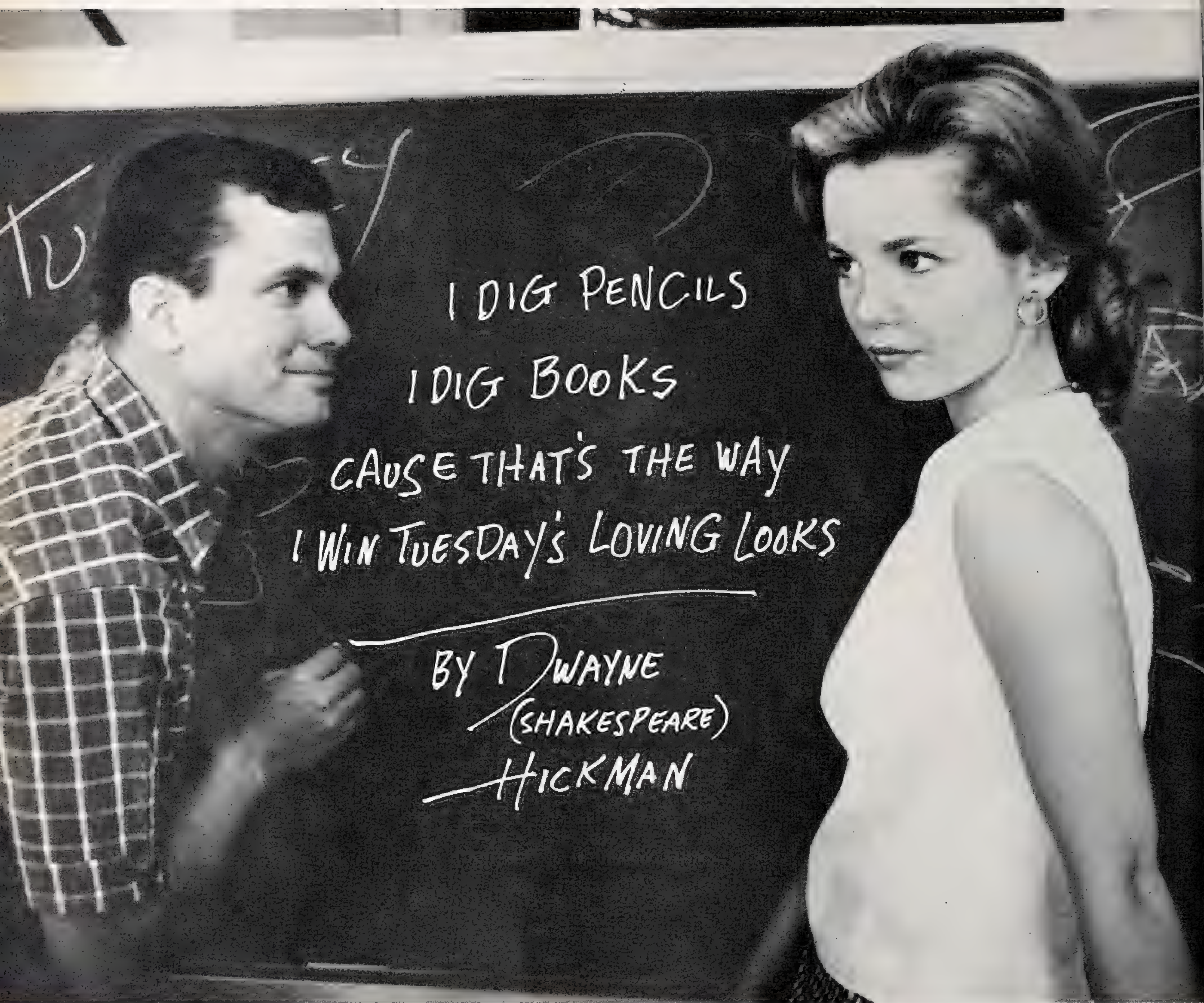




PAT BOONE:

Only one living-room lamp was turned on, casting a soft circle of light around the deep-blue love seat that Pat had insisted they bring with them from their old house in Leonia. Nobody else had wanted to bring it. "And now it's everybody's favorite," he thought. It was so deep the girls could play hide-and-seek in it, and Shirley always napped there while waiting for him to come home at night. She was curled up there now.

He came up behind the sofa, leaned over the back and looked down at her. She was sleeping in one corner, her feet tucked under the cushion and her head resting on the arm. She doesn't look a bit different from the *(Continued on page 100)*



Here, I'm pretty satisfied with myself. "Isn't this poetry..... great poetry?" I crow. "Well," she says sweetly, "... no."

Tuesday Weld will make a fool of me—I bet I've told myself twenty times—over my dead body. Then we'll meet at rehearsal (I'm *Dobie* on the CBS-TV series, "The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis," and she's one of the Many), and she'll come up with some wacky suggestion, like why don't I come to school with her, since she's all alone there . . . and I suddenly find myself lugging seventeen books out to Twentieth.

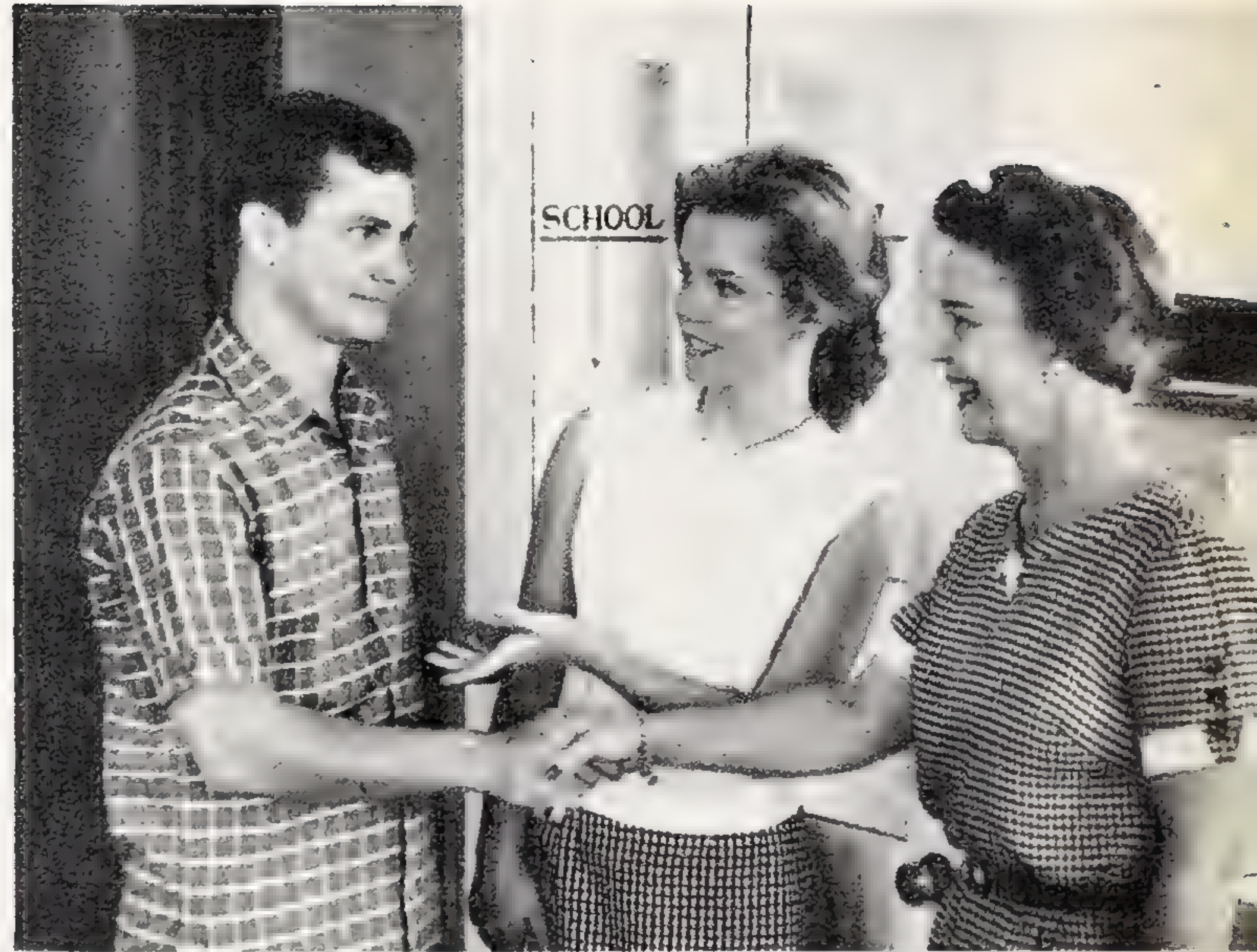
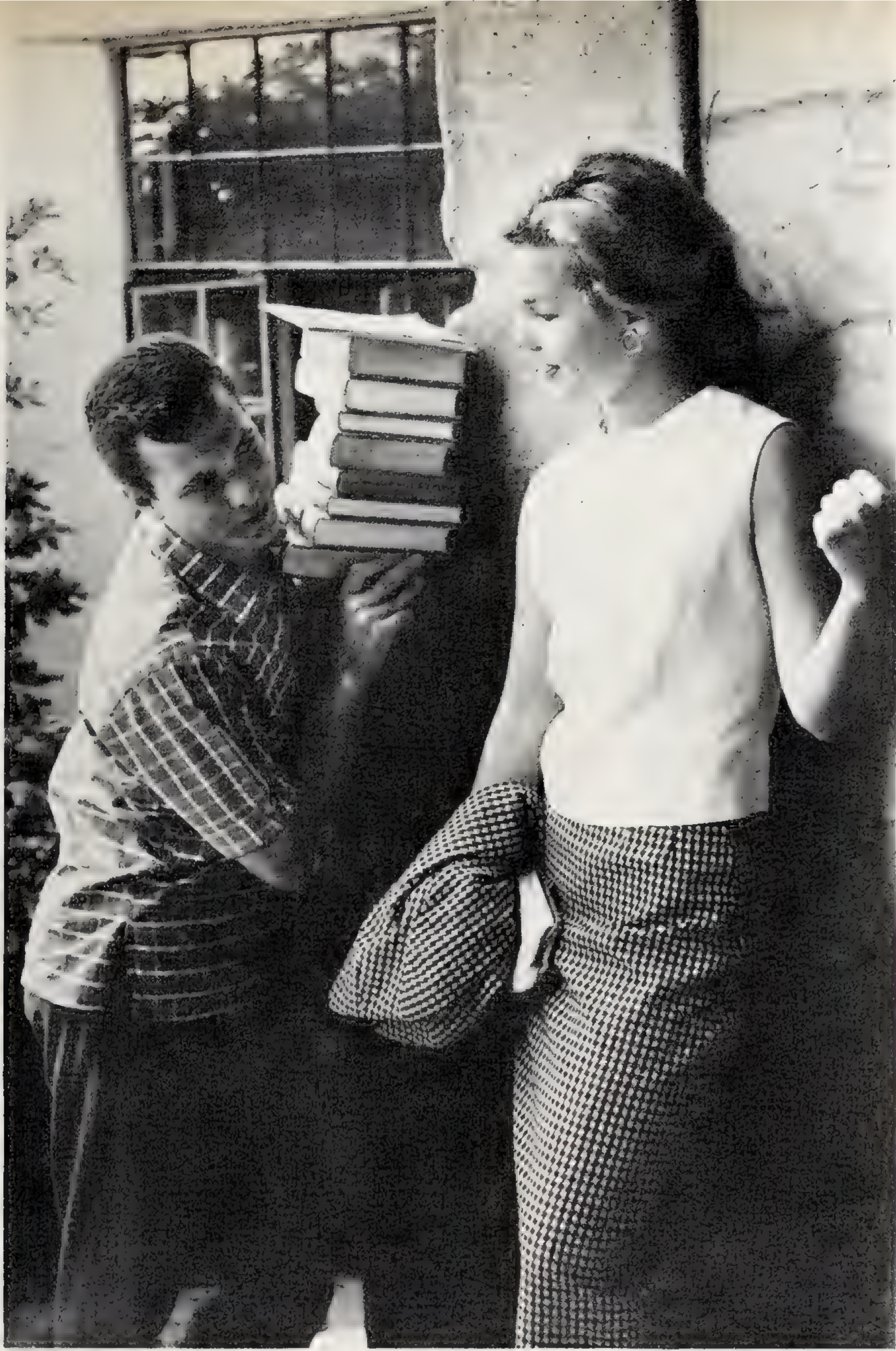
"Miss Klamt," Tuesday tells her teacher right off, "Dwayne went to Loyola—and knows lots on poetry."

"Well," I modestly lower my eyes, "six more units and I'd have had my degree, in Economics, but—"

She smiles. "You must stay for our poetry quiz."

Tuesday pouts. "I'm so unsure of myself in poetry."

"So are poets," I quip, but secretly I'm pretty sure of me. After all, how much can she know? *(continued)*



When Tuesday's teacher invited me to stay for class, Tuesday told her she'd be sorry, but she only smiled. Tuesday said, "You may not believe it, but he'll do anything for a gag."

"This is the oldest school in America," she told me. I never know when she's kidding. "Sure, Laurel and Hardy went here, and Rin-Tin-Tin! . . . No, seriously, I've been to seven schools and like this best."

Whenever Tuesday finds a quotation she likes, she types it into her notebook. "Writing takes too long," she told me.



TUESDAY and DWAYNE

continued

I found out—when she got “90” and I got “65.” I felt like crawling into the nearest filing cabinet when I saw I’d mixed Wordsworth and Emerson.

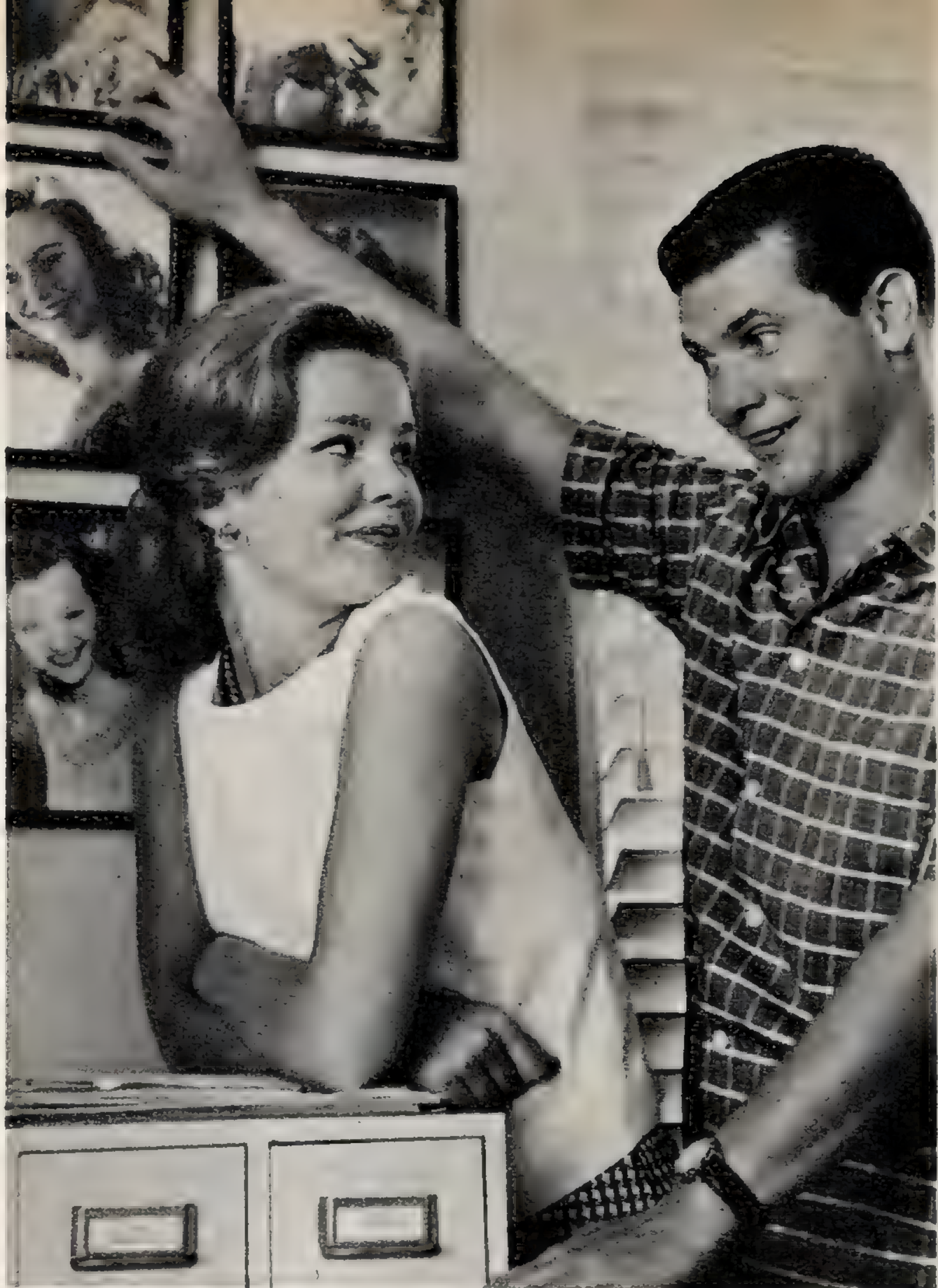
“Well, anyway,” I muttered, “both of them are Transcendentalists.”

Suddenly Tuesday’s face lit up. I know the look: she hunts words like a predatory animal. “It’s beautiful!” she cried. “What does it mean?”

“Transcend—go beyond,” I began, but I had to look it up for her.

Later, she teased, “When you read the dictionary, you send me!”

“But when it comes to school,” I admitted, loading up those seventeen books, “Tuesday, you *transcend* me!”



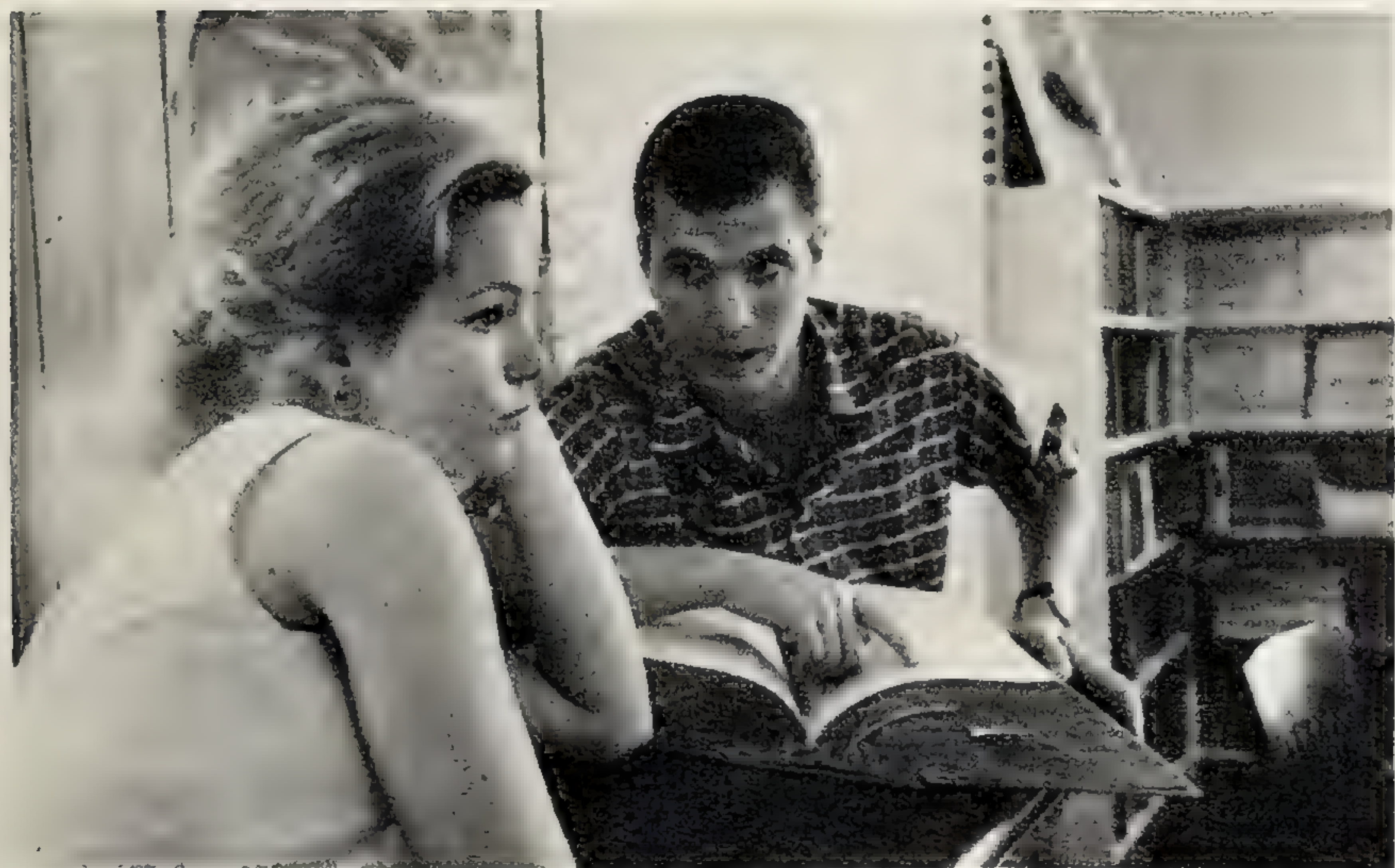
“If you’re smart,” I told her, “you land up in a frame.”

I’d always wanted to dip a girl’s hair in the inkwell. Now that I had my chance, there was no ink!





"A sea-shell sings of its home in the sea." I didn't know who wrote that, so I said I did. But Tuesday remembered.



As I read her Webster's definition of love I thought she was out of this world, but she suddenly shot me a superior look. "When you feel it," she said knowingly, "you won't have to look it up in the dictionary!"

I know I'm a con man at heart, and I guess I think I'm pretty smart (hey, it rhymes!), but once in a while a girl like Tuesday will come along, and I don't feel so smart any more.



KIM NOVAK:

the one thing I could

by GEORGE CHRISTY

Blanche and Joseph Novak sat quietly at the long dinner table in the Begum's villa in France. Mrs. Novak, in a silk gown Kim had arranged to have specially made for her, watched with folded hands as a butler served the roast lamb and the string beans with almonds. Her thin, gray-haired husband sat across from her in the tuxedo Kim had given him last Christmas.

He looked up and smiled a little at Kim, as if to say, "Why so many forks?" Kim smiled back, and they sat there listening to Cary Grant talk about the Cannes Film Festival and Kim's royal reception there. Everybody had cheered

(continued)

never tell my father



KIM NOVAK *continued*

for her. The Novaks beamed with pride. Our daughter, their smiles said—can you believe it? Here we are, sitting down for supper—*no, dinner*—thousands of miles from home, and it's all because of Kim. She'd insisted they come to Europe with her. "I want everyone to meet you," she'd said on the phone, and Blanche Novak had burst into tears. (*Continued on page 90*)



Kim had planned this trip so carefully, as though Europe were sort of a gift she could give to her parents. She took them to have lunch at a restaurant 'way atop the Eiffel Tower and told them, "Look, there's all of Paris!" But she couldn't help wondering if all the fancy places in Europe could ever make up for all of the other times . . .



PHOTOPLAY'S

first decorating panel

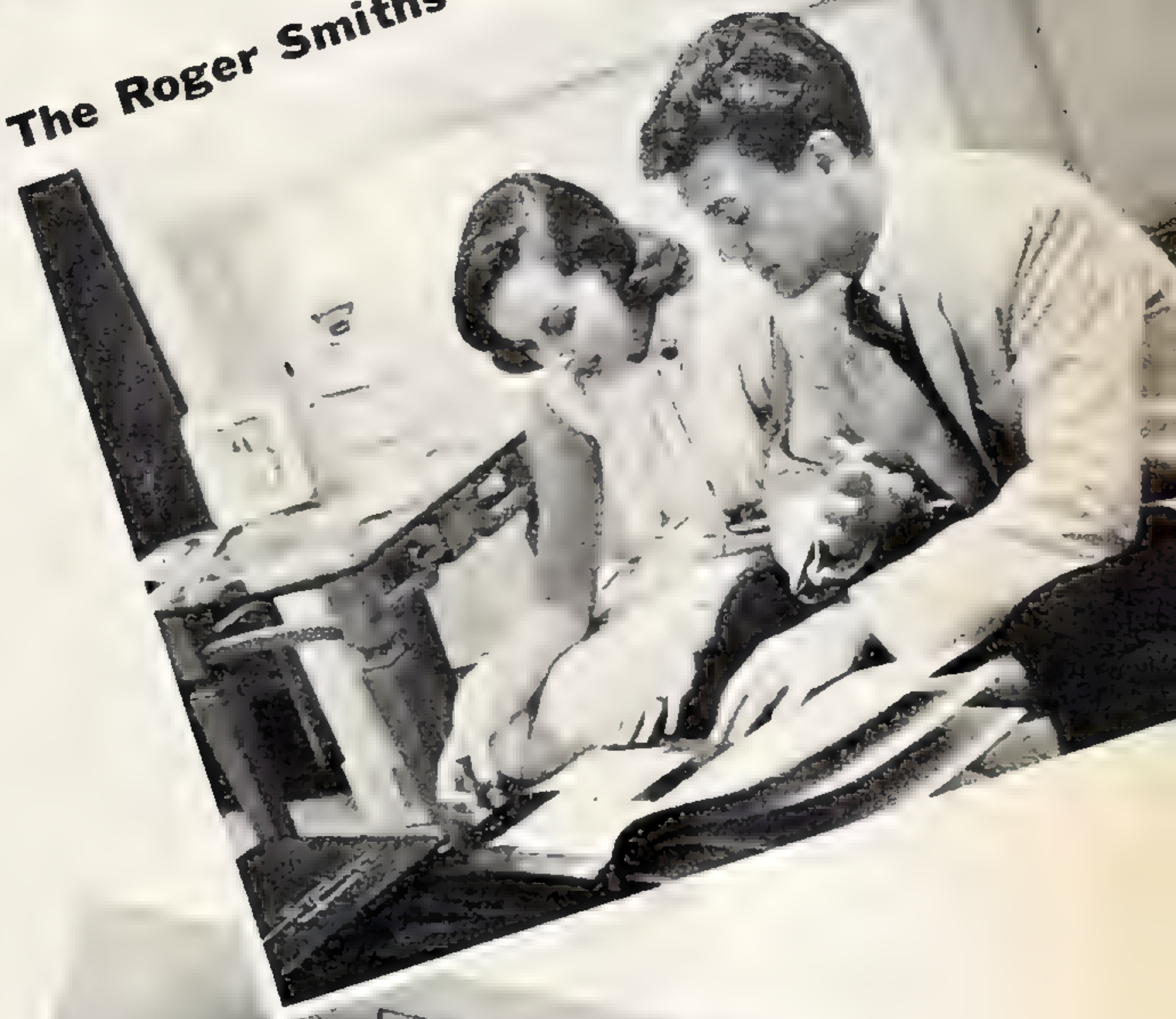
tells how you can —

**ADD A
TOUCH OF
HOLLYWOOD
TO YOUR
OWN HOME**

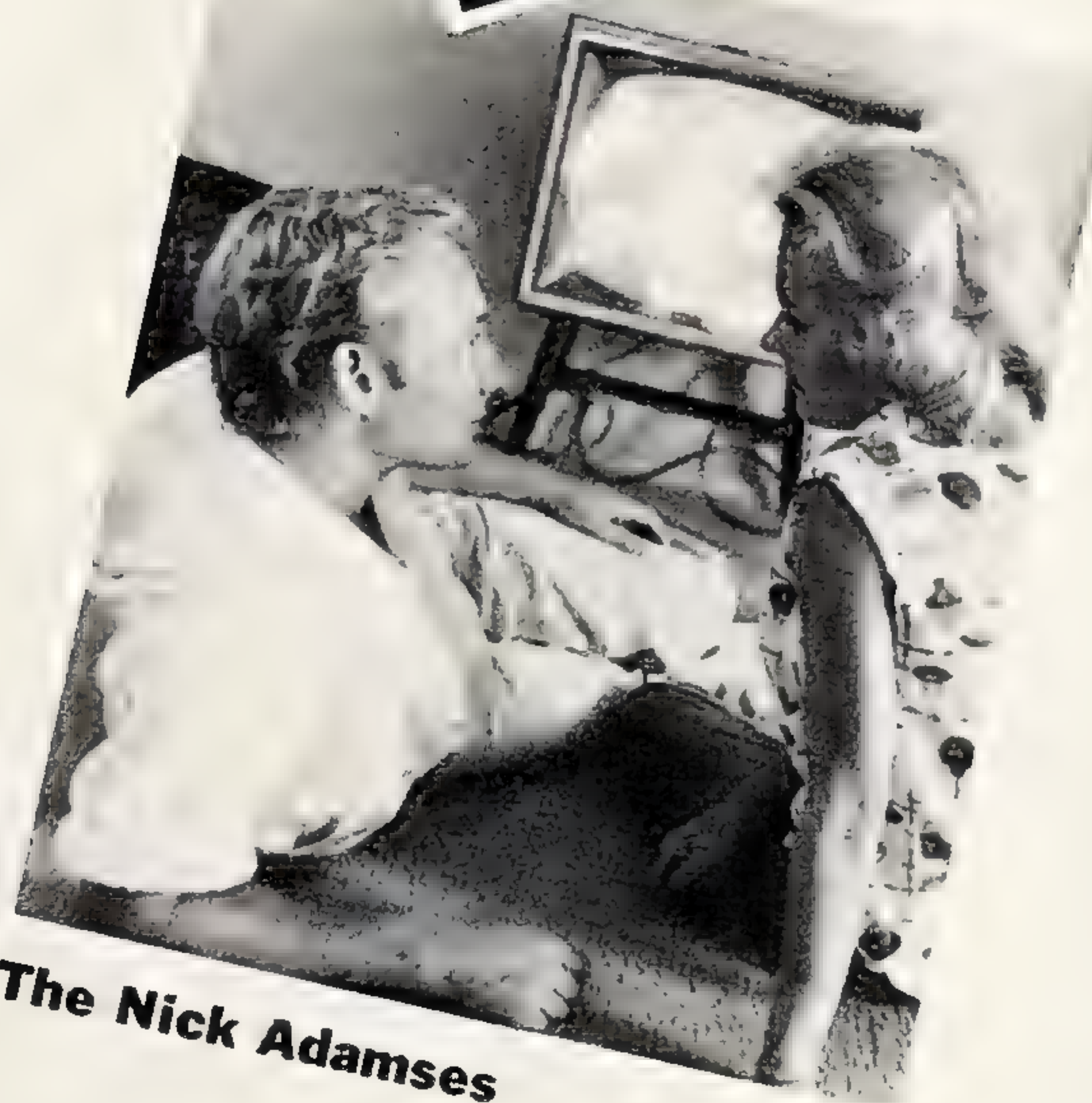
On the following pages are two rooms—a living room and a bedroom—designed in line with the decorating ideas of some young Hollywood couples whose ideas are realistic enough to work within your budget, too. We hope their know-how answers the questions you've asked us and helps you help yourself to their Hollywood brand of at-home glamour.

PANEL MEMBERS

The Roger Smiths



The Nick Adamses



The Ty Hardins

THE PANEL'S RECOMMENDATIONS:



13 decorating ideas

"BE BRAVE WITH COLOR," advise the Jack Kellys, who acted on their own advice—using Jack's favorite and remembered-from-childhood color, watermelon pink, generously in their home. We took their counsel—painted the walls of our composite rooms a stark white that best sets off the brilliant blues, greens and golds of the furnishings.

"COORDINATE COLOR," add the Kellys. "Let the color flow from one room to another, so that your home looks all of a piece instead of cut up." Jack and May used some of their favorite pink in living room, dining room, and kitchen—and coordinated fabric colors throughout their home. Note that the bedroom and living room shown opposite both have white walls, and that all fabric colors for both rooms are completely wedded, so that you could move any chair from one room into the other without disturbing the color scheme in either living room or bedroom. *(Continued on page 81)*

LIVING ROOM

BEDROOM



when your budget's modest



Let's talk about:

**WHAT'S WRONG WITH
GOING STEADY TOO SOON?**

by Dick Clark



It was just four very normal people talking over the things that make up their lives. Of course, since the four were Connie Francis, Fabian, Andy Williams and Frankie Avalon, music led off. I listened carefully, 'cause this quartet knows whereof they gab. But I was also waiting for a chance to switch the conversation over to the big topic you've been asking about in your letters—going steady. I figured all of us sitting around

that table ought to be able to come up with some answers that would make good sense to you.

I didn't want to break in all of a sudden with some hard questions, so, like a District Attorney, I figured I could shoot an easy question that would get them all buzzing away. When I found a short space of silence in the conversation, I made my move, and asked Fabian, "When you were in Hollywood (*Continued on page 104*)



sew a party dress

What's pale and frothy as moonlight, billowy as a cloud, and speaks in a whisper—but only when it moves? The answer: a party dress. Made of delicate materials like tulle or brocade or of rustling taffeta, this season it's a short formal, which is another way of saying it can go everywhere that a long dress can and lots of places where a full-length can't. Wherever it goes, it makes boys think of you for what you really are—a girl. The Lennon Sisters show you four party dresses to sew from Simplicity Patterns. Reminder: It's only eighty days till the holiday season, so start sewing now and avoid every rush but the one he's going to give you.

More information on Simplicity patterns—Kathy (3015), Diane (3150), Janet (2512), Peggy (2961)—is on page 88

Lennon Sisters



Lennon Sisters

when a girl changes from
BOBBIE SOX to STOCKINGS



The Lennon Sisters have an undercover secret for getting the most compliments out of a party dress.



Petticoat in tiers of sheer nylon tricot gives a dress the softer fullness that's new this fall. White or colors. Kayser Roth. \$6.95.

Cotton bra designed especially for teen figures has light foam contouring, adjustable straps to wear six ways. Lovable, \$1.50.



Garter belt is actually a junior step-in girdle with patterned nylon power net for light control without bulk. Maidenform. \$3.00.



Seamless hose, in proportioned lengths, comes in 16 shades to match any party dress. Reinforced at heel and toe. Hanes. \$1.50.



For where to buy, turn to page 88

ONE OF THE MOST EXCITING WOMEN IN THE WORLD: **PARIS**



JACQUELINE HUET lovely, glamorous, busy! The devoted mother of a young daughter, she is also a successful stage actress and a popular television personality. Her proudest television achievement—a special show for

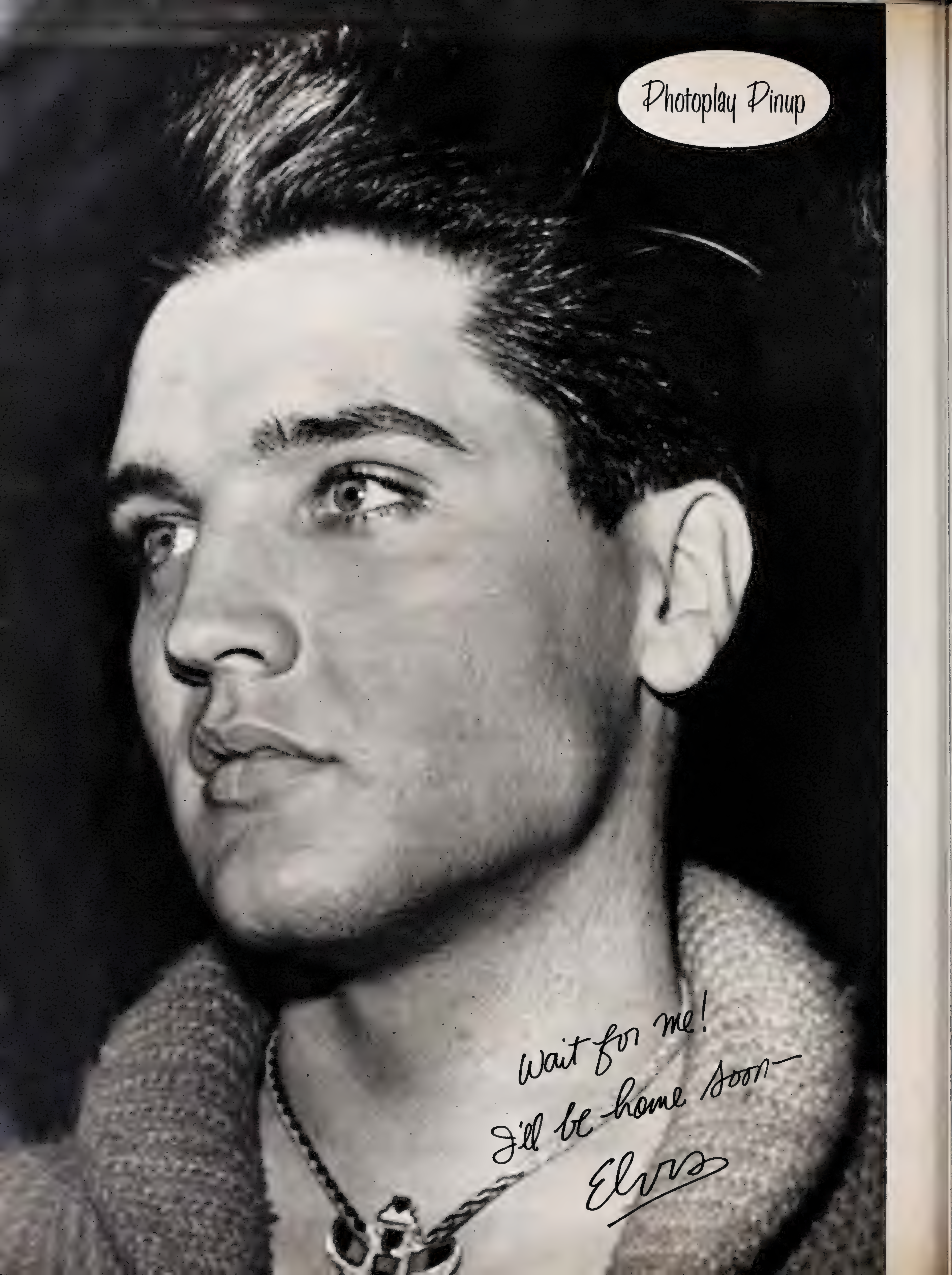
children which she writes herself! "I often feel tired," she says, "but I must never show it. I find Pond's Cold Cream acts almost like a 'tranquilizer'—keeps my skin soft and smooth through my busiest day."

*She's busy...
yet she's beautiful...
she uses Pond's*



JACQUELINE HUET says: "Pond's beautifies as it cleanses!" Yes, this fabulous cream deep-moisturizes as it cleanses and freshens every tiny pore. And this richer cream goes on moisturizing long after you tissue it off. "Plumps up" the skin cells so tired lines can smooth out. Your skin will stay soft and smooth. See it come alive and glow with an exciting new beauty—like Jacqueline Huet's. Use Pond's Cold Cream to beauty-cleanse at night, to moisturize under make-up all day.

NOW! POND'S COLD CREAM IN STUNNING NEW DESIGNER JAR!

A black and white close-up portrait of Elvis Presley. He is looking upwards and to the left with a slight smile. He has dark, wavy hair and is wearing a dark jacket over a light-colored shirt. A small, light-colored oval sticker is in the top right corner. Handwritten text is in the bottom right corner.

Photoplay Pinup

Wait for me!
I'll be home soon—
Elvis

Artcarved



VEIL BY LORI

Fashioned for a lifetime... and guaranteed for permanent value

Because it's your most precious possession, you want to be sure of your ring's value. And now, thanks to *Artcarved's* Permanent Value Plan, you can be! For this unusual, nationwide plan guarantees that—if you ever wish to—you can apply your *Artcarved* ring's full current retail price toward a larger *Artcarved* at any time, as specified in the guarantee. You can do this anywhere . . . at any of the thousands of *Artcarved* jewelers throughout the U.S.A. This guarantee is backed by one of the world's oldest and largest ring-

makers, famous for 109 years. Even if you never exchange your *Artcarved* ring, you'll always be so proud having this proof of lasting value. Every *Artcarved* diamond ring is guaranteed and registered for color, cut, clarity, carat weight. Prices are nationally established—\$75 to \$10,000. *Artcarved* wedding rings are made of specially hardened gold to assure lifetime beauty. Look for the name *Artcarved*® stamped inside the ring, on the tag and on your *Artcarved* diamond ring guarantee.

Beloved by brides for more than a hundred years (1850-1959)

Prices of rings shown, clockwise from top right

CARMEL SET: Engagement Ring \$300.00. Also \$250 to \$400.
Diamond Wedding Ring \$100.00.

WELLINGTON SET: Engagement Ring \$200.00. Also \$75 to \$1,200.
Bride's Ring \$30.00. Groom's Ring \$37.50.

EVENING STAR* SET: Engagement Ring \$500.00. Also \$250 to \$10,000.
Diamond Wedding Ring \$55.00.

OLYMPIA SET: Groom's Ring \$42.50. Bride's Ring \$37.50.

FAIRHAVEN SET: Engagement Ring \$200.00. Diamond Wedding Ring \$100.00.

*EVENING STAR DESIGN PATENT APPLIED FOR.



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Free! Please send me "WEDDING GUIDE FOR BRIDE AND GROOM"
—a guide to wedding etiquette with valuable tips on ring buying. Also
send name of nearest authorized *Artcarved* jeweler.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ County or Zone _____ State _____



HOW TO DRESS AS IF MONEY WERE NO OBJECT

"He loves the way we all look. And I'm getting an evening 'on the town' as a reward! In fact, he said we can afford a lot more evenings out, now that I've started sewing again. Just think—even if I'd been able to *find* a dress as beautiful and as *right* for me as this one, I'd have paid more for it than I spent making all three of our outfits!


"Of course, he thinks I'm pretty smart to be able to sew this well. But the truth is, anyone can sew practically anything with those marvelous Simplicity Printed Patterns.

"My girls are already having a lot of fun with sewing. They're actually helping me with their Holiday party dresses. They picked out the styles themselves from the big Simplicity Catalog. And they have such definite ideas about fabrics. It won't be long before they'll be sewing their own!"

"My party dress is Simplicity style #3150. Both of my dolls wear Simplicity style #3177."

Sew WITH
Simplicity

SIMPLICITY PATTERN CO. INC.



→ read these stories
to find out how
love changed
three lives

► RITA HAYWORTH

◆ SOPHIA LOREN

◆ AVA GARDNER

RITA HAYWORTH

Walking out of the elevator of the midtown hotel, Rita Hayworth tossed her hair back and smiled. Her husband Jim came toward her quickly and took her hand. "Is everything all right?" he asked, leaning close to her.

"Everything's going to be just fine," she whispered.

But as they started down the steps, the reporters and photographers, who'd (Continued on page 109)

SURRENDERED



**Lush
'n
Lasting?**



**Light
'n
Creamy?**



Sheer Lanolin in the striped Designer's Case

Choose your favorite lipstick texture...in 16 fashion-fresh colors! Name your color. A gentle frostypink? A brilliant shock of orange? A deep, winey red? Cutex makes them all in the newest fashion shades...and two delightful textures. A rich luscious lip-

stick with marvelous staying power. That's Cutex Sheer Lanolin. Or a creamy kiss of color so light you'll hardly feel it's there. That's Cutex Delicate.

CUTEX®
Sheer Lanolin or Delicate Lipstick

Northam Warren, New York



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THREATENED



SOPHIA LOREN

Tying the black scarf more tightly around her hair and wrapping the loose linen coat about her, the dark-eyed girl stood on the isolated platform and watched the Vienna-Rome-bound train rumble off into the distance. The tracks, gleaming in the hot sun, seemed to meet far off. But she knew they really didn't. They went on and on across Europe, together—parallel—but always separated by what seemed just the span of a hand in the distance, yet what was even wider than two outstretched arms would be from where she stood. (*Continued on page 94*)

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color
for your
eyes

color that
stays on
till you
take it
off!

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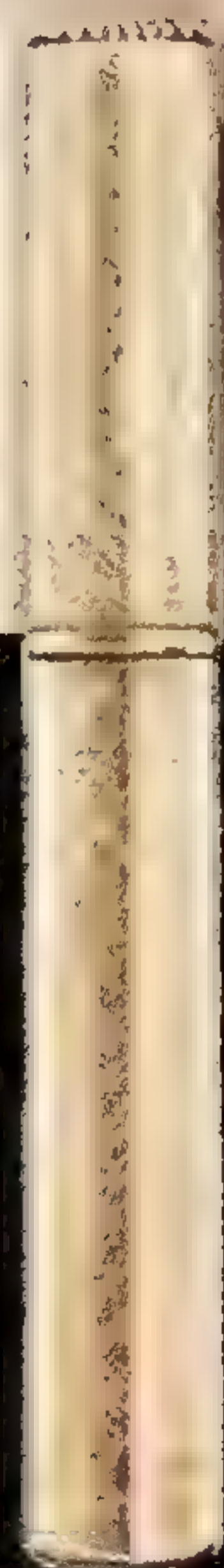
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EYEBROW PENCIL
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EYE LINER
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HAUNTED



AVA GARDNER

One of the big things Ava had shared with Frank was their hating for a party to end. Dreading the moment when the clinking glasses and gay laughter melted into silence, they'd stayed up till dawn together—both fighting sleep and the time when they'd have to lie alone with their thoughts. But there was no danger of *this* party's ending too soon. Everyone was having too good a time, even Ava. It didn't matter that Frank wasn't with her. (Continued on page 86)



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DECORATING IDEAS

Continued from page 64



Jack Kelly and May tell you about T.L.C.

"CARPET," the Kellys suggest, "as many rooms as you can afford to, in the same carpeting." It gives a home serenity, makes one room flow into the other—and you'll have less problem with floor-covering when you move from an apartment to a house or from a small house to a bigger one—you'll be able to combine the carpeting from smaller rooms into a larger carpet. Note that our composite rooms have the same carpeting.

"PULL FURNITURE AWAY FROM WALLS," say the Kellys, "and arrange it for easy conversation." Jack and May wisely placed their living-room pieces around their fireplace, just as we have done in our living-room sketch. If you haven't a fireplace as a focal point, try grouping furniture around a window with a view, a painting or picture grouping or a handsome music piece—piano, TV, phono.

"CHOOSE ACCESSORIES CAREFULLY," the Kellys urge, "because they can make all the difference between a distinguished and run-of-the-mill decorating job." For their early-American home, they scoured antique shops for a pair of wonderful old Spanish andirons, a fine old Boston rocker, and their prized find—two beautiful old still-life paintings. The Kellys believe that "if you choose these small things because you love them and can see their value, others seem to, too, and treat them as you do—with T.L.C. (tender loving care)." Every accessory in our composite rooms—from pewter pitcher on the bedside table to the paintings on all walls, was selected with a discriminating eye to workmanship, design, and color—and, most important, in terms of what each would do to contribute to the modern decorating mood.

"PULL YOUR COLORS," prompt the John Russells, "from a drapery print you love." Their own hand-blocked draperies (beige with green and burnt-orange touches) dictated their happy choice of a beige carpet, light beige walls, green and burnt-orange upholstery pieces. Thus, in the rooms shown here, the draperies (white ground with blue, green, and gold accents) inspire the colors used on walls, upholstery, accessories, and carpeting.

"Give the bedroom more use," suggest John and his wife, "by making it part sitting-room as we have done." As in the Russell bedroom, our composite bedroom has TV, radio, and easy chair with otto-

man, and a rocker—or, as the Russells put it, "all the comforts of a living room."

"DECORATE IN YOUR FAVORITE PERIOD," say the Russells, "traditional or modern—but don't be afraid to combine things from both if they look good together." Mrs. Russell, who combined a wrought-iron sofa with wood antique pieces in her living room, adds, "It takes a little imagination and daring to combine things but, nine times out of ten, it turns out well." In our composite living room, a baroque gilt picture frame adds elegance to the modern decor. So does the traditional tufted pouf in front of the footboard of the bed, the demi-canopy on a latter-day four-poster bed, and the traditional self-patterned fabric of bedspread and ottoman.

"Buy things that are easy to care for," advise the Russells, "and easy to live with." With three children, they know well whereof they speak. As in their home, our composite rooms boast furniture with an oil finish that resists stains, requires little polishing (and then only with mineral or linseed oil); wool carpeting with "a nylon face" that resists soiling; plastic laminate surfaces on built-in bookcases, on tables and on all bedroom chests to make them stain and scratch-resistant; and all upholstery fabrics have been "Sylmerized" against stain and soot damage.

"BUY FEWER THINGS BUT GOOD THINGS," advocate the Ty Hardins, "things you can add to later on when you have the money and the time to expand in." They do just that in their Valley home. The bedroom pieces shown in our composite room are a fine example of this buy-one-piece, add-more-later decorating philosophy. The chests, dressing table, desk, and cabinets (designed on a modular plan so that they can fit and sit well together) can be bought one piece at a time as you can afford them. Later they can be meshed together to give the desirable built-in look.

"DO WHAT YOU CAN YOURSELF," Ty and Andra recommend. "The money you save can go into fine furnishings." Ty painted most of the walls in his home—has made good use of his small carpentry shop in his back yard to build bookcases and a cubby for logs near the living-room fireplace. And his lovely wife, Andra Martin, is not above "making my own draperies so that I can use the money I save to buy finer fabrics." Note that the draperies in our composite rooms are tailored—require only hemming top and bottom—and can be put up in minutes with automatic, inexpensive pinch-pleating pins you can buy in any hardware or department store. And our built-in-look bookcases and log cabinet on either side of the brick fireplace are a cinch for any handyman and his gal.

"AVOID CLUTTERING UP," the Hardins warn, "with knickknacks and fussy furniture." To which they add, by way of explanation, "That means beware of gifts—thank the givers but don't feel duty-bound to display Aunt Agatha's antimiscassar. Our composite rooms achieve an air of clean luxury from the very absence of things. Sparsely but discriminatingly decorated, they are dramatic without being cold, thanks to bold color, the sculptured lines of furniture, the warm tones and beautifully matched grain of the wood pieces.

"DRESS YOUR WINDOWS," urge the Roger Smiths, "in a manner consistent with the period in which you decorate." In their Bermuda-modern home they chose simple draperies in pale beiges, grays and white to set off the bright colors of the furniture. Our modern living room and bedroom (see sketches) get a clean-cut tailored drapery

treatment with printed fabrics that enhance the Danish-modern decor.

"PLAN LIGHTING CAREFULLY," advise the Roger Smiths. They did, using modern hanging lamps for most of the lighting in their house, but also choosing one enormous table lamp for a conversation piece in the living room. In our composite rooms, all reading areas—next to chairs, behind the sofa, over dining table, and near the bed—are well-illuminated. Fixtures were selected for down-lighting the book. Secondly, light bulbs are carefully chosen for proper wattage. And finally, lighting is wall-hung, ceiling-bracketed, or on a light pole wherever possible, to leave precious floor space for other things—and to keep the fixtures safe from toddlers or guests who get carried away during an Elvis record.

"CHOOSE DURABLE FABRICS," Roger and Vici urged, "especially for your upholstery, because reupholstering is expensive." In our composite rooms, we used drapery fabrics with a high Dacron content because that synthetic fiber gives outstanding dimensional stability—in other words, they won't ride up or hang down after cleaning. And our upholstery fabrics are rich in nylon content to insure hard, long wear as well as the brilliant coloring so characteristic of nylon. What's more, these fabrics are resistant to the effects of sun, heat, mildew and other climatic conditions.

ROGER SMITH APPEARS ON ABC'S "77 SUNSET STRIP," FRIDAYS AT 9 P.M. EDT, AND ALSO RECORDS FOR WARNER BROTHERS' RECORDS. VICTORIA SHAW CAN BE SEEN IN COLUMBIA'S "THE CRIMSON KIMONO." YOU'LL SEE NICK ADAMS IN U-I'S "PILLOW TALK," "THE FBI STORY" FOR MERVYN LEROY PRODUCTIONS, WARNER BROS., AND ON HIS OWN TV SHOW, "THE REBEL," SUNDAYS AT 9 P.M. EDT, FOR ABC. TY HARDIN AND ANDRA MARTIN WILL CO-STAR IN THEIR OWN TV SERIES, "BRONCO," THIS SEASON, TUESDAYS AT 8:30 P.M. EDT, ON ABC. ANDRA'S ALSO IN WARNERS' "YELLOWSTONE KELLY." JACK KELLY APPEARS ON ABC-TV'S "MAVERICK," SUNDAYS AT 7:30 P.M. EDT.

SHOPPING INFORMATION

When you're following through on our panel's decorating ideas, look for these labels:

LIVING ROOM:

Furniture from The Peabody Collection by Richardson/Nemschoff;
Carpeting by Bigelow Rugs and Carpets;
Portable TV by Admiral;
Lytespan by Lightolier;
Filigree panels by Quality House Shutters;
Felt-like draperies of "Dacron" and rayon;
Sofa covered in DuPont spun nylon;
Cane arm chair covered in DuPont nylon and cotton;
Hi-Back chair covered in DuPont spun nylon.

BEDROOM:

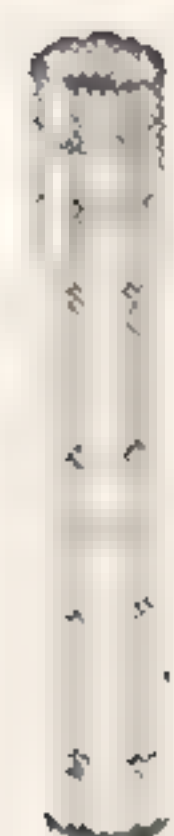
Furniture from the Colorama Group by Sun Glow Furniture Industries;
Chairs by Richardson/Nemschoff;
Phonograph by RCA Victor;
Clock-radio by RCA Victor;
Light fixtures by Lightolier;
Carpeting by Bigelow Rugs and Carpets;
Draperies of "Dacron" polyester fiber and linen;
Chair and ottoman covered in nylon and cotton;
Bedspread and pouf of DuPont nylon upholstery fabric;
Beautyrest mattress and box spring by Simmons Co.

becoming attractions

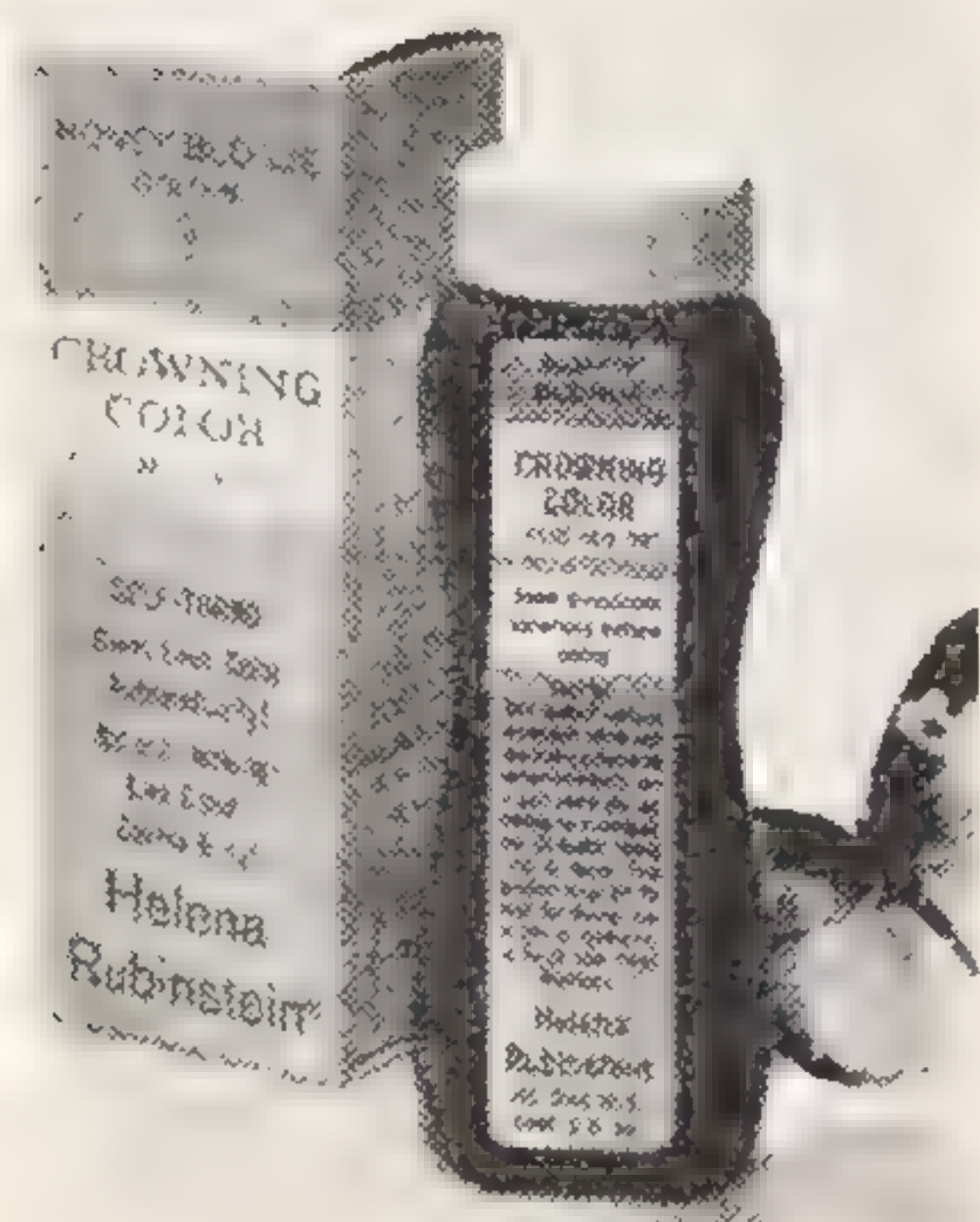
A



B



C



D



E



A. Prince Matchabelli gilds the lily with Golden Autumn Bubbling Bath Oil, a fragrant blend of woodland scents. The 4-oz. gold-topped flask, \$2.00.*

B. A golden baton of waterproof mascara twirls color—and curve—onto the lashes. Avon's new "Curl 'n' Color" in black or brown, refillable. \$2.00.*

C. Crowning glory by Helena Rubinstein: Crowning Color Cream Hair Tint, a new self-timing lotion for home hair-do-ing. Conditions as it colors. \$1.50*

D. Aiming for a well-kept coif? You can't miss with the "Easy-Aim" lever on Shulton's new 3-Way Curl Spray. Weatherproofed and non-sticky, \$1.50.*

E. Hazel Bishop's new "Vivid Vivid" Lipline lipstick flashes brilliance, adds creamy lustre via a new formula. In five vibrant key shades, each, \$1.00*

*plus tax

CONNIE FRANCIS

Continued from page 51

Neil Sedaka? Or Frankie Avalon? Or Paul Anka? It didn't seem right to reveal his name since we tried to keep our romance private, but then some people found out and after that happened, I decided I should clear it all up, that I should tell you it wasn't Frankie, or Paul. It was Bobby . . . Bobby Darin.

And I still like Bobby. I know his name has been linked with another singer's lately. And this is good. To see Bobby so happy makes me feel content, because we had so much together—a relationship that blossomed into something very special, even after our romance ended.

I kept remembering the wonderful times we'd had together. And then I would remember the last time I'd seen him. What really broke us up? A lot of things, I guess. But mainly because Mom and Dad wanted me to meet other fellows—instead of just going out with one. Still, I think I could have convinced them that Bobby was for me. But I never argued because Bobby and I felt, deep down, that although we were in love we might never ever be happy!

One summer night everything was over. It had been a perfect evening. Bobby and I were in New York and we had a wonderful dinner at Leone's. (I still remember Bobby saying, "Go ahead—order zabaglione for dessert.") Afterwards we walked over to Birdland to listen to jazz. We held hands along Broadway and even with all those summer tourists around, I didn't feel the least bit funny. We hardly saw the people who bumped into us and brushed by. I was so happy. I felt the two of us owned the world.

It's too good to be true, I told myself. Something's going to happen to us. It won't go on like this forever—the way I want it to. But then I held onto Bobby's hand more tightly and I told myself it would never end.

When he drove me home in his second-hand Chevy, it was long past midnight—too late. I knew my folks would be upset. But I had no idea just *how* upset. Of course, I was to blame because I didn't call them to say I would be late.

The car motor rasped and pulled away. From the shadowy living room I heard my father's deep voice. "Connie." He sounded gruff. "It's after two o'clock."

I was so scared I couldn't speak.

Then he came out into the hall and snapped on the light. "If that boy means so much to you that you can't listen to us and live by the rules of our house . . ."

"Oh, Dad," I pleaded, and I began to cry. "I'm . . . I'm sorry. I know I shouldn't have stayed out so late. But—"

"I'm ashamed of you," he said, "and if you want to make your own life, then I won't hold you back. But in my house you must abide by what your mother and I think is right."

I couldn't stop crying, and I looked over at my father and saw that he was crying, too. I rushed over to him and threw my arms around him, and the two of us cried like kids there in the hallway.

Then, holding me back, he said, "I mean what I say, Connie. You're my daughter, and I love you more than anything in the world, but I don't want you coming in at two o'clock in the morning."

Dad no more wanted me to be unhappy than he wanted me to stop singing.

I knew that. He was just trying to get me to do what he thought was right. He thought I was too young to see only one fellow; that maybe I was cheating myself by not going out with others during my

teens. But how could it be right not to see Bobby? All that night I didn't sleep. And I couldn't stop crying either. Didn't Dad like Bobby? I kept asking over and over. Did he want me to sneak out on dates with him? I didn't want to be sneaky. I *couldn't* be sneaky. I didn't know what to do.

I wanted to keep on seeing Bobby. I loved him. But a couple of days later, I couldn't believe him when he said, "Connie, I don't want to see you any more."

I looked at him. I couldn't believe what I'd heard. He seemed tired—almost sick, I thought. There were deep circles under his eyes and his hair was ruffled, as if he'd run his fingers through it a dozen times.

"Why?" I asked.

"It's my career. I can move faster without you," he said quietly.

I stepped back and nearly fell. He reached out to steady me, and I could feel his hand trembling. I was shocked. He couldn't mean what he was saying. I looked into his eyes and silently begged him to say it was all some kind of crazy joke. But he didn't say anything. His eyes were misty. He wouldn't look directly at me. He really meant to step out of my life.

Maybe he was trying to make it easier for both of us. But love isn't that simple. You can't turn it off and on like that, and one curt sentence can't stop all those wonderful feelings in your heart.

My girlfriend, who was standing with me, saw and heard everything that happened, and although she never tried to pry, she couldn't help but know about a lot of things that went on behind the scenes in the music business. She saw how miserable I was without Bobby all through those next few weeks. And one day she couldn't hold herself back any longer.

"Connie," she said, her voice sympathetic and timid all at the same time, "I know it's none of my business, but everybody's saying Bobby's just not himself. He can't sleep, and he's not doing any work." She said she always saw him at a midtown drug store near his recording studio.

I asked her if she thought I should go and see him.

"I don't know," she hedged. But I could tell she thought it wouldn't be a bad idea.

I didn't say anything, but, later that afternoon, I went into my bedroom and put on the new shirtwaist dress I'd been saving for a special occasion. It was pink, with push-up sleeves. Quickly, I ran a comb through my hair and then, taking a deep breath, I headed for the drugstore.

I was scared. I didn't know quite why, but I was scared. What if he should ignore me? What if he sat there and looked right through me? Or maybe he'd simply tell me he didn't want to see me . . . But I knew I had to go and find out for myself.

When I walked into the drugstore, I looked at the cosmetics in the showcase and then sat down at the counter. Out of the corner of my eye I spotted him in the back booth. I didn't want him to think he *had* to talk to me. I ordered a lemon Coke and no sooner had I taken a sip of it than I felt his hand on my shoulder and heard him say, "Hey, where've you been keeping yourself?"

I couldn't breathe for a moment. Then slowly—so casually—I turned and looked into his eyes. "Nowhere special," I said. "How about you?"

"Right here. In this Coke and candy kitchen." He smiled, but his face was strained and white, and his eyes were dark and sad looking, I thought. But I could tell he was glad to see me. "Why

(Continued on page 84)

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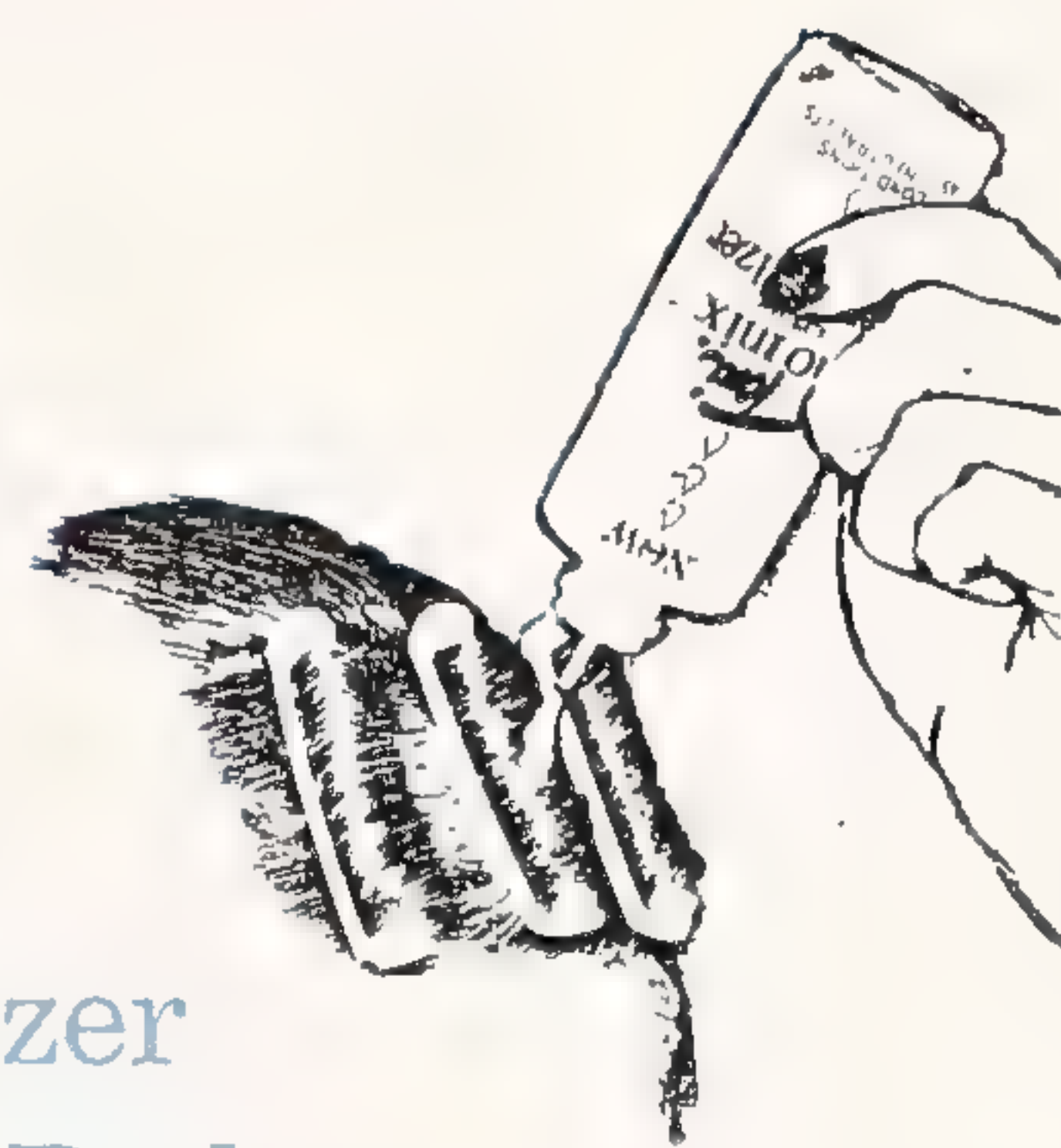
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P.S. And for very young hair, there's
Tonette Children's Permanent.
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(Continued from page 82)

don't you come back to my booth and talk?" he asked.

"... I can't stay too long." I picked up my glass of Coke and followed him to the last mahogany booth in the drugstore. It was so wonderful just being with him. It made me feel alive again. But still I wondered if it'd been right to come to him—to open up everything all over again. Maybe it really would have been better for us not to see each other, even if I was so miserable without him. Don't think about that, I told myself. Just be glad you're here with him.

Bobby sat down next to me. "It's been awful," he said. "I can't sleep. I don't want to eat. All I can do is think about you—about us!"

I stared down at the table and made little rings on it with my glass. "It's been the same for me," I whispered.

"But what are we going to do, baby?" he asked. "We can't go one seeing each other, can we? We both want our careers."

"I know," I interrupted.

"Yes," he said.

"Oh, Bobby," I cried, reaching out and touching his hand, and he held it in both of his hands. "I've missed you."

As I said this his face cleared. Now when he smiled, his eyes smiled, too. He looked down at his wrinkled sport shirt and kind of laughed. "What a mess I am," he said. "I just haven't cared about anything since—" He couldn't finish.

And I nodded. "Nothing's the same," I told him.

Then we talked about how everything had changed; he told me that he couldn't get himself to go to a movie without me—we'd both been crazy about movies—and I told him how every time I heard "The Nearness of You" I had to run out of the room. Because it was our song, the song we'd first danced to at a party I'd had,

the song that had brought us together.

He smiled a little, but he held my hands more tightly.

Then, "What are we going to do, Connie? Either way we're going to be—"

I didn't hear him. What *should* we do? I asked myself. Should we say goodbye again and go back to being lonely? I wondered if maybe I should run off with him, get married; he could open a record shop and I'd look after our house and maybe some little kids.

But as he held my hands and I looked into his eyes, I knew I was dreaming. We were too far along in our careers. If we forced ourselves to give them up, how would we feel later? Maybe he'd hate me. Maybe I'd hate him. Oh, no, I told myself, I could never hate Bobby. But somehow I felt we had to prove how much we cared for each other by waiting. By waiting until the time was right for us to be together. How long will that be? I asked myself. I knew the answer—too long. Five minutes would be too long.

Then some soft inner voice told me it was time to go.

"Bobby," I said, pulling my hands away gently, "I hate to go, but I promised to be back..."

His hands lay empty, motionless on the table. His eyes had a lost, hurt look in them, and I couldn't walk away without saying, "But I'll be back tomorrow."

That night I ate dinner slowly, mechanically, but I don't remember what was served. Afterward, I stared at the television screen. I watched four programs, but I didn't see or hear any of them. I kept thinking about Bobby. Are we making a mistake we'll always be sorry for? I wondered. Maybe we shouldn't cut ourselves off from each other so quickly. Maybe we should try to make a go of our romance and our careers. Maybe it would

work out, after all. Finally, I made up my mind I'd leave everything up to him when we met tomorrow. The next day I wore his favorite dress, a white dirndl with pale violets embroidered on it, and when I walked into the noisy drugstore my head was light. I felt scared and faint, and I was sure everyone could see it. These next few minutes could change my whole life. Somehow, though, I felt whatever happened would be right.

This time I didn't wait for him to come to the counter and ask me to sit with him. I walked to the back booth. He was all dressed up. He had on a white shirt and a tie, and he was smiling.

"Hi, doll," he said, standing up to let me slide into the booth beside him. "You wore the dress I like." I nodded, smoothing the skirt as I sat down. He'd remembered.

"Boy, do I feel great. You inspired me yesterday," he told me. "I guess you—or the thought of you—always will. You know what? After I saw you, I went home and wrote a new song!"

"Oh, Bobby, I'm so glad—so proud," I whispered.

"I guess we'll always have a spot in our hearts for one another, won't we, Connie?" he asked.

"I think we made the right decision," he said, but he wouldn't meet my eyes. "I mean, I don't think we'd be really happy together, do you? There'd always be trouble on account of our careers, and I don't think we could—or should—have to give them up, do you?"

Should I tell him the truth? Should I let him know that I'd walked in there and sat down beside him, willing to go anywhere with him? No, I told myself. No, it will just make it harder—for both of us. For I saw now how hard it had been for Bobby to say those things to me. He wanted to be with me as much as I wanted to be with him, but he was stronger than I was.

I wanted to say so many things to him. In a way, I even wanted to comfort him, but all I said was, "I'm glad we knew each other, even if it hurt. I'm glad... and I'll never forget you. I—I hope we can be friends."

Bobby looked up. He reached over and touched my cheek, my hair. I knew now it was over. But I knew I'd always like him. He was good... How could anyone not like him?

I started to slide out of the booth then, and he stood up to let me pass. When we were standing together, he said softly, "Connie, don't ever change. You're wonderful. And let's always, always be friends."

I nodded and then turned around, making myself walk slowly, casually out of the drug store and away from him, even though I wanted to run...

The first time we met after that was when we were both on the Dick Clark show. Someone suggested that Dick introduce us to each other. For a moment, I held my breath.

Our bygone romance was still a secret at that time. So Bobby looked over at me and said, "Gee, thanks, but Connie and I are already friends—we're real good friends."

And I looked back at him and smiled. Isn't it funny, I thought, how things change? Not too long ago, Bobby and I were deeply in love. And now...?

You asked me, could I ever get him back again...? Sure, you can get your boyfriend back—as a friend. That's what Bobby and I are—real good friends.

THE END

The most expensive motion picture ever made is M-G-M's "Ben-Hur." Because of your letters telling us that sometimes you can't see the big pictures as early as you'd like—because of the reserved-seat policy now being used on some of them—we've made this special arrangement for you to see "Ben-Hur." All you have to do is fill out and mail this coupon and your name will be placed on the preferred list at the nearest theater that will have "Ben-Hur" for an exclusive engagement. This means that you'll have first choice when you want to order tickets. There's no extra charge for this—it's just another bonus for Photoplay Readers.

THE EDITORS

Fill Out and Mail This Coupon And Be Among First To See "Ben-Hur"

Photoplay—BEN-HUR Service

1540 Broadway, New York 36, N. Y.

I want to see the new "Ben-Hur" and would like you to help me make early seat reservations when tickets are available. This is not an order; I merely want to be on the preferred list for good seats.

City where I want to see "Ben-Hur" (nearest my home-town) _____ City State

How many tickets I would want _____

When "Ben-Hur's" premiere is set for the city I mention, please notify me, and I will place my order for seats.

Name _____

Address: _____ Phone: _____

CONNIE'S NEW M-G-M RECORD IS "PLENTY GOOD LOVIN'," BACKED BY "YOU'RE GONNA MISS ME." BOBBY'S RECORDS ARE ON THE ATCO LABEL.

A daughter sometimes knows best

by Mary Morgan



All women have faced this same intimate problem, but, thanks to a Boston doctor, today's daughter can now show mother a better method than the older generation ever had.

BACK in the days of the first chemise, a daughter might have worn her hair clipped close and her skirts above her knees—even if her mother frowned on her “modern” ways.

But when it came to the question of coping with that intimate, age-old problem of monthly sanitary protection, most times daughter didn't dare to be different.

What mother advised, daughter accepted. Perhaps because there was so little choice in this particular field of feminine hygiene.

But how different is the situation today. Now, more and more daughters are finding that they can show mother a better solution to the problem of sanitary protection than the older generation ever had. A solution made possible by a Boston doctor who saw the need for a simpler method of sanitary protection—one that would be perfectly comfortable.

And herein lies the story of the invention of a tiny, new, more absorbent tampon that needs no bulky applicator.

Pondering the problem of sanitary protection some years ago, the late Arthur B. Donovan, prominent Boston doctor and obstetrician, decided that the first step toward the development of a new and better method was to examine the kinds of sanitary protection then available.

The most commonly used form of protection, at the time, was disposable sanitary napkins. These were introduced just after World War I and, of course, were an improvement over the home-made pads that women had used for generations.

More advanced than this method, however, was that of *internal* sanitary protection. Applicator-type tampons (in-

troduced about a decade after disposable napkins) did away with such pad problems as bulkiness, twisting, binding, as well as chafing and odor.

This, Dr. Donovan decided, was the method he ought to pursue in his effort to develop a still better kind of sanitary protection. Like a great many physicians, Dr. Donovan had, for years, employed “tamponage” in his practice. This medical principle of internal absorption, he knew, was sound.

Internal absorption not only eliminated odor and chafing, it was completely invisible. What's more, it had already proved to be a cleaner kind of sanitary protection. What was left for Dr. Donovan to do was to design an *ideal* tampon. One that would be small, comfortable, easy to use—one that would assure women of napkin absorbency, yet would need no applicator. But this, the doctor knew, was not as simple as it sounded.

While other tampons were encased in cardboard applicators in an effort to solve this problem of insertion, Dr. Donovan was determined to find a better answer. One that would eliminate the bulky applicator entirely.

ONE DAY, while analyzing the problem for the millionth time, simple logic suddenly gave him the answer. Why not, he reasoned, develop a tampon without a blunt end. Why not *taper* the tip for comfortable insertion.

This he did. And then Dr. Donovan made another discovery. A unique scientific development enabled him to coat the tip of the tampon with a newly discovered material—an absolutely safe, clear substance that acted as a prelubricant and gave added assurance of gentle, medically-correct insertion. This coating dissolved harmlessly and eliminated the

need for a bulky applicator. At last, Dr. Donovan had found the answer.

Dr. Donovan achieved a dainty, compact tampon, by designing it to be compressed to one-sixth the size of its original absorptive material. Upon contact with moisture, it gradually expanded sideways, adapting its shape to the individual. In this way, the rate of absorbency was governed by each woman's needs. Significantly, the tampon was designed to be stable in length—expansion being sideways only—the secret of why it fits without being felt.

Applicator-type tampons were made in three absorbencies. Dr. Donovan's discovery simplified this problem with one size—no larger than a lipstick—yet proved 25% more absorbent than regular applicator-type tampons.

TESTS with doctors, hospitals, women of all ages brought a response that exceeded the doctor's fondest hopes. Just recently, a study was made at a leading Chicago university to test the absorbency of this tiny tampon as against that of other leading ones now on the market. And the findings were most revealing. Doctors found this tiny tampon to be definitely more absorbent than even the super sizes of other tampons.

The Campana Company was chosen to market this new product which has earned the Good Housekeeping Seal of Guaranty. (Wherever this Seal appears, it means that replacement or refund of money is guaranteed by Good Housekeeping if not as advertised therein.) Today, the tampon is sold in drugstores everywhere under the name of “Pursettes.” A whole box of “Pursettes”—smaller than a package of regular-size cigarettes—tucks into a tiny purse. If you would like to try “Pursettes”—just send 10¢ to me, Mary Morgan, Box Y, Batavia, Illinois and a generous trial supply will be sent to you.

As the wife of a gynecologist wrote: “I have always had trouble using tampons with cardboard applicators. But ‘Pursettes’ are so easily inserted, there's no discomfort at all.” Said another young woman: “The girls in my set are all switching to ‘Pursettes.’ We've found them to be more absorbent than any other sanitary method.”

And so it is that as the news spreads, more and more of today's women—both married and single—enjoy a far better method of coping with monthly sanitary protection. This invention has convinced many a mother that a daughter sometimes knows best.

HAUNTED

Continued from page 79

At least, not very much. She and Walter Chiari and dozens of other people had all come down to a ranch outside Madrid to laugh and drink and watch the horses being trained to go into the bull-ring.

They were getting bored just watching when someone suggested, "Let's try breaking the horses ourselves!"

"Hey, Ava," someone else called, "why don't you try?"

She slid down into the corral. She'd never been on a horse in her life. She would never admit she didn't know how to do something—or that she was afraid; that she was lonely.

A brown and white horse caught her eye. "I'll try that one," she said.

She moved toward the horse, ready to rope him as she'd seen the others do, but one of the men stopped her. "Don't be silly," he said. "Let me put a bridle on him for you."

He held the horse and helped her up. Then someone else laughed. "All right, you're on! For how long no one knows!"

The animal gained momentum, and she was riding. The wind blew through her hair and the animal moved beneath her. She leaned forward to get close to his neck, but suddenly the pony swerved to the right, and stopped abruptly.

For an instant, it seemed she were sitting in mid-air. Then she felt herself being thrust forward over the pony's head, and she was falling. It was more like being forced to the ground than falling, and when she hit the earth, she did not move away from the horse. It did not occur to

her to fear his hoofs. She simply sat up, her hand to her cheek, and said over and over again, "My cheek. How does it look? What does it look like?"

They lifted her from the dust and supported her back to the fence. Someone helped her across to safety. But she was aware of none of this. "My face," she kept saying. "What does it look like?"

They gathered around her now, looking at her face. "It's a little puffy, but don't worry. You'll be fine in no time at all."

But she knew. The color seemed to her to have drained completely from her face—except for the spot on her cheek. It felt as if it would burst at any moment. "No," she said, "I've got to get to a doctor immediately. Please, will someone drive me to Madrid?"

Everyone seemed to be talking at once, and they were all saying the same thing. "The party's hardly begun. That swelling will be down by morning. Come on, let's have some fun. Don't break up the party!"

She forced herself to smile, and then laugh. But she felt dizzy and afraid. As she laughed, she heard the other laughter in her head; her own laughter at all the other parties that had lasted to dawn. She had laughed harder than anyone else, played harder than anyone else. She had become a famous movie star. But she had never been able to leave behind the little girl she'd been. The little girl who had no shoes, whose hair was so unruly that pig-tails could not trap it for long; the little girl everyone laughed at and called "hill-billy," but who was really a gypsy at heart, one who knew she would always have to roam, that she wouldn't fit or belong anywhere—unless she learned to laugh louder than anyone else.

They would not take her to a doctor in

Madrid. She knew that. And if she forced someone to drive her there, she would destroy the carefree, laughing image she had created, and everyone would say, "Why, Ava's just a scared kid, and I always thought . . ." No, she would stay at the party as long as she had to, only she hoped it would not be too long. She hoped it would soon be over.

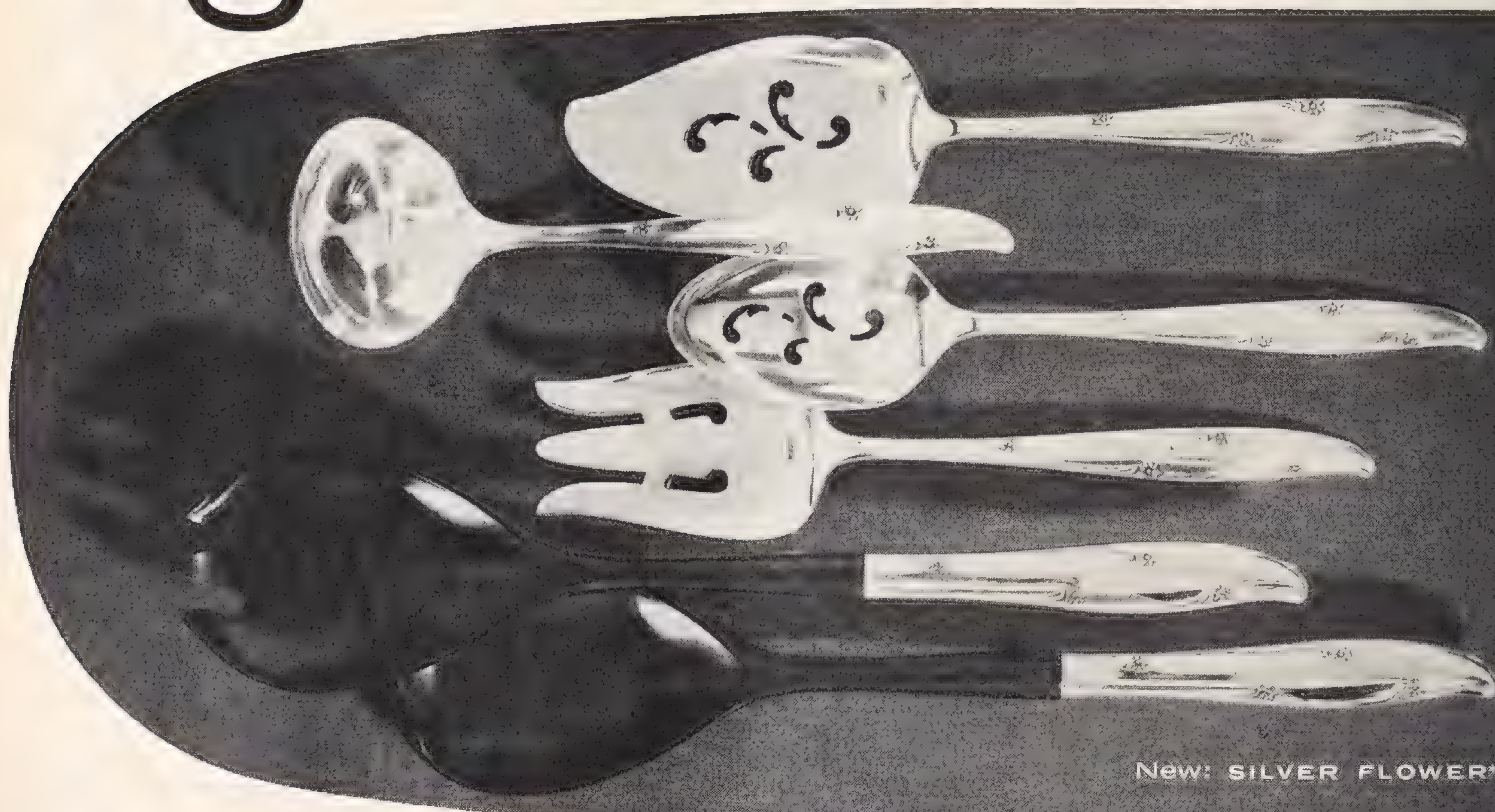
And so now, after the ranch veterinarian had cleansed her wound, she accepted a glass of wine from someone, and laughed at someone else's joke, as hard as she had ever laughed, trying to be a good sport. As she laughed and drank and flirted, she hoped desperately that no one would see that she had never succeeded—for all her glamour and sophistication—in leaving that scared little girl behind.

Several times that evening she escaped from the room of tinkling glasses and brittle laughter and looked at her face in the mirror. Late in the evening, she saw that the whole right side of her face was horribly swollen. She could hardly see her right eye, and the pain was terrible. What am I going to do? she kept asking herself, thinking that if this beautiful mask, her face, were destroyed, there would be nothing left . . . Except the tenant farmer's daughter, the hillbilly, the gypsy—whom no one would want in his caravan now. That beautiful mask was the only one she'd ever shown the world. She felt it was only because of this that people had cared about her. And she wanted to cry.

But then she heard them calling her. She tied a chiffon scarf over her hair and most of her face, trying to arrange it so that it looked glamorous, and went out to the car with the others.

After what seemed hours, they reached her house in Madrid, and, at last, she was alone. Never before had she been glad to

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be alone. She ran to the telephone, almost falling over a sleepy servant, who was standing there, rubbing his eyes, and saying, "Yes, Señorita? What can I do for you, Señorita?"

"Some coffee," she said abruptly and picked up the receiver. The telephone service was incredibly bad, almost as bad as in France, but finally she got through to Sir Archibald McIndoe in London.

"I must have an emergency appointment," she told the doctor.

He was so calm. His speech was so slow. Methodically, he looked through his appointment book, before he told her she could have an appointment in a few days.

The servants helped her pack, and four days later she caught the plane alone. Hiding her disfigured face this time was a heavy scarf and dark glasses. No one recognized her, and she was at once glad and afraid. Would she have to go through life like this always, wearing a scarf to cover her face, so no one would recognize her, with people whispering, "I think that's Ava Gardner? She used to be a beauty. She used to have the world at her feet, you know. But now . . ."

When she arrived in London, she hid in a hotel room until it was time for her appointment with the doctor, seeing no one except the bellboy, who brought her coffee and the papers. The coffee made her feel a little less shaky, but looking at the newspapers was a mistake.

There were pictures of her falling from the horse. The awfulness of the moment of her fall had been caught for all time by the camera. And she turned her eyes away from the photographs, unable to look at them. The owner of the ranch must have sent them to the papers. But who had

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taken the pictures? She didn't remember anyone's snapping them.

When it was nearly time for her appointment, she tied the scarf firmly so that her face was concealed, and then swiftly left the hotel. The examination began at once, and stretched on and on until Ava thought her nerves would snap. Then, the doctor snapped off the examining light, and went behind his desk. He asked her to sit down.

But she could not. "What is it?" she asked, standing in front of his desk, gripping the top of it tightly.

"It is a haematoma, my child," he said. "That is, the swelling is produced by a blood clot under the skin."

"And?" Ava could not take her eyes from his face.

"And time will heal it. Nothing *but* time will heal it. Whatever you do, do not have surgery!"

"But—" she faltered and for a moment could not continue. "How much time?" she finally asked.

He spread his hands in a helpless gesture. "Who can tell? A month. A year—perhaps more."

A year . . . maybe two . . . maybe even longer. Suddenly, she felt more alone than she ever had before. There was no one, it seemed to her, who cared enough to come to her, to comfort her . . . Except maybe Frank did.

Why had she done it? Why had she gotten on that horse in the first place? What had she been afraid of—that someone would laugh if she didn't, as they'd laughed at her when she was a kid?

She'd still been a kid when she'd first seen Frank Sinatra. He was singing with Tommy Dorsey's band at a dance she'd gone to in Newport News, Va. Like every other girl, she'd had a crush on him. She'd stopped in the middle of the floor to watch him, listen to him, and her date had laughed. "Look," he'd said, "stop dreaming—he wouldn't give you the time of day!"

But that wasn't true. Several years later, she met him—married him—and he'd given her the time of her life . . .

It was at a party in Palm Springs. She was a star by then and he wanted to drive her home. "No," she said, though she didn't *want* to say no. "You're married, and I never—"

"My marriage to Nancy is all over," he told her out there in the garden. And she let him take her home.

They saw each other constantly after that, and then when they were both ready to break under the strain, Frank got his divorce, and he and Ava were married. On November 8, 1951, she looked at him and

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WHERE TO BUY PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

SEW A PARTY DRESS

Simplicity Printed Patterns shown on page 69 are available at local stores everywhere, or, to order by mail, send money, size and pattern number to Simplicity Pattern Co., Inc., Dept. PH, 200 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

SIMPLICITY 3015. Junior Misses' sizes 11-15. Teenage sizes 10-16, 60¢. Bodice of white acetate taffeta, skirt and stole of white nylon tulle.

SIMPLICITY 3150. Junior Misses' sizes 11-15. Misses' 12-18, 60¢. Pink floral satin brocade.

SIMPLICITY 2512. Teenage sizes 10-16, 50¢. Bodice of moss-green acetate taffeta, skirt of white nylon tulle, with ribbon trim.

SIMPLICITY 2961. Junior Misses' sizes 11-15. Misses' sizes 12-18, 60¢. Bodice of deep pink satin, sash and bow of Nile-green satin, with skirt of pink moire. For this dress, we used contrasting fabrics for the bodice and sash and bow, instead of one fabric as specified on the pattern envelope. The yardage requirements (for Misses' size 14) are: Bodice, $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 41"/42" fabric with or without nap; sash and bow, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 41"/42" fabric with or without nap.

All fabrics from H. Bates Co., Inc.

The following merchandise shown on pages 69 and 70 can be purchased at most better stores across the country. For further buying information, write the addresses listed below:

MAIDENFORM GARTER BELT.....Maiden Form Brassiere Company,
200 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

KAYSER NYLON TRICOT PETTICOAT.....Kayser Lingerie Co., Inc.,
425 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

HANES SEAMLESS HOSE.....Hanes Hosiery Co., Inc.,
350 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

LOVABLE COTTON BRA.....J. L. Brandeis,
Omaha, Nebraska

or write, Lovable Brassiere Company,
180 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

CAPEZIO SHELL PUMPS.....Capezio,
756 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

WEAR-RIGHT WHITE GLOVES.....Wear-Right Gloves, Inc.,
244 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

CORO JEWELRY.....Coro, Inc.,
47 West 34th Street, New York, N. Y.

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EDT, ON ABC-TV.

ARE YOU KOOKIE, TOO?

The following merchandise shown on page 47 can be purchased at most better stores across the country. For further buying information, write the manufacturers listed below:

JANTZEN HOODED SWEATER.....Jantzen, Inc.,
P. O. Box 3300, Portland, Oregon

HAYMAKER SHORT RAINCOAT.....Haymaker Sports, Inc.,
498 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

SHIP'N SHORE BLOUSE AND WESKIT.....Ship'n Shore, Inc.,
1350 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

CORO CHUNKY JEWELRY.....Coro, Inc.,
47 West 34th Street, New York, N. Y.

TRIOS FLAT-HEELED ANKLE BOOTS.....International Shoe Co., Inc.,
47 West 34th Street, New York, N. Y.

TOPAZ PATTERNED STOCKINGS.....Topaz Hosiery Mills, Inc.,
22 West 30th Street, New York, N. Y.

MORE WAYS TO BE KOOKIE

You're either kookie or you're not. If you are, you dig nonsense songs like "The Chipmunk Song," carry a big horse's feed-bag for a pocket-book, saw "The Nun's Story" three times. Kookies go to Disneyland on dates, write to Dick Clark and end their conversations with "See you in Antsville." It's kookie to dig "Omnibus," "The Three Stooges" and record hops, hate show-offs, cliques and parking on a first date. A kookie knows it's smart to be late but isn't, knows it's silly to get crushes but does. She was the first in her crowd to catch on that the kookiest guy in the world is Edd Byrnes.

HOW DO YOU RATE?

For your score, start with 25 and subtract 2 points for each way you're kookie. If you hit zero, you're kookie. If you're minus ten or more, don't waste a minute. Write—air mail!—and tell us and we'll pass the word to Edd.

DON'T MISS EDD ON "77 SUNSET STRIP," FRI., 9-10 P.M. EDT, ON ABC-TV. CATCH HIM IN WARNERS' "YELLOWSTONE KELLY" AND ON WARNER BROS. RECORDS. MOLLY BEE RECORDS FOR CAPITOL.

whispered, "Till death do us part," and she meant it. And he repeated the words, and she knew he'd meant them, too.

How then, did they come to part? How? Because everything about them that had brought them together so violently, pushed them apart just as violently. Their tempers were equally fiery, their feelings of insecurity equally as deep, only Ava's made her possessive while Frank's made him turn away from her to find new worlds to conquer.

It was not like that in the beginning though. Then, she would often bend down and kiss him. "Never mind," she'd say. "It'll be all right. We're married and that's all that matters."

For a while that was true. Frank couldn't get a decent spot as an entertainer, but he didn't let it show that it bothered him. He just went on following Ava around, as she made movies and money, until one morning she woke up and looked at him. He looked different. He told her he'd read "From Here to Eternity," and that the part of Maggio was perfect for him.

But you're a singer," she said.

"I was a singer." He lit another cigarette, inhaled too deeply and coughed.

She sat up in bed. "Maybe we should get more sleep," she said, remembering someone's saying that, when Frank got eight hours sleep, he sang like nobody's business; when he got four or five—he sang like a nobody.

He brushed this aside. "I'm going to get that part," he said, "if I have to play it for nothing."

And she stared at him. She'd been perfectly happy, just having him near her, just being able to see him and hear him and reach out and touch him. But had he? He looked desperate. After all, he was a man, and a man's supposed to be the breadwinner, but she hadn't cared about that. She looked at him and she knew that he had cared.

He went straight to Harry Cohn, then head of Columbia Pictures, and told him he had to have that part. Cohn promised nothing.

Then one day, everything changed. They were in Africa, where she was making "Mogambo," when the wire came from Columbia, asking Frank to come back and make the test. He whirled her around and laughed with her. He was his old charming self, and she loved him. She knew she would always love him. So she let him go—halfway around the world—to make the fifteen-minute test, and when he came back two weeks later, he brought all kinds of presents for her, and he told her how much he loved her, how much he would do for her, once he got on top again.

But when weeks passed, and he heard nothing about the part, only vague rumors that someone else had gotten it, he grew gloomy again, snapping at her, snapping at everyone he saw.

Ironically, on a day when he was feeling particularly miserable, the cable, telling him he had the part, arrived.

A week later, he left for Hollywood. Then, a few weeks later, Ava was taken off location and flown to a hospital in England. "A severe case of anemia," the papers said. But it was much more than that. She had lost her baby, the child she and Frank had wanted so much. What would have happened if the child had been born? she now wondered. Would that have kept us together?

She had not known then that this had been the beginning of the end.

With the success of "From Here to Eternity" came the end of the marriage. It had lasted twenty-three months and twenty days. M-G-M announced the end of it in October of 1953, but it was not until

June of 1954 that Ava went to Nevada to establish her six weeks' residence.

On July 26th, the reporters waited, pencils poised, to get the story of her picking up the decree. The photographers were supplied with plenty of flash bulbs. And the papers saved space on page one for the event.

Only, there was no event. She did not even come to town that day, nor the next, nor the one after that. Then, suddenly, she was gone, bound for Europe, and she still was Mrs. Frank Sinatra.

She settled down in her house in Joraleja, a suburb of Madrid, making sure that her time was filled with excitement, that she was never alone. She did not see Frank once that year, and only once the following year.

One night, she was home, alone. It was midnight, and she'd asked that a print of Frank's latest picture, "The Man with the Golden Arm," be delivered to her home. All by herself, she sat and watched the picture all the way through. Then before she could change her mind, she sent him a cable, congratulating him on his great performance.

And that was all. She had seen her husband on the screen. She did not really see him until the summer of 1956, when he came to Spain to make "The Pride and the Passion." During the shooting of that film, they saw each other often—but never to say hello. When she saw him, she smiled and nodded and looked away, and he did the same. She was his wife—and she was not his wife. What it all meant, she didn't know.

Then, one evening in a night club called the Zamba, she received a note from Frank. She read it, smiled, and quickly scribbled an answer. The waiter hurried across the room with it, handed it to Frank, and then stood by to see if there would be another note. Instead, Frank threw back his head and burst into laughter. Across the room they looked into each other's eyes for a long moment, but nothing else happened. They did not speak. They did not go to each other. But that night it did not seem to hurt her much.

Another evening, when she was dining at a restaurant with Ricardo and Georgianna Montalban, who were old friends of hers, it did. Suddenly she stopped chatting and eating. For across the room sat Frank, with another girl on his arm. He looked at the girl as if she were the only one in the world, and never once glanced at her.

Her fork clattered to her plate, and she pushed the food away from her.

Shortly afterward, Ricardo called for the check and as soon as it arrived, they left.

How do you leave a part of your life behind you? she wondered. How do you make yourself forget the past, and go on into the future? Once, she had known the answer. If you lose something, you replace it as quickly as possible. She had done it when she lost Mickey Rooney and done it again when her marriage with Artie Shaw went on the rocks. But there was nothing this time to take its place.

After months of soul-searching, Ava gave up and filed for divorce in Mexico—not for a quickie divorce, but for one that would be good all over the world—in Spain, for instance. "Why are you suddenly doing this?" people asked her, and she smiled a little.

"Suddenly?" she asked, lifting her eyebrows. "After four years, don't you think it's about time?"

On July 5th, Ava Sinatra became Ava Gardner again. Her maiden name was restored to her, but she knew she would never be the same again, no matter how hard she tried. And she did try. She said she'd try anything once—but not another marriage, not that. "If I were mar-

ried again and the marriage failed, I'd wish I were dead," she said one night at a gay party, "or else, I'd kill myself!" There was no doubt that she meant it. Her eyes were almost black with pain . . .

That afternoon, as she sat in her hotel room, waiting for it to be time to go to the airport and fly back to Spain, she thought about what the doctor had said, and she realized there was only one person in the world who'd understand, who'd come running if she called. It was Frank. But somehow, she just couldn't call him . . .

When she got back to Madrid, she tried to keep herself so busy that she wouldn't have time to think. But forty times a day she caught herself looking at her face anxiously in the mirror. And it never looked any better than the time before.

But she went on waiting for some signs of improvement. And then she could put off going to Rome to make "The Naked Maja" no longer. Heavily veiled, she left Spain for Rome. Stoically, she submitted to the make-up man and, woodenly, she went before the cameras, feeling naked without her scarf.

When the first rushes of the film came through, everyone said how beautiful she looked in them, but she stared at them in silence. She knew that she still had that nervous twitch in her eye when she was tired, that there was a crookedness to her mouth, whether she smiled or cried. She knew, and no one could tell her that it wasn't so.

Then, at last, the year Sir Archibald had told her to wait was over. She flew to London immediately, and went to his office. After examining her carefully, he smiled. "It is as I thought," he told her. "You're fine. Now you are ready for a minor operation. Ten minutes is all it will take."

That is all it did take, when she entered a small nursing home the following day. And twenty-four hours later, she looked

into a mirror. For the first time in what seemed forever to her, she smiled at what she saw. Except for a slight discoloration, which the doctor assured her would last only a few more hours, she was herself again.

In July of 1958, Frank came to her in Rome. This time, there were no guarded glances or smiles across a room. This time, he took her with him all over the city, and they laughed together and held hands. They raced around Rome until five o'clock in the morning, and maybe . . . maybe . . . But then he was off again, gone again. *Why?*

Perhaps because of the first woman in his life, his mother, Dolly. She was so strong, so dominant from the very beginning, that maybe he'd set out to prove he was a tough guy. No woman was going to make a doormat out of him! He would be a guy who'd as soon hit a man as look at him—a guy who could love 'em and leave 'em.

And because this idea was so powerful in him, it sometimes seemed that he didn't often get to do what he really wanted to do. He left many things, tore himself away from them, just to prove he *could* leave them. He had something to prove to the world—and himself.

But she—what was she trying to prove? It didn't make any sense. None of it makes any sense, she told herself. But the roads they'd taken were such different ones. She'd become an expatriot, an internationalist, a gypsy of the world. And he? He was always on the road, too, but most of his roads circled the States; Miami, Hollywood, Las Vegas, New York, and always he was surrounded by at least three of his cronies. He seemed to need them, to need the sense of protection they gave him, and he never traveled without them.

We do not need each other! their actions screamed across a world, so that each one

knew about it. *We do not care!* But why, if this were true, did they need to say it so often to each other, in so many ways? Why did they keep protesting? And why did they keep meeting again?

Maybe there isn't any answer. Ava went about her work, her play, making pictures, having fun—even if, maybe, it was empty—and Frank went about his business. But the world is small. While she was in Australia, making "On the Beach," he flew down to sing at Melbourne Stadium.

When he came on stage, the lights dimmed. Frank stepped forward, and Ava knew he'd seen her. She was sitting in the front row, a little to the side. She was smiling.

"Hello, baby," she whispered.

She looked up at him and listened as he sang "*All of me—why not take all of me . . .*" directly to her.

She tried to keep smiling, even though she was remembering so many things about him and her, and what someone had once said about her. The woman had said, "Ava is stunning. She behaves like a perfect lady—until she can stand it no longer. Then she turns her back and runs down the street like a little girl."

She pushed that thought away from her and tried to sit there and listen to Frank. But she could not make herself sit still another moment. Suddenly, it was too much—there were too many memories. She felt as if she were choking. She stood up and hurried down the aisle, stumbling a little as she made her way out of the stadium. She was the first one to leave. Behind her, the words filled the air, "*. . . Can't you see, I'm no good without you. . .*"

—BRIANNE WATSON

AVA STARS IN "ON THE BEACH" FOR UNITED ARTISTS. YOU'LL SEE FRANK SINATRA IN UNITED ARTISTS' "HOLE IN THE HEAD." LOOK FOR HIS RECORDINGS ON THE CAPITOL LABEL.



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A NORWICH PRODUCT

Continued from page 62

Neither of Kim's parents had ever expected such a wonderful treat. Of Czechoslovakian descent, they had lived in America all their lives, anxious only about their children's happiness and future, never dreaming of a pleasure trip to Europe for themselves.

It was way back last spring—a sunny April morning—that she had called to tell them the news. Her mother was baking a chocolate cake for company that night, she'd said.

Kim smiled. "Are you sitting down?" she'd asked.

"Wait a minute," her mother laughed. "Let me wipe my hands." Then she asked, "Why? Is something the matter?"

"I have wonderful news!" Kim said, and unable to hide her own excitement, she blurted out, "How would you and Dad like to go to Europe with me? The studio's asked me to go over to the Cannes Film Festival. I thought, Wouldn't it be fun if you and Dad could be my guests!"

Stunned, her mother had sunk back into the red-leather kitchen chair next to the telephone nook. All she could utter was a weak, "Huh?"

"No really, I'm not kidding, Mom," Kim said. "I made the air reservations this morning. We're all going to meet in New York and fly by jet to Paris; then on to Cannes, and then I thought it would be wonderful to visit Dad's cousins in Czechoslovakia. Wouldn't that be great? Then, we'll fly to Italy and maybe England. The trip'll take thirty days, so you and Dad had better start making plans!"

"Kim," Mrs. Novak whispered in her daze, "I . . . I can't believe it! I don't think I can talk any more now. I'll call you back in a little while."

After her mother had placed the telephone into its cradle, she picked it right up again and called Arlene.

Arlene laughed into the phone. "Kim already told us. She called and made us promise to keep it a secret until the reservations were completed!"

Then Mrs. Novak called her husband at work and told him the news. But she still can't remember what she served her guests for dinner that night. She was so happy she couldn't even think!

How often they had read about the Be-

gum in the newspapers back in Chicago! The Aga Khan, the Begum's husband, received his weight in diamonds every other year from his Moslem followers until the time of his death. And now they were sitting at the same table with her.

Mom looks really lovely tonight, Kim thought, glancing across at her. And Dad—whom Kim remembered best sitting in his easy chair with one slipper on and the other lost, forgotten under the chair, reading his paper—looked quite dapper in his tuxedo. She remembered how he'd looked when he took it out of its gold and white box last Christmas. He'd looked sort of puzzled and pleased at the same time. He'd fingered the expensive black cloth and said, "Why, thank you, Kim. It's—very handsome. But what am I going to do with it?"

She'd wondered then if her impulse had been right. When she'd been hurrying around in the crowds doing her Christmas shopping, she'd suddenly seen the tuxedo in a brightly lighted shop window, and she'd gone in immediately and bought it for her father. But maybe it had been a silly thing to do. After all, what *was* he going to do with it?

Now they both knew. He was going to wear it at all the formal occasions here in Europe. He was going to have a wonderful time wearing it, and he wore it well—almost elegantly.

Her eyes turned back to her mother then. She saw that her mother was taking in every detail of the dinner party, probably so that she would be able to tell her neighbors back in Chicago all about it. She was making mental notes of the pink damask table cloth, the individual crystal bowls at each place with floating gardenias, the centerpiece of milk-white orchids with their violet throats—but, most of all, she saw that her mother was looking at the beautiful ring the Begum was wearing on her right hand.

It was the biggest diamond Kim had ever seen. Certainly, it was the biggest one her mother had ever seen; larger than a saltshaker cap, it shot off sparks of white-fire with every gesture the Begum's hand made. All through the meal, even during the dessert of strawberry mousse, Mrs. Novak's eyes were on that ring. She seemed to be trying to muster the courage to make some remark about it. Once or twice, she actually opened her mouth and seemed to be ready to speak, but then she always stopped and tried to look away.

I wonder what she wants to say about

the ring, Kim said to herself, hoping it would be the right thing. Kim had learned that. Too often, in the beginning of her career she'd found that what she'd said in all innocence were things she never should have said. Learning what is correct and what is considered a faux pas had not been easy for Kim, and how much less opportunity her mother had been given to learn.

Kim glanced over at Cary. He was so at ease. He talked and laughed easily and at the right moments. Then she stole a glance at the Begum. She, too, seemed perfectly comfortable. But Kim knew that her mother and father, though they chatted and smiled, were sitting with their feet flat on the floor, and that their spines were probably as stiff as her own.

She remembered how she'd felt when she'd first gone to Hollywood—how awkward and out of place—and she remembered, too, how it had been when she went home to Chicago for a visit. She had looked at the familiar rooms and furnishings and she'd thought, Nothing's changed. Everything's the same—except me. And she'd asked herself if, perhaps, she'd changed so much that she'd never be able to be close to her parents again. She wondered if she had, again, cut herself off from her mother and father, just as she'd done when she was thirteen . . .

When she woke up that February morning, she felt excited, as if something wonderful were going to happen. Then she remembered that it was her birthday. She was thirteen. Dad and Mom had promised that she could wear make-up, and this was the day. She awoke two hours earlier than usual and experimented in front of the oval mirror above the mahogany dresser in her narrow bedroom, with its wallpaper of tiny blue forget-me-nots. The enormous collection of make-up lay all over the dresser; she'd been buying it secretly with her allowance from the five-and-dime store in the neighborhood for a long time. She loved the dark red shades of lipstick and the fiery red rouges, and she thought they would bring out more gold in her hair.

Finally she emerged from her bedroom, anticipating her mother's ecstatic raves over the breakfast table. But when she walked downstairs and faced her mother in their cozy, cream-colored kitchen, her mother looked at her hard and said, "Kim, honey, what's the matter with you? You've put on enough make-up for five girls."

"This," Kim said firmly, "is the style!"

"I don't know styles, maybe," her mother said, "but I do know you don't look like yourself. Make-up should highlight, not dominate. Go wash it off, dear."

Kim was crushed. All those painstaking hours of practicing with make-up night after night in her bedroom, and now her mother wanted her to wash it off.

"Listen," Kim said, "I've been studying all the magazines and I know everything about make-up. But you! You don't know how to put lipstick on evenly. Sometimes you don't even wear it, and you look terrible. I don't like walking down the street with you!"

Sobbing, Kim ran to her room to look at herself in the mirror, but the tears had ruined her face. The bright blue eyeshadow, the coal-black mascara, the scarlet rouge had all run into zig-zaggy streaks down her cheeks, and Kim, after seeing herself in the mirror, rushed into the bathroom where she scrubbed her face with a brush. Then, returning to her room, she applied another heavy coat of make-up.

When she walked downstairs again, she asked, "Well, is that better?"

Her father looked up at her and shook his head. "It's terrible," he said gently. "I don't like the way you look at all now."

Kim thought she was going to cry again,

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but she wouldn't let herself. Taking a deep breath, she said, "I've never liked the way you look!" And she ran out of the house.

The girls at school will like it, she told herself. They know more about these things than Mom and Dad. But none of the girls said much. A couple of them asked her how she'd put on the eyeshadow and mascara, but that was all. Except that by the end of the week she had a nickname. Everyone at school was calling her C.C., and no one would tell her what it meant.

Maybe it stands for some movie star's name, she told herself hopefully, but she didn't really think it did. For one thing, she didn't think she looked like a star whose name corresponded with those initials. But mainly, the girls just didn't act as if they were paying her a compliment of any sort.

Finally, after a month of name-calling, a girl took her aside and said, "Somebody's got to tell you how terrible you look, and it might as well be me—even if you hate me for it. The gang's calling you C.C., because it stands for circus clown."

"Circus clown?"

"Yes. You look so clownish with all that make-up!"

Kim found herself running down the corridor and down the stairs and out the door. She ran down the street without stopping until she reached her house. And then she rushed in and shut herself up in her room.

Had she made a fool of herself? How often had Mom and Dad pleaded with her to take it easy with the make-up? Every time they looked at her, it seemed. Only, Kim hadn't listened. What could a man possibly know about make-up, and who was her mother to talk? She was just a plain Chicago housewife who thought about nothing besides her kitchen and her home, while Kim had pored over every

fashion magazine she could get her hands on, even using a magnifying glass on the models' faces to figure out their make-up secrets.

But now, looking at herself in the bedroom mirror, she realized she'd looked like a silly clown all the time. And she thought of one morning in particular when her mom had refused to let her out of the house because of the new, thick cupid's bow Kim had drawn on her mouth. She remembered that morning and winced.

"It looks cheap," her mother had said. "It's not the way the other girls do it. They look nice."

And Kim answered, "What do you know about it? Why, you've never even looked after your figure!"

But now, having been told what she, herself, really looked like, Kim stood by her bedroom mirror, seeing for the first time the hurt on her mother's face—and the shock on her father's and she thought: But they were right all the time. They knew what was best for me, and they didn't have to read all those magazines to know it, either! Kim scrubbed the make-up off that afternoon, and she never again wore very much of it. She felt awful about the way she'd treated her mother and father. She felt she'd never be able to make it up to them—but she knew she'd never stop trying . . .

And that was why the idea of bringing them to Europe with her had seemed such a good one. She'd thought they'd have such a wonderful time; that she would, too. But now, as she watched them across the table, she wondered. Her mother was still glancing at the Begum's ring, and, finally, during a short pause in the conversation, Mrs. Novak plunged in.

"Your ring is so lovely," she said in a small voice. "Would you mind telling me

just how many carats it is?" she asked.

Kim held her breath. She had no idea how the Begum would feel about this sort of question. But the Begum seemed pleased. She held out her hand and looked at her ring.

"I'm glad you admire it," she said. "It is one of my favorites, too. So we are alike, you and I, no? There are fifty carats in it."

Fifty carats, imagine that! But what amazed Kim most was not the size of the ring. What amazed her most was that the Begum had said to her mother, "So we are alike, you and I, no?" And Kim looked over at her mother's plain wedding band and shook her head. No, she thought, no, they are not alike. They couldn't be more different.

She glanced over at her father, who was deep in conversation with Cary, and then back at her mother, who was chatting happily with the Begum, and, for the first time that evening, she relaxed and smiled—really smiled.

You're not a bit like the Aga's widow, Mom, she said to herself, and you, Dad—you're worlds apart from Cary—but I think you're both wonderful, and so do these people.

Then the dinner was over. Everyone stood up, and Kim hurried around to the other side of the table to where her mother and father were standing. Mom, she knew, had understood what was in her heart for a long time—but Dad, well, Kim had never been able to tell her father how, when she was a kid and didn't know, she'd been almost ashamed of him—and how very proud she was of him right now—and always would be.

THE END

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Continued from page 49

thought how nice it would be if he could stop and talk to them in that easy way his friend Chuck always had with girls. Why couldn't he ever think of anything to say? he wondered. And when he did think of something, why was it always the wrong thing?

Walking slowly down the block, he stared hard at the pavement as though he had to watch it carefully—it might suddenly drop out from under him. In fact, he wished it would. He just knew that when he passed the girls they'd laugh.

And one of them did. When he got near enough to the corner to actually hear the whispers of the girls, one of them giggled. Still looking down at the sidewalk, he frowned, hoping he looked lost in thought. Maybe they'd think he was concentrating so hard that he didn't see or hear them.

Then he heard another giggle and a voice called out: "Hi." And then we heard her say, more softly, "He's kind of cute."

He sneaked a look at the girls from under his lowered brows and turned away again quickly. They were huddled together, blushing and giggling, but he knew it was that special girl, the one he thought was so pretty, who'd called out. She was making fun of him. He'd looked at himself often enough in the mirror to know that no girl would ever call him "cute"—and mean it. He swallowed hard and kept on walking.

"Where are you going?" she called out again. "Why don't you take me with you?"

He wished he could think of something smart to retort, but his mind was blank. Suddenly, he plunged off the curb and dashed across the street. As he jumped across a rain puddle on the other side of the gutter, he could still hear the girls' laughter.

Just before he turned the corner, John looked back over his shoulder, but a street-car, clanging down the middle of the street, hid the girls from him. He stopped to stare into the window of a hardware store, not really seeing the boxes of nails and shiny hammers but only wanting to give himself a little time to get over the painful meeting, to let the lump in his throat melt away so his voice wouldn't squeak when he asked the grocer, "And can I have two cans of tomatoes, please?"

After a moment, he began to watch the reflections of the neighborhood people passing by in the hardware-store window. And then suddenly he pressed close up against the window. In it, he could see two of the girls from the corner. He didn't want them to see him again and, this time, they didn't. They were too busy talking. When they passed him, he could hear every word they said. They were talking about him.

"Boy," he heard one of the girls saying, "is he stuck on himself?"

The other girl, the one he liked, nodded. "Guess he thinks he's too good for us. . ."

That's not true! John almost said it aloud. How can they think that? Speechlessly, he watched their reflections disappearing at the edge of the window, and he wished harder than ever he could just saunter up to them and smile—and say, "Hello."

"It's the other way around," he would like to explain. "I want to be friends. Honest. It's just that—well—I'm scared, I guess. If you knew how scared I am," he thought, "then you'd really have something to laugh about."

At fourteen, John Saxon was shy and miserable. He had no idea what to do about it, so he avoided social over-

tures and was lonely. Then when he tried to be part of the gang, things were worse. He had a terror of parties.

Why was this? He didn't know for sure. It was just that every party he went to seemed to turn out to be a disaster, like the first party he ever went to, a picnic supper when he was still in grammar school.

It was warm in Brooklyn that summer, and everybody in the neighborhood used to drag chairs out in front of the houses to sit on the sidewalk in the steamy twilight.

Never much of a talker even then, he wriggled contentedly in his chair at the supper table and swung his bare, brown legs back and forth. By arching his ankle downward, he could just touch the floor with his toe.

When he'd been invited to the picnic supper, he hadn't especially wanted to go. Why, he asked his mother, should he go eat supper with near-strangers when he could eat perfectly well at home with his family?

But she said, "You go, Son. You'll have a good time. It's nice you were invited."

So—partly eager, partly afraid—he had gone.

The picnic was at the home of a classmate. A dozen children had been invited for fried chicken, potato salad, curled carrot strips and sandwiches, served at a long table in the back yard.

He was nervous at first, but soon he began to relax. Listening to the giddy

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chatter of the other boys and girls, he thought, "Why, this is fun!"

"Knock, knock," said one.

"Who's there?" someone else responded.

A fat little girl with Shirley Temple curls all over her head gave the expected answer.

"Tarzan."

"Tarzan who?"

"Tarzan Stripes Forever."

The kids howled appreciatively at this sally . . . John among them. That year, "knock, knock" puns were popular, and John liked them as well as anybody. He knew a few himself. Gradually he ventured into the conversation, forgetting all about feeling shy.

"Would you like anything more, John?" the hostess asked.

"No, thank you," he said, just as his mother had told him to. "That was very good."

With happy anticipation, he awaited dessert.

Defly, the hostess removed the paper plates and brought the dessert—large, sweet, icy segments of watermelon. John took a bite. It was good. Sticky, pink juice ran down his fingers. He wiped his hands on his napkin and took another mouthful.

But just as he took his second bite, he looked up at the other children, and the

watermelon lost its savor. John, as was his long-standing practice, was eating watermelon with his hands, but everybody else was using a knife and fork.

Watermelon with a fork? The thought had never occurred to him. How stupid he must look! The watermelon turned to cotton in his mouth, and, for a dreadful moment, he was afraid he couldn't swallow it. He was overwhelmed with humiliation.

People, he was certain, would laugh at him the rest of his life. They couldn't help it. Every time they saw him after this, he was sure they'd remember how stupid he was not to know how to eat watermelon! John, at eight, felt his entire future hinged on one treacherous serving of watermelon. Parties, he concluded, were a trap. Maybe he'd never go to another one. And, for a long time, he didn't.

Girls whose invitations he declined nodded wisely to each other.

"You see," they shared their feminine insight, "he's stuck-up. He thinks he's too good for us. Conceited, that's what he is."

John didn't know about these whispers. If he had known, they would have shocked him.

Shy actors are no novelty. The truth is that some of the most popular Hollywood stars—including Rick Nelson and Rock Hudson—are timid. And John Saxon came to Hollywood still feeling insecure. He had little confidence in his ability to get along with people.

He'd become so used to his self-consciousness that it hardly seemed a problem. He found conversations with strangers difficult, so, following the pattern of his boyhood, he left strangers alone. If some people found him unapproachable, it couldn't be helped.

In Hollywood, girls still looked hopeful when he came into the room. Maybe none of them said, "Hi!—He's cute," but more than one pair of feminine eyes clearly said, "Why don't you take me with you?"

Still trapped behind a wall of self-consciousness, he didn't see the invitation. And he was lonely.

More than one factor broke down that wall. The acclaim he received as an actor helped. But so did an incident involving a girl. She's a pretty girl, naturally, but her name isn't familiar to anybody except her family and friends. Let's call her Susan.

When they worked together in a picture, she in a minor role, he in the lead, she was curious about what sort of person the real John Saxon might be.

"I wonder if he's conceited?" she asked herself.

John, in turn, was conscious of all the pretty girls on the set and especially of this one. He liked her soft voice and the way her honey curls were swept up at the back of her neck. He envied her the poise with which she met strangers. He thought it'd be fun to take her dancing, but he wondered if she'd want to go with him.

Lots of other men seemed to find her attractive, too. Some days she ate lunch with two or three.

Noticing that a cameraman drove her home regularly, he decided, "She wouldn't have time for me. I guess I'll leave her alone."

Susan felt quite differently. She was disappointed. True, John was one of the best-looking men she'd ever seen. He was a talented actor, and the few times she'd heard him take part in a conversation he'd been witty and intelligent. But, she decided, success had gone to his head.

Discussing him with girls at the Studio Club, she summed it up:

"He's so aloof. Why, he barely answers when I say 'hello.' He acts as though he thinks he's too good for any girl."

"Well," her roommate shrugged, "I guess that's the way some boys are."
 "You're right," Susan agreed. "Men are naturally vain, and John Saxon is the worst of the lot. It's a pity, though, because I'd love to know him better, and I'll never get another chance. Before this picture is over, I'm going to make him notice me whether he wants to or not."

The next day, he was leaning against a table, watching the director guide two players through an especially delicate scene. He was so engrossed that he didn't even notice the girl at his elbow, and when she spoke he nearly jumped.

"Mr. Saxon," Susan said, "could you give me a little help? I can't decide whether my lines in the next scene are supposed to be funny or not. Would you read them and tell me what you think?"

He studied her carefully. He'd been around enough to know she didn't really need help with her lines. He thought back to the girls on the corner, but this girl wasn't laughing at him.

"Sure," he said, "I'd be delighted to go over the scene with you. I've been hoping for a chance to talk with you."

Later, after they'd gone dancing together, Susan admitted that she'd just been trying to get his attention.

"I thought you were terribly conceited," she said, "but I was determined to make one last effort to know you."

"And I thought you were so popular you wouldn't have any time for me. All the time you thought I was conceited, I was afraid to ask you for a date."

THE friendship with Susan didn't amount to anything romantically. She later went home to Illinois and John heard she'd married a high-school football coach. But the incident amounted to a lot, because it helped John understand himself and others, too. Remembering the episode, he thinks the moral is obvious.

"It happens all the time," he says. "People misunderstand each other, because they're both shy. It's happened to me more than once . . . Somebody has gotten the impression I'm conceited when actually I'm just scared."

Although he has licked his timidity problem, he hesitates to advise others.

"Truthfully," he says, "I don't know how a person gets over fear. I just know what happened to me. I didn't feel at ease until I achieved recognition as an actor. Recognition was like a blood transfusion. It gave me drive."

"Of course, everybody won't be an actor, but recognition in any field has the same effect. If you work hard and do well at something, you're a new person. It doesn't matter what it is you do well. It could be ping-pong or knitting or doing the cha-cha-cha. Just as long as you do something."

He has reversed his philosophy since the days when his biggest ambition was to be unobtrusive. Now, he recommends, don't hide. Do something, something constructive.

"The happy result of doing something constructive," he explains, "is it shows you aren't just a pawn to be moved about by other people. While they are affecting you, you are affecting them."

"What a sense of power I had the first time it dawned on me that I, too, could have an effect, that people reacted to me. The main thing I had to learn was not to just stand there—or run away—but to do something."

"Sports, social contacts, all the things I used to dread, are more things to enjoy now," he marvels. "Life is grand. I don't read science fiction any more, because real life is more interesting." THE END

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| 19. Peter Lawford | 240. Patti Page | 294. Frankie Avalon | 320. Tuesday Weld |
| 25. Dale Evans | 241. Lawrence Welk | 295. John Gavin | 321. Dion |
| 34. Roy Rogers | 243. Larry Dean | 296. Lee Remick | 322. Bobby Darin |
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| 92. Guy Madison | 254. Nick Adams | 304. Jock Mahoney | 330. Connie Stevens |
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| 136. Rock Hudson | 262. Will Hutchins | 311. Chuck Connors | 337. Arlene Howell |
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| 198. Gale Storm | 275. Michael Ansara | | |
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THREATENED

Continued from page 77

That is like us, Sophia thought; that is like Carlo and me. We can never be together fully, completely, until the shadow of this shame is lifted from us.

The car that was to carry her the rest of the way on her secret and dangerous journey drew up beside the platform. The driver jumped out, apologizing for his lateness, and picked up her bags. Then, when she was settled in the car, they drove off.

"We have a fine day for this," he said, making conversation.

She nodded in agreement, but she did not feel anything except the weight of this trip she was making to Rome, where she hoped she would in some way get the answer she was seeking.

Had it been wrong for her and Carlo to marry? She knew the answer to that. Yes, it had been wrong.

But perhaps He would forgive . . . perhaps He would forgive and they could have a child.

God is good, she told herself. Perhaps . . . ? She didn't know. The Church's feelings about her marriage had been made very clear: excommunication. And the laws in Rome were equally clear regarding what she and Carlo had done: two to five years imprisonment for bigamy, if either one of them returned to Italy. Well, she was returning, and Carlo would join her soon. They both knew there was no point in running away. For if there were a child now, that child would have no name, just as she had never had one. . . .

"Stuzzicadenti, come here!" It was Mamma calling to her. Four-year-old Sophia

put down the doll furniture that she was arranging for the hundredth time and got up. The doll furniture had been carved for her by her grandfather, and he had painted it a lovely blue. Some day, Sophia told herself, I will have a lovely house like the dolls have, and all my furniture will be blue, also. And some day, she sighed as she went to see what Mamma wanted, no one will call me "stuzzicadenti," either, for I won't always look like a toothpick!

She looked in the living room, but Mamma was not there. Neither was she in the tiny kitchen. Finally, Sophia looked in the bedroom. Mamma was lying in bed, the sheets high over her swollen belly. Mamma looked funny. Her face was wet with perspiration. Her blond hair curled damply around her shoulders. And her hands were clenched.

"Mamma?" she said, hesitating in the doorway. "You sick, Mamma?"

Her mother tried to smile. "It is not a sickness," she said. "It is natural. It is good. Sophia, soon you will have a real baby to play with, to take care of. You can forget your doll-babies."

The child's eyes widened. "Soon?" she repeated.

Her mother's eyes closed, her mouth twisted with pain. When the spasm passed, she said, "Yes, soon—soon. Run, get your grandmother from the courtyard. Tell her we must get to the hospital—soon."

Sophia ran down the narrow, curving stone steps and out into the yard. Her grandmother was talking rapidly about the weather, the price of wine, everything under the sun.

"Grandma, come quick!" she said, pulling at the woman's skirts. "Mamma says to! Quick!"

Her grandmother looked from the child to the apartment building and then back

at her neighbor. "Tell them to bring a conveyance. It is my daughter's time." And she ran across the yard and up the steps, her shoes clattering behind her. Sophia could not keep up with her.

Then they took her Mamma away and she was sad until the day Mamma came home again, a tiny, pink-blanketed bundle in her arms. "See?" Mamma said softly, lifting a corner of the blanket. "It is your baby." And Sophia could only stand there and stare at the tiny eyelashes on the closed eyes, at the tightly curled fingers, like two unopened buds.

Then a year later, when she was five and little Maria could barely toddle around, Mamma made them go to their bedroom. She closed the door and told them to stay there until she called them. Sophia looked at her baby sister. "Were you a naughty girl?" she asked, frowning, knowing that she, herself, had not been naughty.

Maria's eyes opened wide and then filled with tears. "No, no," she said, shaking her head. "No, no."

"Then why. . . ?" Looking at the closed door, Sophia asked herself why Mamma had sent them to their room. Then she thought she heard something. She moved closer to the door. Yes, she heard voices. When she pressed her ear against the door, she could hear a man's voice, one she had never heard before. And she could hear her mother's soft voice answering him, and then silences, long silences, and the voices again.

Footsteps were coming down the hall. Sophia backed away from the door and knelt down on the floor beside her sister. Little Maria was playing with Sophia's doll house, scattering the carefully arranged furniture around. "No!" Sophia said sharply. "The doll, yes. My trucks, yes. But not *that*!"

Maria looked as if she were going to cry, but then Mamma came into the room. Maria's face changed. "Mamma," she cried, smiling and struggling to stand up. "Mamma!"

Sophia just stayed where she was, her eyes never leaving her mother's, her eyes asking why she was being punished, shut up in her room. But she said nothing.

Her mother tried to smile, but her lips trembled. She knelt down beside the children and began patting their dresses to tidy them, fluffing their hair. She wiped a smudge from Sophia's cheek. "I want you to meet someone," she whispered. "Someone special, someone very close to me—to us." As if in answer to the question in Sophia's eyes, she said, "It was just that I wanted to see him first, talk to him a little. That is why I asked you to stay here. Come, now—let us meet him."

Immediately, Sophia forgot her feelings about being shut up in the bedroom. She tucked one hand in her mother's, holding onto Maria with the other. "Hurry," she said to her little sister. "It is special, Mamma says."

Then they were standing in the living room. A big, handsome man was sitting on the settee, his hair dark against the pink drapes. He was smiling. His teeth were very straight, very white. And Mamma said simply, "Sophia . . . and Maria . . ."

The man smiled more broadly. "Ah, is it possible? How they have grown! Like weeds in the garden!"

"Sophia, this is your father."

Sophia just stood there. He is not my father, she was thinking, but she didn't say it, not wanting to be rude. And anyway, Mamma looked so happy when she looked at that man. Even if she was trembling, even if her voice sounded funny and whispery.

"Come to me, Sophia. Come to your father," the man said, stretching out his

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arms to her. "See what I have for you?" He picked up a small wagon and a pair of skates that lay beside him on the settee.

Slowly, forcing herself to take one step and then another and then a third one, she approached the smiling man. Gravely, she took the gifts from him. Silently, she let him rumple her hair, which Mamma had just fixed. And then, unable to stand there any longer letting this stranger pretend he was her father, she fled from the room, back to the bedroom. She cast the toys aside and fell down on her bed. Why does he say this to me? she asked herself. Why does Mamma say it? My grandfather's my real father, I know he is.

A noise in the room interrupted her thoughts. Maria had toddled back to the doll house again, and was playing with the little blue chairs, the little blue tables. But somehow Sophia didn't care any more. She didn't know why, but she didn't care.

When the man left and Mamma came into the room, Sophia said, "Tell me who that man really is."

"Your father," Mamma said. "I told you, he's your father."

"But grandfather—"

Mamma shook her head. "No. This man is your father."

Sophia thought about it for a moment. Then she said, "But if he is my father, why did he never come before? Where has he been, and why did he go away again?"

"Because," her mother said. "Just because."

And Sophia knew that her mother didn't know why, either. "You want him to stay? You have invited him?" she asked finally. Her mother nodded.

"And he would not," Sophia said. "He would not," she repeated, almost to herself. "Then he doesn't love us very much, does he." It was not a question.

But her mother said, "Oh, yes, he loves us. He does, believe me."

If he loved us, he would stay with us, Sophia thought to herself. But she did not say this, because suddenly she knew her mother loved him, and that his going away had hurt her enough already, without Sophia's saying anything more about it.

"All right," she said aloud, "he is my father and Maria's, and he loves us."

There was a sudden crash. Maria had upset the doll house. A leg had come off one of the blue chairs. Maria was crying. Kneeling down to comfort her sister, Sophia looked at the broken chair and thought, it doesn't matter. A toy chair, why should it matter?

For she suddenly understood what the children in the street had been saying about her. She suddenly understood that her mother was different from their mothers, and that made Sophia "different," too.

She tried to pretend that everything was all right. She was good at this pretending. Mamma said it ran in the family, for she had been an actress once, a real one, she said. And she showed her daughter a yellowed, crumbling clipping of a beautiful woman with classical features and long, shining hair.

"Me!" her mother said, poking a finger in the center of the face in the photograph. "Before you came along."

Eagerly, Sophia tried to read the words. But Mamma knew them by heart. "It says I am beautiful. It says I won the contest of EM-GEE-EM for the one who looks most like Garbo. She was an actress, too. And that they have given me a contract, that I am to go to Hollywood." She smiled. "But, as I say, that was long ago. Before you were born. I made one movie here in Italy, and then you came along,

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my little stuzzicadenti." She was proud. She hugged Sophia to her. "But maybe you will be what I could not, eh?"

Maybe . . . maybe . . . Anyway, she could dream. She, Sophia Scicolone, could dream even though Scicolone was only a borrowed name, borrowed from the father who did not live with them.

Not long after that the war came. World War II, the "big" war. And there were speeches and bombs and there was hardly anything to eat. It was a bad time for Sophia and her family, and she began to wonder if there were anything smaller than a toothpick. She was so hungry. Then the "enemy" came. The Americans. About thirty of them settled down in the first floor of Sophia's tenement building. Wide-eyed, she looked at them. Why, they looked just like people!

And they were wonderful to her. They gave her candy and biscuits and coffee. They lifted her up when she fell down, and doctored her wounds. The enemies, she decided quickly, were friends.

Her father, however, was another matter. From time to time he had come to visit them, but when she was twelve, she came home to find her mother crying. She was sitting on the settee, rocking back and forth with sobs she could not control.

"Mamma, you are sick?" Sophia asked, touching her mother's shoulder. "Mamma, what can I do? Is there something—?"

Her mother shook her head. "No," she said brokenly, "there is nothing. Nothing."

And then, when she could stop crying, she said, "It is your father. Oh, I suppose I am silly, but it is your father. He has married."

Married? Her father—married? But he is my father, she thought, how can he do this?

He had done it; there was nothing to be said. When a man is married in a Church ceremony, no one—nothing—can change it.

For a while their house was like a house of mourning. Mamma appeared red-eyed in the mornings, and in the afternoons, when Sophia came home from school, Mamma's eyes were just as red. But gradually things grew better. Mamma had not forgotten; she would never forget. But she had learned to live with her sorrow.

"Life goes on," she said. "No matter what happens, life goes on, my child."

Day followed day and night followed night and, as Mamma had said, life did go on. Mamma hummed at her work. Maria could run faster than Sophia by now. Then one day Grandma said, "Sophia, stand still!"

Puzzled, Sophia did as she was told. "Why are you staring at me?"

Grandma smiled. "Stuzzicadenti, you will have to have a new name. Look at you! You are growing plump in front!"

Sophia blushed. She had already noticed that. The boys on the street had noticed, too, and whistled every time she passed. It gave her a funny feeling. She liked it and she was embarrassed, as well. Mamma thought it was wonderful. She said Sophia was beautiful, beautiful enough to win a contest.

"Me? But you are joking, surely," Sophia said.

"No, no. I am quite serious. Look, see this newspaper? They are having a beauty contest. They want to find the Queen of the Sea and her twelve princesses. You will be the queen!"

Me? she thought, trying to tell herself Mamma was only joking, and that she was only fifteen. Too young, certainly, to be a queen. But Mamma said, no, she was not too young. Fifteen was the minimum age. "But what will I wear?" There was

no money, and, of course, she could not wear the patched dresses she wore to school. *That* should settle it.

But it did not settle it. Grandmother pointed to the pink drapes. "There is your evening gown," she said. "It will be beautiful."

And it certainly was, but— "What about shoes?" Sophia asked, looking down at the heavy brogans she wore.

Mamma frowned. Grandmother frowned. Grandfather looked up from his paper, took his pipe from his mouth and said, "Let down the hem, then who will see them?"

Nobody saw them. No one ever knew that the beautiful girl in the daring, low-cut gown let it trail to the floor to hide her ugly shoes. The judges stuck their cigars or cigarillos in their mouths and clapped as she walked for them, curtsied for them, and showed them her lovely smile. And in the end, she was picked as the queen's first princess. She came in second. That she wasn't named queen didn't bother her at all. Just to think that she was the second most beautiful girl in Naples was enough. And there was a prize: forty dollars, two big pictures to cherish of herself, and new wallpaper for the living room. It took the place of the drapes as the finest thing in the room. Cabbage roses and big, splashy green leaves—oh, it was beautiful paper!

She went back to school, well satisfied with herself. But Mamma was far from content. If Sophia had won one contest, she could win them all. She could even—just think of it—become a star in the movies!

"We will go to Rome," Mamma said, "and you will be the most beautiful girl in Rome as well as Naples. Of course, you should have come in first in Naples. Everyone knows that!"

Before Sophia could open her mouth to protest, her mother was busy making plans, deciding what they should take, what they should not take. Making decisions as rapidly as she chattered, Mamma had them in Rome before Sophia knew what was happening.

They dropped their possessions in a dingy little room and began looking for work as soon as they arrived. "My feet are sore," Sophia said, stopping outside one of the big studios.

"Never mind, darling," her mother said, "we will soak them tonight, and tomorrow we will find work."

Tomorrow came and they went on their rounds again. But Mamma was right. This day they did find work. They became extras in "Quo Vadis." It was wonderful—the excitement, the confusion, the colorful costumes. "I love it, Mamma. It is fun!" Sophia said, hugging her mother.

"Didn't I tell you?" her mother smiled. "It will be fun always!"

But it was not. Two days later, Sophia came face to face with her father's wife on the set. They had the same last name, so it was unavoidable that they should be mixed up.

They were going to be paid. "Scicolone," the voice said. Sophia stepped up. Her mother stepped up. But another woman stepped up, too—a pretty, dark woman. "I am Scicolone!" the woman said, her voice icy with scorn, her eyes hard.

The paymaster looked at his sheet of paper. "There are three Scicolones," he said, smiling.

Sophia did not smile, nor did her mother. They took their pay—thirty-three dollars, a fortune!—and they turned away. No, there was only one Scicolone.

After that, nothing seemed to go right for them. They tramped the streets, but no one wanted them as extras. They moved



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to an even dingier room and began living on soup. Once in a while, Sophia got an hour's work as an extra. Sometimes she modeled for cheap magazine illustrations. Again, she was hungry. She remembered the name "stuzzicadenti" and she bit her lip. She did not want to go back to being a toothpick. For two and a half years she worried about it, even though she was filling out more and more. Even though, occasionally, someone took her to a night club and told her how beautiful she was.

It was at a night club, after she had feasted on a full-course dinner complete with Vichyssoise—not minestrone—that the turn for the better came. There was to be a beauty contest there that night. But Sophia didn't even think of entering it. She was too busy eating dinner.

Then a waiter handed her a calling card. "That man at the judges' table wants to see you," he told her.

She looked at the man. An older man, sort of pudgy, maybe, but what nice eyes he had. "Excuse me," she said to her escort, and she walked over to the judges' table.

"You are not in the contest. Why not?" the man said. His name was Carlo Ponti, one of the biggest producers in all of Italy.

Sophia cast down her eyes and blushed. "I did not think of it," was all she could manage to say.

"I have thought of it," he answered, "and I will put your name in right now. You will win, easily."

She didn't win, but he asked her to make some picture tests the following day anyway.

"Good. Good," Carlo Ponti said, sitting behind his desk, his fingers tip to tip.

"You think so?" Sophia asked, and waited.

"I think so. Now." He paused, picked some papers up and put them down, swiveled around in his chair and squinted out at the sun. Then he looked back at her. "Now will begin the diction lessons. Your Italian is terrible." His smile took the sting out of the words. "Next—English!"

There were so many "nexts." After the diction lessons, came Italian films. The first one was for another producer, a semi-documentary called "Africa Beneath the Sea." After that there were many. And then there were the first American films: "The Pride and the Passion," "Boy on a Dolphin," "Legend of the Lost."

Sophia and her mother moved out of the back bedrooms into a sumptuous apartment. Maria and Grandmother and Grandfather came to live with them. The

other relatives soon followed. But there were other changes. Bigger changes. Deeper changes. They did not show; they were not surface changes.

For one thing, Sophia so gained in confidence under Carlo's guidance that she no longer thought about being "different." She found that she was able to feel sorry for the "real" Scicolone, her father's wife. She also discovered that she no longer disliked her father. He had made a mistake. Who has not? But there was one last thing she had to do. Maria had been dragged into court by her father's wife, over using the name Scicolone. Sophia was determined that her sister should be permitted to use that name, just as she had been given permission to use it right after her birth. In court, the whole story of the family's poverty had to be told. Sophia told it. With tears streaming down her face, her hands twisting helplessly, she told the whole world about her father.

"But he loves us," she said. "I am sure of that now. He is—he is a man torn between love for his children and his wife's hatred of us. That is what is happening."

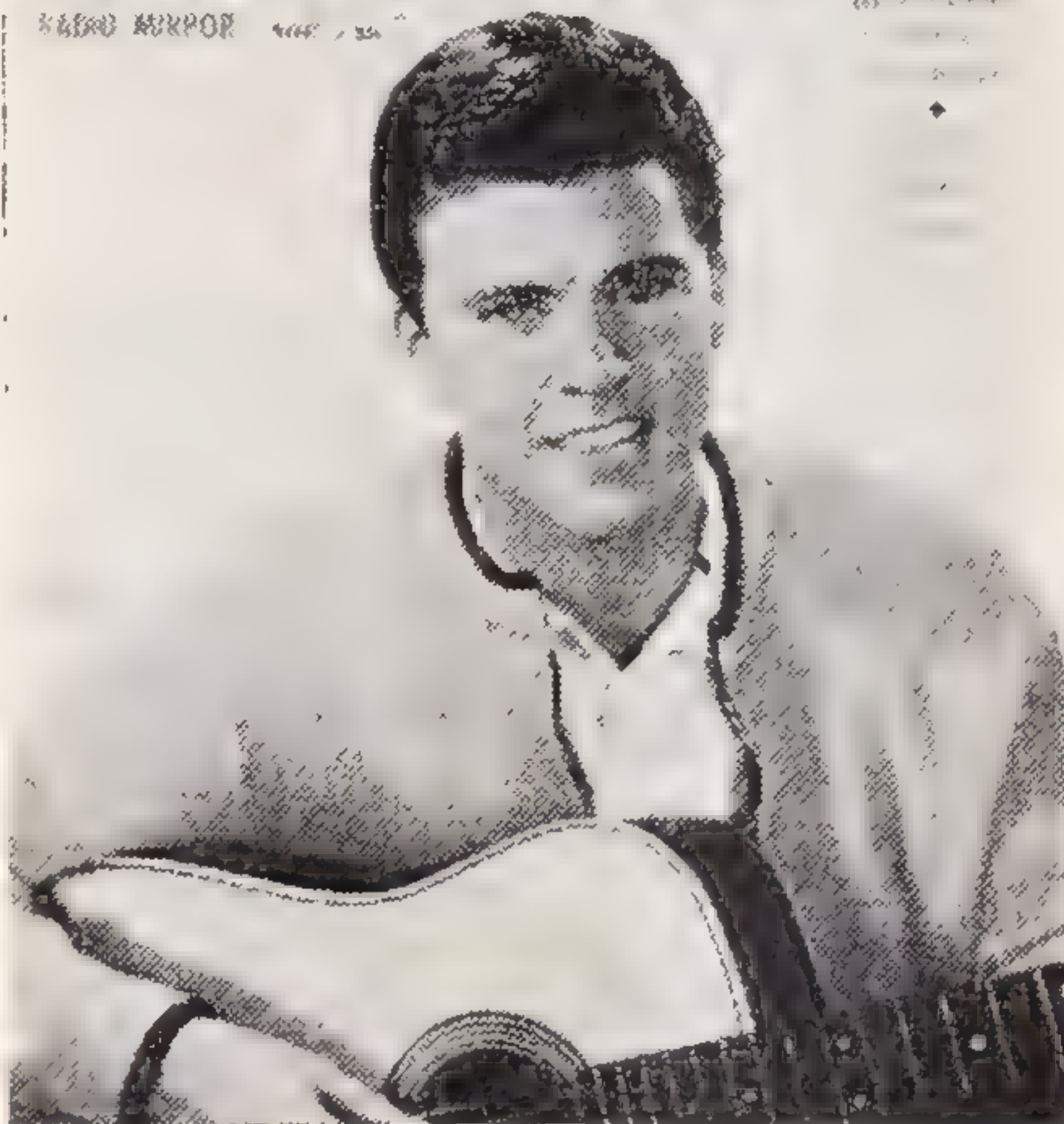
When he gave his verdict, the judge looked far from stern. He looked weary and unhappy, and his eyes were warm with sympathy. "Permission is granted. Maria is Scicolone."

Maria is Scicolone. Sophia is Scicolone. The court had said so. But the world, what did the world think? Sophia wondered. She put the thought from her. It was over. It did not matter. There were pictures to be made, things to be done. And then, too, Sophia had realized she was deeply, hopelessly in love.

Hopelessly, because she was in love with Carlo. True, he had long ago separated from his wife. But he was still married. He had been married in a Church ceremony, and Sophia knew only too well what that meant. Hadn't she gone through it with her mother, when her father married? Oh, the circumstances were different, of course. But the meat of the matter was the same. The Church recognized Carlo's separation from his wife. It would not recognize divorce. An annulment was the only thing it would recognize, and why should she and Carlo expect a special dispensation from the Church?

No, it was out of the question. Even though Carlo loved her, too. Even though he said he could not live without her. Finally, he had to go away for a while.

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and that settled it. It was true. They could not live without each other.

"God understands," she said to him. Then: "Do you think God understands?"

"No. No one can answer that," she whispered, and began to cry. "What will we do, Carlo?"

"I don't know," he said.

Shortly after that, they flew to California. Sophia was to make "Desire Under the Elms."

Sometimes she couldn't remember a word of English. "I've gone blank!" she'd tell him.

He would smile and hold her hand tightly. "When the time comes, you will be fine."

And she was. But the real problem remained. "What shall we do?" she asked.

One day, he told her, "I am going to Mexico when you go back to Italy," he said. "I will get a divorce. My wife does not object. She wishes us happiness. Then we will be married by proxy."

That is what they did. Only, they were considered married in every country in the world except Italy and Spain. There, in their own country, they were outcasts. If either of them returned to Italy, a jail cell might well swing open—and closed. And neither of them could receive communion or a blessing from the Church.

But she had said to Carlo before making this journey, "We cannot go on this way any longer, darling. I am going home. I am going to see Mamma. If they arrest me, well . . . And perhaps I can settle it. Perhaps. . . ."

The car drew up in front of the Scicolone apartment building. Sophia's eyes widened. A crowd was milling around impatiently. Then someone spotted the car. They saw her. "There she is!" the cry went up. "It's Sophia! She's here!"

It was as if they wondered what had taken her so long. And all the time she had thought her return was such a secret. Reporters pulled the door open. Photographers snapped her picture. Then someone held a newspaper up for her to see. "CHURCH RULES MARRIAGE TO LOREN ILLEGAL! BIGAMY PROCEEDINGS BEGUN!" the headlines screamed. But somehow it didn't matter. She looked up at the facade of the building, saw the windows of her mother's apartment, and tears ran down her cheeks. She was home.

The driver elbowed through the crowd with her suitcases, and then she was going up in the elevator. When it reached her floor and the doors opened, she stepped out into her mother's arms. "Mamma," she cried, dropping her luggage and throwing her arms around her mother.

Her mother led her into the apartment. For a while they talked together—about anything and everything except what was uppermost in their minds. The newspaper on the table reminded them of what they could not speak about.

Mamma looked from Sophia to the figure of Christ upon the wall, and then she said, "Perhaps, my child, perhaps somehow you will be luckier than I . . ."

And they stared at each other across the darkening room, stared helplessly across the space of two generations, drawn together by all of the happiness—and the unhappiness—they had shared. And Sophia thought of the railroad tracks, glimmering in the bright sun: how they were so far apart, but how they seemed to meet in the distance; how truly close together they looked; and, without knowing why, she felt her heart lift . . . just a little. . . .

—MARY CULVER

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Sally's GAY WITH MIDOL



I REMEMBER WHEN

Continued from page 55

day we were married, he thought, smiling at her, even though her eyes were closed and she couldn't see his smile. By now, they could feel each other's moods. Shirl had always said it would be that way and she was right.

Of course, it had taken time, but six years? Shaking his head, he thought, Boy, it just doesn't seem possible that we've been married six years. Tenderly, he reached down and smoothed back that loose strand of hair that always fell over his wife's cheek.

And she opened her eyes and looked up at him. "Thought you were sleeping," he said as he came around and sat down beside her.

This was the part of every anniversary that they looked forward to the most . . . late at night when they were alone, just the two of them, and they could sit and remember all the crazy and wonderful things they'd done together. Now after six years it had become a tradition. One that I hope we never break, he thought to himself, slipping his arm around her and drawing her close. "Happy anniversary," he whispered.

She lifted her head and let it fall easily onto his shoulder; then suddenly she giggled.

"What's so funny?" he asked, feeling the way he always did—a little hurt—when he thought Shirl or the girls were involved in a secret.

Her smile was mischievous when she said, "I was thinking about the first time you kissed me. Do you remember?"

"Could I forget?" Pat groaned. "It took me ten months to get up enough courage to do it; I was so scared all the time you'd get mad at me if I tried . . ."

Shirley laughed. "And I kept wondering what was wrong with me!" They had told each other this story so many times that they almost knew just what the other would say.

"Somehow you always made me feel a little tongue-tied," Pat said, rubbing his cheek against her forehead. "After all, you were the only girl I knew who had her own swimming pool."

"I didn't think you were tongue-tied that day we met. In fact, I thought you had a pretty smooth line," she teased.

"Could anyone blame me?" he asked. "The minute I saw you I knew I wanted to marry you. It hit me—just like that," and he snapped his fingers.

"Hmmm," Shirley said skeptically.

She was a new girl in school. She had just transferred to David Lipscomb because of her mother's illness. Even today, she still had a vivid memory of her mother—so beautiful and gay and full of fun. She'd always been so pleased when people said she had Mommy's personality. Her mother had been a singer, too, like her dad, and their house had been full of music. Shirl had never even guessed that for a long time her mother had been ill. Then one day it couldn't be kept a secret any longer.

"Mommy is going to Chicago," her father had told little Julie and Jenny one dark morning, "to be made well again." But she was older, so he took her aside and said, "Mother is very sick, Shirl, and the doctor says this is her one chance to get better. A very famous heart specialist is going to operate to see if he can help her. But we won't know for a long time."

And in the meantime, he couldn't take care of three young girls himself. He had

to travel so much with his musical show and he wanted to spend as much time as he could in Chicago with his wife. So he boarded the two younger girls in a parochial school and entered Shirley as a sophomore in David Lipscomb High School. It was right in the same town, and they saw each other often, but somehow it wasn't the same as when they had been together in their own house. For the first time, Shirley was alone.

Then came a cold, gusty January day when the first big blizzard of the season was blowing up outdoors. Shirley left the cafeteria a little earlier that noon so she'd have time to get an extra sweater and then, as the door swung shut behind her, she heard a boy's voice shouting from the other side of the corridor: "Shirley, hey, Shirley Foley."

She didn't know many students yet and she looked around so quickly her long page-boy hair flew out and fell over her left eye. Then she saw them. One of the boys in her class was waving, signaling her to come over and join them, but she hardly noticed him. She was looking at the other boy, tall and good-looking, who was leaning against the wall in an elaborate attempt to look casual, one foot crossed over the other. She couldn't help but notice his feet—he was wearing clean white bucks.

As she walked toward them, she thought, Gee, he's cute, and then the boy in her class was introducing them.

"Shirley, this is Pat Boone," and then, with a fiendish laugh, added, "He's been dying to meet you," and took off down the hall, as his friend looked angrily after him.

She didn't even notice. "Pat Boone," she said and she thought maybe her voice gave away her excitement. "I've heard you sing," she finally murmured, "and I think you're terrific." Then she stopped, and she could feel herself blushing. Why'd you have to say that, she asked herself. It almost makes you sound eager.

But she needn't have worried, for Pat was blushing, too. "Have you really?" he asked. "I'm glad . . ." almost stammering in his eagerness to tell her, "I . . . I just think your dad's one of the greatest singers," and suddenly he fell silent.

A minute passed, then another, and finally, not knowing what to do, she said, "Well, I guess I'd better be getting along to class. It . . . it was very nice meeting you, Pat," and slowly started backing away from him.

Then, realizing she was leaving, he asked to walk her to class and she answered, "That'd be very nice," and he did. When he reached the door to her Latin class, he blurted out, as though he'd rehearsed it, "Shirley, would you like to go out with me some time?"

"Yes, I would," she whispered, and he almost shouted, "How about . . . tomorrow night?" And, not daring to say anything because the blood was thumping so hard in her head, she simply nodded her head.

On their first date they went sleigh riding and, from that day on, they dated steadily, several times a week. But it was when her mother died, nine months later, that she really began to know Pat. His tenderness and understanding helped her through it more than anything else. She still kept the letter he'd written to her and her father. He could tell her in person how he felt, but the letter was for her daddy, too. After that, she started clinging more and more to Pat. He was always there when she needed him.

When she was eighteen, she was baptized into the Church of Christ, Pat's own faith. He'd never pressured her into joining; just answered whatever questions she asked him, and let her decide for herself.

They were to need that faith . . . and their love . . . in the days ahead of them.

It was in the fall of 1953, a few weeks before they were to begin their first year at David Lipscomb College, when her father came home one night and told her that they were going to have to move to Springfield, Missouri. Somehow she couldn't talk about it to Pat when they went to prayer-meeting, as they did every Friday night, nor afterwards when they walked across town to their favorite ice-cream shop. She couldn't tell him even when he kept saying, "You're so quiet. Are you all right, honey?" But later, when they were sitting in the rear booth, almost hidden by the carved wooden frame of the seat, she began to cry.

"Oh, Pat," she sobbed, "I'm going away."

He stared at her, not understanding what she meant.

"It's Daddy," she said, tears streaming down her cheeks. "He's gotten an offer of a big radio show . . . in Springfield, Missouri . . . and we're all going to have to go there to live . . . and Pat," she whispered, hardly able to speak, "I'll never see you again."

He was stunned; he couldn't move. All he could think was, we can't be separated. We have so much in common. Shirley really understands me . . . We understand each other. And we have the same plans and dreams for the future. But most important, he knew, she loves me. Deeply, lastingly, more than anything else in the world.

He didn't know how long they sat there, but suddenly he knew what they must do. "Shirley," he said gently, "tomorrow morning, right after I'm finished at the radio station, we're going to be married."

She looked at him, then, realizing what he'd said, she bit her lip. "Oh, Pat, do you think we can?" she asked.

He had answered confidently, "Of course we can," but he knew she was right when, a minute later, she said in a dull, flat voice: "We can't. Daddy and your mother and father will never let us . . . they don't even want us to go steady."

His parents had said he had no right to even think of marriage before he finished college. That was probably true. But he knew, too, that he couldn't let Shirley go. He knew that this was the one right thing. "Well, then, Shirley," he said, "we'll just have to elope."

With a startled look, she turned back to the table and started unwinding her straw into a long strip. Finally, in a little voice, she said, "All right, Pat, but we'll have to tell Daddy first."

He was really nervous when they went to see her father. All three of them just sat there. Finally Pat cleared his throat and said, "Mr. Foley—I think you know Shirley loves me. I know she's told you. But I'm not sure you know that I love her . . . and I do very much." Then, seeing how trustingly Shirley was looking at him, he said, "In fact, I'd like to take her away from you."

Her father just sat there a moment and then he burst into tears.

The following afternoon, September 4, 1953, in a little white frame church outside of Nashville, they said their wedding vows, their voices steady and sure—forsaking all others from that day on.

They didn't need anyone else. They had each other. Pat always had so much confidence that he made Shirl feel sure, too. He said he'd take care of her and she believed him . . .

That's why she didn't even hesitate once they decided they should stop living with his parents and go out on their own. They finally picked Denton, Texas, to move to,



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PARTIAL CONTENTS (NOV. ISSUE)

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GOING STEADY

BEING PINNED

THIS IS HOW GIRLS SHOULD LOOK

LOVE BEFORE MARRIAGE

FELLOWS AND GIRLS CAN'T BE FRIENDS

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because it had a good college and because a friend of theirs had a cousin who owned a chinchilla ranch there, and Pat thought that raising chinchillas might be one way of making some money while they were still in school.

They'd talked a lot about it, and then one day he came rushing into their bedroom, waving a letter. "Look, Shirl," he said, "we can get a discount on the chinchillas—two for \$1,650. Isn't that great!" He was almost shouting. "Normally, they'd cost \$2,000." Then he picked up a pad and paper and started figuring. "Let's see, we have a little money saved, and I can work part-time at the farm and pay off the balance. What do you think, Shirl?"

She was not too enthusiastic, but he was so sold on the idea, he seemed to want it so much, that, of course, she said yes.

And that's how, three months after they were married, they piled their most precious possessions, including their first wedding gift, a leather bible with "Mr. and Mrs. Pat Boone" in gold lettering on the cover, into a trailer behind their second-hand Chevy and headed for Denton.

They found a place to live, a small furnished apartment, but it was their first home and they loved it.

Four nights after they arrived in Denton, he got home a little late and as he parked the car, he noticed the apartment was dark. He ran up the steps, two at a time, and quickly unlocked the door, wondering where Shirl was. He had something to tell her and he couldn't wait.

When he walked in, he saw that the little square dining table was covered with their good white linen tablecloth and that two stubby blue candles stuck into ink-bottle tops were burning.

My gosh . . . did I forget something, he asked himself, as Shirley came up and kissed him.

"Sit right down, honey. The steak's done," she said.

"Steak?" He knew their budget didn't allow for that.

"Yes," she answered, putting it on the table and sitting down next to him. "I thought this was sort of a special occasion."

"Hey, how'd you know I got the job?" he asked incredulously.

"What job?" she started to ask, then cried, "Pat, the audition—you got it?"

"Yup," he answered, "and not just one show, but two . . . two TV shows a week." Then he stopped and looked at her. "But if you didn't know, what are we celebrating?"

"Well," she blushed, "I've wondered for a while . . . and I didn't want to say anything until I was sure . . . but, well, we're going to have a baby."

"Us!" he shouted. And then he added: "Oh, I forgot . . . twenty-five dollars for each show."

"Fifty dollars a week?" she asked, unbelievably. "Pat, we're rich," and she whirled around the room.

And we were rich," she said aloud now, looking at her husband and at the spacious living room of their handsome Hollywood house. "We may not have had much money," she added, turning to Pat, "and sometimes we couldn't even go to a movie, but we did have fun, didn't we?" And they both smiled.

"Even not having much money was a game," Pat added, and he thought back, remembering how they'd hunt for gas wars where they could get gasoline for sixteen cents a gallon, and how he couldn't wait to get home to tell Shirl the day he found that little country store that sold little-known brands of food that were less expensive. And Shirley learned to make hamburgers twenty-seven different ways.

Hamburgers and cottage cheese—that was a big part of their diet that first year. The cheese was a present from the dairy-farm owner who sponsored his television shows. The man was so impressed when he saw his young singer-announcer eating his products right on the air as part of the commercial that he supplied the Boones with fresh eggs, milk and cheese for the duration of the show. What no one knew was that he had such a hectic schedule with classes, school activities and work at the chinchilla ranch that he never had time to eat before arriving at the studio.

Those commercials were really dinner until he got home. Then Shirl would have something waiting, and they'd sit up and talk late into the night. When Cherry was born, they felt they were the two luckiest people in the whole world, so that when the offer came to join the Arthur Godfrey TV show, they weren't sure what to do.

They had so much already. Was it fair to Shirl to take a chance on a new career and maybe jeopardize the things most important to them both? he often wondered. But, as always, it was Shirley who made him see that he had to do whatever he wanted the most—that was the only way she'd be happy. So, one night, in a little house in Denton, Texas, the lights burned late and two thrilled but slightly worried young people packed a bag for the disc jockey tour that would wind up in New York with him joining the Arthur Godfrey gang.

And after that, things happened so fast that it left them dizzy.

But with success came separation and, to Shirley, a deep loneliness and the knowledge that she could no longer count on having her husband near her to share each happy moment, to help her through the more difficult ones.

Like that New Year's Eve when he was appearing at the Palladium in London and she and the children were spending the holidays in Nashville. Even now when she thought of it, she got a sick feeling in her stomach.

There'd been the sharp change in weather and both Cherry and Linda had gotten colds. Just to be safe, she asked the doctor to come by, to take a look at them, and while he was there she said, "You might as well check Debbie, too," even though the baby seemed fine.

A half hour later, little Debbie was being rushed to the hospital with pneumonia. Afterwards, the doctor said, "Another twenty-four hours and it might have been too late."

She stayed at the hospital as long as they would let her, and soon after she got back home, the telephone rang. It was Pat calling from London, and when she heard his voice saying, "Happy New Year, honey!" all her strength and courage left her and she sank limply into a chair.

"How are the children?" he said cheerfully.

"They're—all right," she answered.

"Do they still have colds?"

"Yes. . . ."

Then a pause on the other end, as though he could tell what was worrying her, and he asked: "Not . . . Debbie?"

"Yes, Debbie, too," she'd answered, trying hard to keep her voice from telling him the whole truth.

"Are you all right?" he asked sharply.

"I'm fine, Pat, but I miss you," was all she'd let herself say.

After she hung up the receiver, she could only think, If Pat were here, I'd be all right, Debbie would be all right, everything would be.

That was just one time. People told her that she'd get used to it, but she certainly hadn't. It didn't get a bit easier. If any-

thing, it just got a little harder. . . . It was rough on Pat, too, so she always tried to hide how she felt, but he knew. Just as now, when he reached over and smoothed out her clenched fist, he knew what she was feeling.

It's so miserable to be separated, he thought, but it's even harder on Shirley. It takes an extra amount of devotion and an extra amount of understanding on her part. That was one thing he could always count on . . . her understanding about everything.

"I'm sure lucky that Shirley isn't a jealous-type person," he'd said so many times before. "She understands that interviews and pictures and fans are part of this business. And I think—more than anything—she knows me, and she knows she can always depend on me. In fact, when it comes to my fans," he laughed to himself, "she'll go out of her way to do something nice for them."

He loved to tease her about the night she was with him when he appeared on a television program. As they left the studio, there was one little girl waiting, almost hysterical with all the excitement. She ran after her, pleading, "Isn't there anything you can give me of his?" Shirley searched frantically through her purse. "Just anything . . ." the girl said tearfully, and then she'd found the parking lot ticket. Riding home afterwards, she had that secret little smile that meant she felt good because she'd done something for somebody.

There were times, though, when it wasn't easy to smile, and one time especially, when they wondered if his career was a threat to their marriage. It was because of a kiss. Once before, he had held back, because he felt a kiss was something special that should mean you love a person deeply. He'd waited ten months that time till he was sure. Then when he got the movie role in "April Love," and was told there was a scene in which he must kiss a girl, he had to make an important moral decision, for he knew that when you marry, all show of affection and love belongs to your wife. Could he kiss someone else and still keep the marriage vows so sacred to them both? What was the right thing?

"Maybe a kiss means more to us than to many people," Shirley had said to him, but she'd also said it was *his* career and the answers, as always, must come from him.

He spent weeks struggling with the question until he saw it clearly. He would only be an actor playing a part. It had nothing to do with the very special love he had for Shirley. It was a decision he made only when he was sure that Shirley felt the same way, because he refused to do anything that would hurt the one person who had given meaning to his life—not even for his career.

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—G. DIVAS

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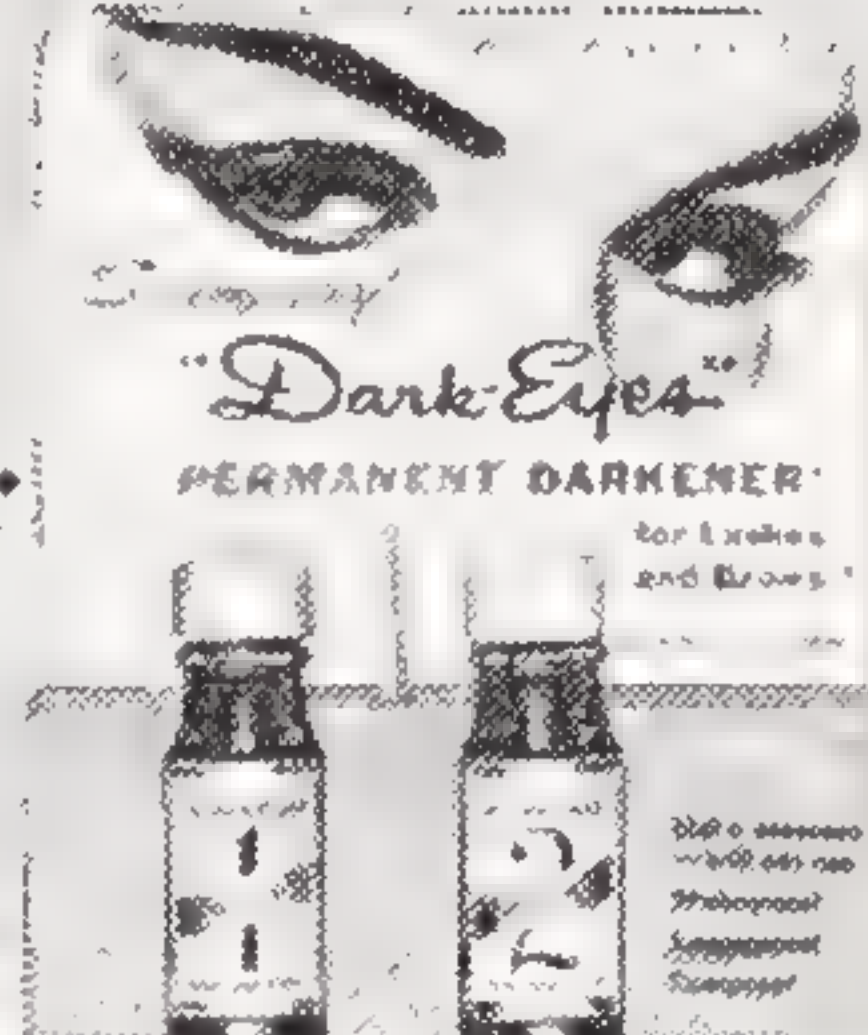
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DICK CLARK

Continued from page 67

last summer, did you find the teenagers on the West Coast any different from those around Philadelphia?" Cagey guy that he is, Fabian thought that over for a few seconds before giving his answer.

"It's hard to say, Dick," Fabian replied. "In many ways the teenagers on the West Coast may seem to be different—life out there's more casual, maybe 'cause so much of it's out-of-doors. But when I talked to them and got to know them, I found out that the things that bother them are the same things that bother my buddies around home."

"Things like dating?" I asked.

"Sure," Fabian said, and he added, "First they wonder if they're old enough to go on dates, and then it gets down to questions about the right age to go steady."

"Well, that's what you and I are always talking about," Frankie Avalon put in. "I guess it's what every fellow has on his mind."

"And girls," Connie added. "You know what one girl told me her crowd calls going steady? 'A little marriage.'"

"It's like that in a lot of ways," Andy Williams agreed. "And from what the kids I've been talking to tell me, they stop going steady for some of the same reasons that people end a marriage. You know, a girl gets mad because her steady starts taking her for granted and starts dropping by without any notice. Or a guy gets sore because his steady acts like she owns him and blows her top every time he makes a plan of his own. She thinks they have to be together all the time and that he ought to get her permission to walk to the corner."

"Some girls," Fabian said, "even start to make a big scene if a guy just looks at another girl, even if it's just to notice, in a real disinterested way, that she's kind of pretty."

Then you think going steady's not such a good idea—at any age?" was my next question.

"Uh-uh," Fabian denied. "That's not what we meant. At least not what I meant. I only said there were some drawbacks to going steady and a guy or a gal ought to know about them before taking the plunge."

"But age is important," Connie said. "If you start going steady too young, then you miss out on meeting lots of different boys. It kind of means you have nothing to judge by."

"How young is too young?" I asked.

"Boy, that's a tough one," Frankie said. "But I guess you should have some experience in just dating before you decide to go steady. And though some parents have some pretty old-fashioned ideas on the subject, I don't think you should even start dating till your mom and dad say it's okay. This might prove pretty tough to get, but if you decide to try sneaking out on dates, you're bound to get caught."

"And brother, that means trouble," Fabe agreed. "I had a pal who was dating one of the girls in the neighborhood and we all believed him when he told us his mother said he was old enough to go on dates," he told us. "We were a little bit jealous, too, because every time me or one of the other fellows would mention it at home, we'd be told 'You're too young. Wait another year.' And that other year always turned out to be 'next' year."

"One time I had to stop over this fellow's house to pick up a football helmet," Fabian continued, "and his mother

answered the door. She asked me what I was doing there, because, according to her, I had gone to the movies with Bob."

For once Fabe was stopped and didn't know what to say, because he knew the buddy was out on a date. When he didn't answer at once, the fellow's mother got the idea fast. "That date was his last for a very long time," Fabian assured us, "and when his mother happened to mention it to the girl's mother, it meant the end of her dating too. For a few years anyway," he added.

"Well, suppose a fellow or girl isn't allowed on dates and the rest of the crowd are dating like crazy?" was my next question for this much-traveled group.

"Two wrongs don't make one right," was Connie's quick retort. "That happens a lot if I can believe what I hear around the country, but it's still much better to work on parents to bring at least one around to the point where Dad and Mom will let you have one little date."

"Once you've had a chance to show them that it isn't harmful, but is a part of teenage life, you'll be able to gain their confidence enough to be allowed to go out on dates more often," was the way Andy Williams put it.

That "confidence" item plays a big part in being allowed to go on dates, my friends all agreed. It plays an even bigger part, though, when the question of going steady is raised, and you can bet I raised it.

"Kids go steady for a lot of reasons," Frankie said. "One advantage to a fellow in going steady is that it's easier on his wallet. If you keep taking out different girls, then every date has to be a big one. You have to impress the girl and that takes loot. If you're going steady, then some dates can be just taking a walk or watching television."

"A lot of girls think there's a big plus in going steady because if she does she'll always have a date for any party or dance that comes along," Connie said. "If she's got a steady, a girl doesn't have to worry about the phone not ringing."

"Fellows feel the same way," Andy said. "If you're going steady, you know you've got a date. You don't have to worry whether the girl you want to take to the dance is going to be free. And you don't have to plan so far ahead. If you're not going steady with them, there are lots of girls who insist on being asked out a week ahead of time."

"In a lot of places," Fabian said, "there are last-minute parties all the time, with the gang just rounding up all the couples who are going steady. If you don't have a steady, you miss out on it 'cause the gang figures you can't round up a date in time."

"I think the biggest reason a guy and a girl go steady," Frankie pointed out, "is because they really dig each other. They don't want the other party to go out with anyone else. A good friend of mine told me he never really wanted to go steady but he liked this particular girl and when he started thinking about the possibility of her going to a party with someone else, he couldn't stand it. He figured he'd better ask her to go steady so he could stop worrying."

"One genuine rule," Andy wisely noted, "is that going steady has to be handled with a light touch as far as everybody involved is concerned."

"Boy, are you right there!" Frankie broke in. "When I was about fourteen, I walked home from school with the same girl three days in a row, and the crowd started kidding me about going steady. My mom heard about it and was really upset until I explained it was only an accident that we happened to meet on the way home."

"Do you think fourteen is too young to go steady?" I asked Frankie.

"According to Mom, it sure was for Frankie Avalon," he answered. "But then, remember, it really was an accident and I didn't even have idea number-one about going steady."

"Frankie was going steady with singing and sports," his good friend Fabian assured us. "You know, speaking of going steady," Fabe went on, "parents aren't the only ones who can raise a little fuss about it."

"You're not kidding there," Andy sang out. "Back home when I was in high school, one of the stars of our basketball team had been going steady with one of the girls just about all summer long. During the fall he kept it up, but when basketball season came around and he had to practice, it used to cause one battle after another. He wasn't around to walk his steady home. Practice came first, and then after practice and dinner he'd have to study, so he couldn't go out in the evenings. More trouble. It began to bother him so much that in the first part of the season, he would just go through the motions out on the court, and a few times the coach had to bench him."

Andy told us that this problem wasn't merely bothering the fellow and the girl, the entire school was suffering. Finally, someone had the good sense to tell the coach about it. He asked them both into his office after classes one day and, in a fatherly way, explained how much each was suffering on account of what both considered a lack of consideration on the part of the other. He told the girl how proud she should be that her steady was given extra talent to star at basketball, and he urged the fellow to bring her into the athletic picture more by telling her all about the game, and helping her to share his enthusiasm for it.

"You know what? It worked," Andy informed us, "and we had a hot club for the rest of the season. She turned out to be one of his biggest fans, along with being his steady date, and she practically forced him to take extra practice to become an even bigger star in college."

They're lucky that someone thought enough of them to really discuss it openly with them," Connie said. She told us how so many young fans won't take their problems to their parents, faculty advisor, or another adult because "adults just don't understand."

"That might be true about some adults," Connie admitted, "but there are so many others who just hope and pray that their teenage sons and daughters will give them an opportunity to understand."

"I agree with that," Andy said. "So many adults walk around with that worried look, and when you ask them what is the trouble, they themselves don't know because they're afraid to ask their teenagers anything."

"Do you mean they think they might be butting in where they aren't wanted?" Fabe asked.

"That's about it," Andy told him. "And you know that the vast majority of teenagers don't feel that way at all."

"They really don't," Frankie said. "For instance, a fellow might feel that he should go steady just because everybody else is doing it. He'd rather stay home and study, or play sports, or even travel with the fellows, but when the rest of the crowd is going steady he forces himself to go steady, too. If a fellow would sit down with his dad, I'll bet he'd be told not to worry about it until the time comes when he really meets the right girl—and then he'll know he wants to go steady."

"It's the same problem that girls face," Connie declared. "You know, some girls

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mature at an earlier age than others. Then, too, there are girls who mature later."

"I think that's why it's hard to say what age is right for going steady," Andy Williams agreed. "But another reason it's not a good idea when you are too young is the physical side of the relationship. You know, some boys feel they can be freer with a girl they're going steady with."

"Not all boys feel that way," Connie said. "But a lot of them do. And it takes a girl who's mature enough to handle the situation so that she doesn't go farther than she should."

"A girl who's old enough to go steady," Frankie put in, "should realize that she can't use sex as bait. A fellow might go out with a girl once or twice just because she's willing to neck. But he usually won't go steady with her for that reason. After all, you can't spend all your time in a parked car. The most important thing is that the girl is someone you can talk to easily, someone you can depend on to understand how you feel, someone who

wants to work towards the same goals you do. That's really a girl to be proud of."

We were really rolling along like crazy there, but like all good conversations this had to come to an end. I sure hated to see it break up, because the points they were covering seem to back up the points I've picked up meeting you and your parents around the country. I hope Fabian, Frankie, Connie and Andy won't mind me letting you in on this "top secret" conversation. But with all of these recording artists together, you can't expect *everything* to be "off the record."—DICK.

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STEVE McQUEEN

Continued from page 45

electricity. No way to warm the milk. He felt an uncontrollable spasm of laughter shake him. All this fire surrounding them—and they couldn't even warm the baby's bottle.

Neile touched Steve's hand and he felt the hysteria leave him. He must be strong for her, and for their child. He must not panic. Then, when they were out on the lawn, he looked down at the things Neile had "saved" from the fire and he wanted to laugh out loud again.

"Call Steve Ferry next door and get out—you and the baby and the nurse," he'd told her earlier that afternoon when she'd called him at the studio.

"It's awfully big," she'd told him. "All through the hills, Steve. The fire's only eight blocks away."

And he'd said, "Grab some money and anything else you need and get out immediately! I'll be home right away."

What had she taken? Her Saint Christopher medal, which she hadn't had time to put back on after her bath, a silver loving-cup and a little rabbit's-head toy. This was *all* she'd taken: no money, no purse, no legal papers; just clothes for the baby and three sentimental trinkets.

He reached out and took her medal, just like the one around his own neck, in his hands. The inscription on the front read: "Saint Christopher Protect Us." Oh, God, he thought, and looked up to see the flames coming closer and closer to them. An hour—perhaps two—he reminded himself, that's about all the time we have left if, suddenly, the wind should change...

Turning the medal over, he read the back of it. The same message that was written on the back of his was on Neile's: "To Part Is To Die A Little."

But we're going together, he told himself, trying to find some comfort, some peace in the thought, but there was none. And then he remembered, as he knew she was remembering, the day they were married... the day they found the Saint Christopher medals in a little out-of-the-way store near the church...

He'd been in New York, broke and out-of-work, and she was far away in California, touring with the play, "Pajama Game," as featured dancer, and he couldn't stand being without her. "I've just got to marry that girl," he decided.

But Los Angeles was thousands of miles away, and he didn't have even the price of gas for his motorcycle.

He pawned his gold watch—his last tie with his home town, Slater, Missouri; his last connection with his great-uncle's farm. "They don't make watches like this anymore," the pawnbroker had said, as he examined the large old-fashioned pocket-watch in its burnished gold case. "They don't make men like the man who gave it to me," said Steve, recalling vividly, for a moment, the face of his uncle—the man who had made him get up at 3:30 a.m. to feed the cows, the man who had insisted he go to school, even when he hated to, the man who had used a hickory switch on him when he shirked his chores. The man who had been strict and demanding, but also the man who had tears in his eyes when Steve had decided to leave the farm at fifteen and make his way in the world. It was then his uncle had given him the watch, his most prized possession, and when the fatherless boy opened the case and read the inscription inside, he, too, had cried. "To Steve," the inscription read, "who has been a son to me."

"My uncle would understand," Steve thought, as he pocketed the money the pawnbroker had given him. "He'd like Neile... I'm sure he would."

But the money from the watch didn't take him much further than Pittsburgh. One of the motorcycle tires blew out. Then the generator went on the blink and had to be replaced. And there was always the matter of the telegrams.

He *had* to keep in touch with Neile. Postcards and letters would take too long to get to her. Why, the way he was zooming along—"on wheels of rubber and wings of love," as he put it cornily in one of his wires—he'd be in Los Angeles in no time. Every place he stopped, he'd send her a telegram—and the cost mounted up.

It was on the road past Pittsburgh that he found he was down to his last few cents. He made this discovery just after he'd sent a night-letter to Neile. He'd scrawled "I love you, Neile" on the telegram blank thirteen times and handed it over to the clerk on duty. "With your signature, that's fifty-three words," said the clerk. "Three over the limit. There'll be an extra charge."

Steve counted his money and realized he had just enough for the straight night-letter and not enough for the three extra words. But 13 was his and Neile's lucky number. There had to be thirteen "I love you, Neiles."

"Excuse me for a few minutes," he told

the clerk. "Hold the wire. I'll be right back."

He went across the street to a drug store. When the woman in charge wasn't looking, he picked up a clock from the counter and walked towards the front of the store. On the way, he ran his fingers through his matted hair, trying to appear presentable. When he stood before her with the clock in his hand, he tried to seem innocent and unsuspecting. "Please, ma'am," he said, "could I have a refund on this?" She looked at him for a second, nodded her head, and rang up No Sale on the cash register. Then she handed him \$3.95. "Thank you, ma'am," he said, and headed for the door. She called after him, "Come back again sometime and have a strawberry sundae or something," but he only waved and went out into the street and across to the telegraph office.

"Add a P.S. to that wire," he told the telegrapher. "Make it read 'Just proved to myself I'm the greatest actor since Spencer Tracy. Will tell you all about it when I see you.'"

The rest of his trip to California was a fusion and confusion of endless highways, countless cheap hotels, and numberless fly-filled diners. His routine was almost always the same: He'd push his motorcycle all day, stopping only for hot coffee; he'd pull into a large town or city late in the afternoon and head for the nearest diner or small restaurant, where he'd offer to wash dishes for a few dollars and a meal; late at night, after the last pans had been scoured and the last dishes cleaned, he'd send a telegram to Neile; and then he'd find the cheapest side-street hotel and catch a few hours' sleep.

Finally, he crossed into California and stopped for a while to have his motorcycle overhauled. Here, for the first time, he sent a wire that included a return address: "Will you marry me? I've come through 722 cities to be with you. Now I'll drive through smog and fire to be at your side . . . always. I repeat—Will you marry me? R.S.V.P."

Her answer came two hours later: "Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Don't Stop. Love. Neile." He counted each "Yes." Thirteen. And he smiled.

As per her instructions, he *didn't* stop. Steve barreled up to her house on his cycle, in black pants and a black shirt, all set to claim his bride. Neile's mother happened to be visiting. She took one look—she'd never seen him before—and said to her daughter, "Whatever *that* is, get rid of it."

He drove to a drug store and phoned Neile from one of the booths. Her mother answered. "May I speak to Miss Adams?" he asked, in his best summer-stock British butler accent. "Miss Neile Adams?" He heard the mother's voice off-telephone, saying, "It's for you, dear . . . a man with a *most* charming way of speaking," and then Neile was on the wire.

"This is the *it*," he said. "*It* wants to know if you'll meet *it* at Hollywood and Vine tomorrow at ten in the morning and go with *it* to get a marriage license?"

"I'd love to, Mr. Cadwallader," Neile answered. "*It* sounds wonderful!"

Steve was so happy after he hung up the phone that he went out to the post-office, made out a money order for \$3.95, and mailed it to a drug store just west of Pittsburgh.

A few days later they were on the way to San Juan Capistrano to get married. He'd borrowed a suit, sports car and money for the occasion. It had been all right to pick her up at the stage door on a motorcycle when they'd had their first date in New York less than a half a year

ago, but a marriage required something more dignified: a snazzy car, a shirt and tie—the works. He pushed the accelerator to the floor. Along they went . . . zoom.

Suddenly they heard sirens in front of them and two state troopers' motorcycles criss-crossed on the road ahead. He brought his car to a screeching halt.

The officers came grimly to the side of the car. "You were going so fast," one of them said, "that we couldn't catch you. We had to take a short-cut and head you off."

"We didn't see you," Steve said. "Honest, we didn't see you."

"Honest," Neile chimed in.

"Going to a fire?" the second asked. He wanted to say, "We're riding together to the moon . . . to the stars," but all he said was, "No, we're going to a wedding. Our own. We're on our way to San Juan Capistrano to be married."

The two officers looked unconvinced so Neile pulled the marriage license out of her purse and showed it to them. Now they looked convinced but unsympathetic. Steve made a comment about their motorcycles, comparing their models favorably with the model he owned. Somehow this subject, motorcycles, was more important to them than love. For five minutes, while Neile sat quietly with an expression of increasing bewilderment on her face, the three men talked of overdrive, generators and spark plugs. By the time six minutes had gone by, they were all good friends.

A half hour later, Steve McQueen and Neile Adams drove up to the little church in San Juan Capistrano behind a motorcycle escort of two state troopers. When Steve and Neile were pronounced man and wife, the troopers were their witnesses, and both claimed the right to kiss the bride.

It was on the way back to their car that Mr. and Mrs. McQueen passed the little jewelry store. He pulled her back to the store window and they both gazed at two Saint Christopher medals, lying side by side, off to one corner. Without saying another word they went in. When they came out again, each was wearing one at the throat, with the same freshly-engraved message: To Part Is To Die A Little. . . .

The baby whimpered again and Steve pulled himself back from that happy day he'd been remembering and looked at his wife. Her eyes were bright with tears. "Neile," he said, drawing her to him.

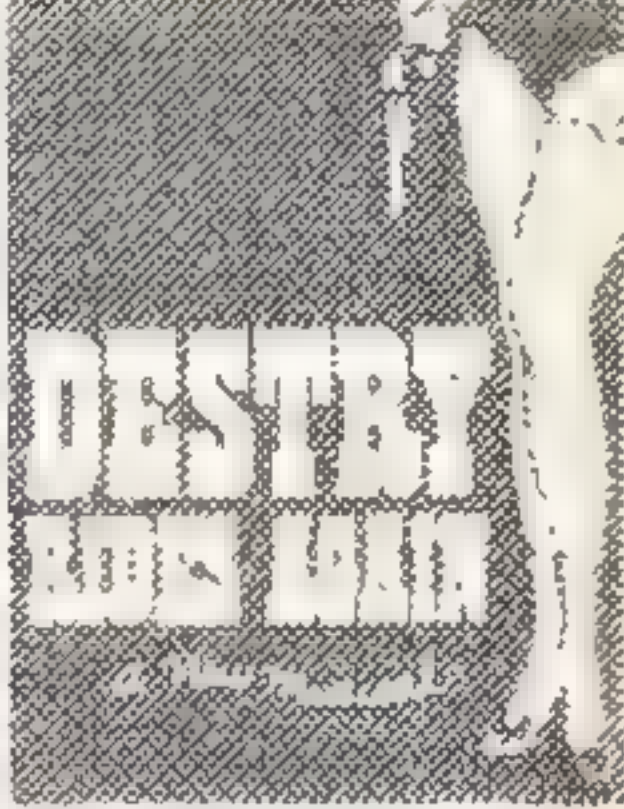
"It's the smoke," she said and tried to smile.

"Sure," he said, turning away helplessly. He looked around him. On all sides the mountains were ablaze. Laurel Canyon Boulevard, over which he had driven a few hours before, was now practically impassable. And even if he were willing to try to make the attempt to get Neile and the nurse and the baby away from this danger, he couldn't. He had no gas for his car, and no amount of money could buy him any now—even if Neile had thought to "save" any from the fire. She'd taken the medallion, instead—and his silver loving-cup that he'd won in the Santa Barbara Road Race, the first time he'd ever driven his Porsche in competition. And here he was, Steve McQueen, the "great" racing car driver, without a thimbleful of gas in his car.

It was so like Neile to grab the loving-cup for him at a time like this. She had never wanted him to race. But he loved racing, and she loved him . . . so she had wanted to save the cup for him. If they got out of this alive, he'd never race again.

The only race he'd ever run that really mattered was the race home a few hours

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before to save his wife and child; the race he'd thought he'd won. . . .

Right after Neile had called him on the set of "Never So Few" at the M-G-M lot to tell him the mountains were on fire and he'd told her to grab some money and take the baby and run, he ran to the garage across the street and jumped into his Porsche racer. As he gunned the motor and zipped out into the street, the mechanic yelled after him, "Hey! You don't have enough. . . ." But the roar of the engine drowned the rest of the words.

When he turned into the road that led to the canyon, he saw the smoke mushroomed high in the air and, almost immediately, he felt the heat of the fire. He shared the road with fire engines, police cars, and ambulances, all going in the same direction he was.

But it wasn't what was going his way that scared him, it was what he saw coming back: people—hundreds of people—on foot and in cars.

Now he could see the smoke and flames further up the canyon. And he could hear the voices of homeowners calling to their families, of firemen calling to each other, and of spotters in helicopters overhead as they blasted out orders to the firefighters.

He'd pulled up in front of the house and there were Neile and the baby and the nurse . . . the baby clothes, the Saint Christopher medal, the loving-cup, and the little rabbit's-head toy. After she'd thrown her arms around him and he'd kissed her, and after he'd hugged the baby, she explained why she hadn't left. She'd tried to call their neighbor, but the phone was dead. Then, just before the radio conked out, she'd heard a report telling all residents of the canyon to stay where they were, that help was on its way. So she'd hosed down the house—until there was no more water. Then she'd grabbed a few things, as he'd told her to do, and waited . . . waited as the fire crept closer and closer and closer.

"Okay," he said when she'd finished. "Okay. Let's get going." So they squeezed into the car—his wife, his baby, and the nurse—and he'd turned on the ignition and pressed the starter. Nothing happened. Again. Nothing. He looked at the gas gauge and began to laugh hysterically. "No gas," he yelled. "For the first time in my life I'm out of gas." And then he realized that this was what the mechanic had yelled after him when he left the garage.

They went into the house and he jiggled

the dead telephone. A helicopter buzzed overhead and he ran out and waved his hands and shouted for help, but the plane flew off into the smoke. The nearest neighbor was about six blocks away, but now the fire was there, too—about six blocks away. By the time he'd run there and back the fire would be nearer. He'd have gas, but what good would gas do when the road out was a holocaust?

Now he looked at Neile again. She had taken the baby from the nurse and was trying to soothe her. But the child was hot and restless and hungry. She doubled up her little fists and screamed. Steve leaned down and picked up the third silly, sentimental thing Neile had "saved"—the little wooden rabbit. He wound the rabbit's nose and the tinkling, music-box sound of "Rock-A-Bye Baby" filled the air. The baby stopped crying, and Steve thought back to the day that Terry was born. . . .

At the hospital, other fathers-to-be kept leaving the waiting room to be with their wives, but no one called him. For five hours he sat there, his arms filled with thirty dollars worth of red roses, the little toy wooden rabbit in his pocket, but they wouldn't let him up. Finally, he could stand it no longer.

"Nurse," he said to the woman in charge, "Nurse, is something wrong with my wife?"

"No, Mr. McQueen," she answered, "nothing's wrong."

"Then why can't I see her?"

"I have my orders," she replied. "You can't."

Orders or no orders, he ran into the elevator; then he dodged past the nurse at the desk and ran into his wife's room.

He dumped the flowers on a chair and bent down and kissed her. Then he put his head beside her on the pillow. Her fingers caught his. Every so often she'd squeeze his hand tightly; then she relaxed. During one of these periods of relaxation he reached into his pocket and pulled out the wooden rabbit. He wound its nose, and the sound of the lullaby filled the room. She smiled and closed her eyes. In a few seconds she was asleep.

He tiptoed from the room and went downstairs.

At 11:55 a.m., eighteen hours after he'd first brought her to the hospital, Neile gave birth to a little girl, Terry Leslie. A few minutes after the child was brought into her room, Neile wound the music box

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and played it for her. "It's from Daddy," she whispered to her tiny daughter. "It's from your Daddy."

The windup toy had run down, bringing Steve back to the unhappy present. The baby began to fret again, and Steve wound it up again.

"Look," he said, turning to his wife, "there's an old expression that God helps those who help themselves. What good am I here? They're fighting the fire over there." He pointed towards the San Fernando Valley. "I can hear firemen's voices from here. Maybe I can help."

He joined the main group of firefighters, and during the next fifteen minutes he worked with them. The trenches grew wider . . . wider . . . until finally they were so wide that even if the wind were to shift again, there'd be no danger. Then they packed their tools, climbed on the engines, and drove off to fight the fire in less dangerous areas.

Steve hitched a ride home with a neighbor, John Smith, who stars in "Cim-

arron City." He lit a cigarette and said, "Boy, I never thought I'd strike a match again," and they both laughed.

When they arrived at the house, their whooping and hollering brought Neile running to the car. "It's over," Steve yelled, as he swept her off her feet and into his arms. "It's over. A miracle's happened. We're safe."

They waved goodbye to John and carried the baby into their house and tenderly put her in the crib. Then they gathered up the little rabbit toy, and the loving cup, and the baby clothes and put them in their proper places. "You know," Steve said to his wife, "I teased you a little while ago about the things you wanted to save. But I think . . . well, I think they're the things I would have saved, too. . . . Plus the money, of course," he added, squeezing her hand gently.

THE END

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SURRENDERED

Continued from page 75

been waiting all afternoon for her, too, closed in. Notebooks waved in front of her. Flashbulbs blinded her. She could no longer see the limousine that would take her to the airport and back to Yasmin. Before the first reporter's question hit her, she thought, Yasmin will be so happy when we tell her . . .

"The conference—" the reporter looked at his watch, "that three-hour conference with Aly Khan—what was it all about? Is Yasmin going to get a fifth of the Aga's three billion?"

"No," Rita said quietly. "I would never ask that."

"Well, what then?"

Rita took a deep breath. "Yasmin's going to be able to see her father whenever she wants to," she told them. "She'll spend several weeks with him in Europe—then he'll come to Hollywood."

"But the money—what about the money?" a photographer asked.

"If Moslem law will allow it, I'll sign it all away," she said, taking a tighter hold on Jim's arm.

There was a long, stunned silence.

Rita cut them off. "Yasmin may be a princess," she said softly, "but she is most of all a little girl. She wants to see her daddy."

Another newsman whistled. "Why, it must be over sixty million! It must be enough to—"

Again Rita cut in. "The only one who's been hurt by all this legal maneuvering is Yasmin," she said. "She has her whole life ahead of her. Why should Aly and I complicate it? And anyway, what is financial sacrifice compared with sacrificing the happiness of a little girl? She misses Aly so much. She needs her father . . . I know. . . ."

She did know. She knew because she had seen the happiness in Yasmin's face when she was with Aly. She knew because she had come upon Yasmin—crying—only a few weeks ago, because her visit with her father had been postponed again. But most of all, she knew because she remembered her own childhood. She would never forget how much she'd wanted a daddy who loved her, simply because she was his. Her father seemed more a dancing partner—or teacher—than anything else.

She learned to dance when she was only four. A tiny, black-haired, solemn-eyed child, Margarita Carmen Cansino found one day that her childhood was over before it

had ever really begun. One moment she was laughing and watching the older children play hide-and-seek in the Brooklyn streets. The next, she was confined to the apartment and made to dance for hours—the same step over and over again, so there was no variety, no more fun in it.

"Practice, practice, practice," her father told her—and when he ran his long fingers through his wavy, black hair she knew he was upset—"and maybe some day you'll be okay. Not good, perhaps, but okay."

She never believed she would be more than just okay. Very early in her life, she learned: If I work hard and dance well, Papa will love me; if I play and am not a good dancer, he will turn away from me and talk about how he wanted a boy anyway. What good is a girl if she can't dance and help earn money later? No good at all, surely. I have to be what he wants, she told herself, or he won't love me.

That was the beginning—the beginning of the life she was forced into—for, she reasoned, if even Papa did not love her for what she was, then she had better become someone else, or no one would ever love her. And so she practiced and worked. At night she often cried, but during the day she always worked. Then, when she was fourteen, her father grudgingly admitted she might be good enough to be his partner.

"School is nonsense for a dancer," her father said the day he told her she would not be going back. "Why should a dancer learn how to count more beats than a fandango has, eh?" He shrugged. "Anyway, don't worry, Papa will take care of you."

She nodded. Yes, Papa would take care of her, she knew, but only so long as she was an asset to the act. So she worked harder than ever to prove that she was worth something. For deep inside she felt she was worth nothing. It wasn't that Papa had told her that. He didn't need to. It was the unspoken bargain—the bond—between them, and she would never forget it. Leaving Mama in Brooklyn, they headed for California, and trips over the border to the small Mexican cabarets became routine.

Then, one day, Papa made her cry. Not as she still cried at night—but with happiness. He said, "But Margarita, you are good!" He looked astonished, as if he had never expected to be able to say these words. "Why, you are good enough to solo, baby!"

Bursting into tears, she reached out for him. "Papa, you think I'm good? You love me?" she sobbed.

He frowned. "What are you talking about? Love you? Of course, I love you. You're my child, aren't you? Now, stop

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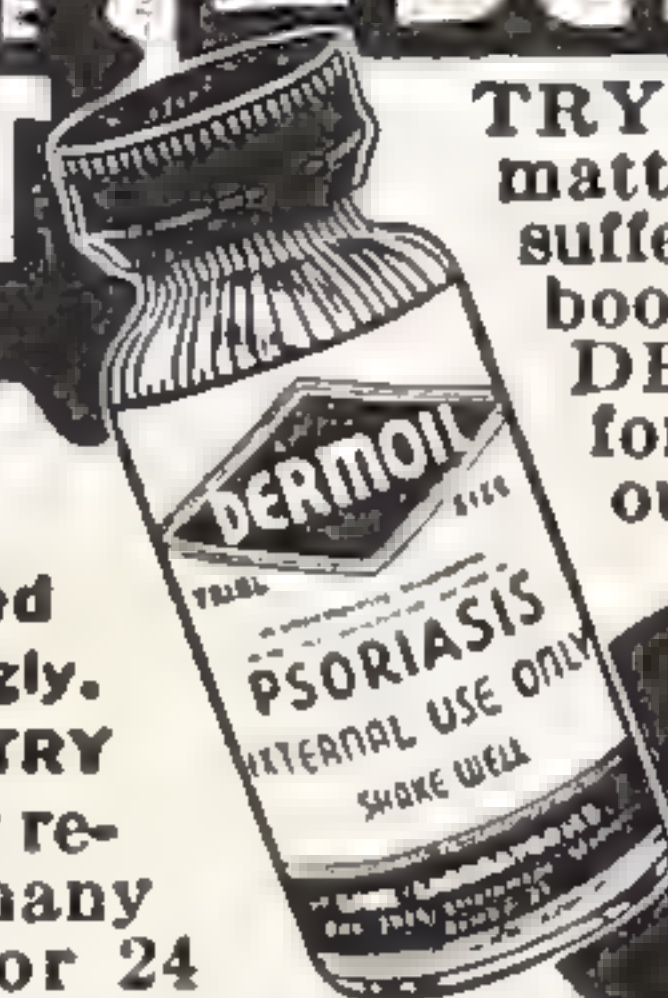


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saying such silly things. There are more important matters to consider."

More important . . . more important, Papa? she wanted to say. Then why have I worked so hard? Why— But Papa was talking again. "I will take you to the casino at Agua Caliente in Mexico," he told her. "You will try out for them. You will be very, very good, you understand, and they will hire you."

So they left their little room in California and went down to Mexico to the Agua Caliente. There, she danced for the fat, balding, cigar-chewing Mexican who owned the casino. She danced as she had never danced before—black hair flying, castanets clicking, her heart beating wildly with the rhythm—and the owner said, "We take her on. Four weeks we take her."

"Papa! I did it!" she said excitedly as she hung up her costume.

"Four weeks," he answered, his face expressionless, his tone implying it was not enough.

But the four weeks were extended and extended until they became two years. Surely, that was something? "I'm taking you to Hollywood," Papa told her at the end of the two years. "You will be a big star—for me."

For him? Anything. Anything in her power. She would dance and dance . . .

But she only danced a little in two or three movies, and that was all. Suddenly, there was no more. Nobody wanted her to dance, except Papa. And he wanted her to dance in front of an excited audience, on a glittering set, not for him in the dingy rooms they took. After all, he often told her, wasn't he Eduardo Cansino, descendant of the greatest dancers that Spain had ever seen? And wasn't she his daughter? She must succeed.

"But Papa—nobody wants me," she finally told him one day, sitting on the edge of her bed, massaging her feet. And, as she said it, she closed her eyes and thought: I don't really mean that the producers don't want me. I don't really care about that. I just want someone to care about me. She was seventeen now. For thirteen years she'd done everything Papa had told her, and still it wasn't right, wasn't enough. She turned her head away so that he could not see her tears.

Then, one night she got a phone call from a man named Eddie Judson. "I just caught your act in a movie," the suave voice said, "and, baby, it was great. Really great!"

She pulled the receiver away from her ear and stared at it for a moment. Then, her eyes filling with tears, she said, "Thank you," and she felt for the first time that she was great.

"I'd like to see you," the voice continued.

But she shook her head. "No. I don't date," she told him. It was true. Thousands of men had watched her—but always from a distance, always from the audience. "Papa doesn't know you, does he?"

"No. But perhaps if I call him?" the voice suggested.

"Perhaps," she said doubtfully, but she was almost sure she'd never get to meet this man. This man who sounded so admiring. She wondered what he was like.

Two weeks later she found out. He'd called her father and overwhelmed him with his knowledge of the movie industry—and he'd flattered him, too.

The man, Margarita saw, must be forty years old. His dark hair receded at the forehead, but was a distinguished gray at the temples. He had the beginnings of a double chin, but it could harden into a set, firm line, when he wanted something. And he wanted something this time. He knew a promotable commodity when he saw one. Margarita was that commodity.

Eduardo sized Ed Judson up quickly and

handed over the reins to Margarita's career—and life. What he could not do with her, Judson could, he told his daughter, and so Margarita Cansino became Margarita Judson. Or rather, she became Rita Hayworth. She became a stunning redhead, instead of a brunette. She wore the most beautiful gowns, and couldn't find anything in the apartment to eat. But that didn't matter, Ed told her.

"A dancer should be lean," he said. "It's easier to keep your tummy tucked in when you're hungry." That Rita couldn't argue about.

She looked around her at the glamorous clubs Ed insisted they go to every weekend. She looked at the candlelight and the flowers and her husband, and wondered: But where is the romance? Where is the happiness in being married, the peace of settling down? I am not a wife, just as I was never allowed to be a child. What is the good of any of this?

One night at the Trocadero she found the answer. Howard Hawks saw her in her beautiful gown and signed her to play a femme fatale in "Only Angels Have Wings."

When she told her father about it, he smiled—really smiled. But he said, rather casually she thought, "Oh, this makes only the beginning, baby. You will do better. With Ed behind you, you will do much better than that."

And she did. She made thirty-five pictures. She became Hollywood's Love Goddess. She, who had never known love.

One day she couldn't take it any longer. She packed up her beautiful clothes, that by now hid a deeper hunger, packed up the make-up that hid her longing, and she left Eddie Judson.

She had only wanted to be loved for herself. That was all she had ever wanted. Even if it had meant buying it, she had wanted it. From Papa. From Eddie. Well, she hadn't gotten it. But maybe, she thought, maybe next time. For there would be a next time. She knew that. There had to be. After all, she was only twenty-two.

There was a next time. She dated a lot of men. She tried to have fun. She even became engaged to Victor Mature, but when he was drafted she didn't wait to find out if he'd come back or not. Instead, she married Orson Welles. With all those brains, he wants me, she thought: Orson wants me.

But very soon Rita found out that with all those brains Orson couldn't make any money. Again, she was supporting a man. And, again, she could not do enough to make him love her for herself. Not even when she bore his child, Rebecca. To him, as to her father and Eddie, she was a not-quite-bright girl to be exploited. And so a second marriage fell apart.

What's wrong with me? Rita asked herself over and over. She looked up at the marquee after another premiere and wanted to burst into tears. In every picture, she got her man. She was a celluloid love goddess. As a real-life woman? She was a failure.

To get away from this thought, she fled to Europe. It was 1948 and she went to Cannes. There, at a dinner party, she met the man she felt would make all her dreams come true. Here, at last, was a man who cared what she felt, who seemed to love her only for herself. Here was an honest-to-goodness prince charming: Aly Khan.

After a transcontinental courtship, they were married on the Riviera, May 27, 1949. She thought to herself, I will never forget that day as long as I live. The ceremony was breathtaking, and, for perhaps the first time, Rita was glad she was beautiful. If her face and body had been what first attracted this wonderful man to her, then

she was happy that they were attractive. "You are my princess," Aly said when the ceremony was over and he had kissed her. "I adore you."

And her heart was so filled with happiness that she could think of nothing else. Except, during the moment she looked up into her husband's eyes, she wondered if, at last, Papa might be proud of her. Have I finally done enough, worked hard enough, to rest now and be happy? she asked herself. But she pushed that thought aside. For two years she was wildly, wonderfully happy. Aly was so good to her. He had been so glad when their child was born, and he'd been pleased that it was a girl. "We'll call her Yasmin," he said, "if you like that name."

"I like anything you like," she told him. But that wasn't quite true. Her prince, after all, was a Moslem. Women were, well, *women*—even if you were married to them. "I could take four wives at once if I wanted to," he told her angrily a few months before their third wedding anniversary. "But I haven't, have I?"

They were quarreling about the women he saw. They often quarreled about that. Also, they fought about his gambling, his constant need for friends—fifty at a time—to be around. His going off and leaving her while he explored new worlds. But Yasmin loved her daddy, and Rita still loved Aly, too, so she hung on. Even after Aly had "borrowed" all her savings. For, even though his father was the richest man in the world, Aly often ran short before his allowance arrived. She hung on even when she heard more and more about Aly's romances. Even when she realized that, to him, she was simply another desirable woman, conveniently his wife; that on his part it had only been physical attraction. That, and no more. Again, it was not love. He didn't need her any more than her father had, or Ed, or Orson.

So, one day, despite Yasmin's tears, she left this husband, too. "It will be all right," she told her child. "We'll fix things so Daddy can come to see you and you can go to see him, honey. It will be all right."

And Yasmin had been comforted. Rita had not. *How* will I fix it? she wondered, knowing that she must find some way. Yasmin was not going to grow up as she herself had. Despite all Aly's faults, he did love Yasmin—for herself alone. And Yasmin needed to know this, just as Rita had always needed to know it—and always would.

She went back to Hollywood and began making pictures again. Because of Aly she was in debt, and she had to work hard. But not so hard that she didn't have a lot of time to spend with Yasmin; not so hard that she didn't see how much the child wanted her father; and not so hard that she could kill her own loneliness.

It was at this point that she met Dick Haymes. Very soon she discovered that he needed her as no one had ever needed her before. Terribly in debt, depressed to the point of contemplating suicide, he clung to her. He cried when she told him the reasons they should not marry, the reasons it wouldn't work.

"It's got to work," he said. "Rita—please—don't say that!" He kissed her and held her and lulled her doubts. And they were married.

They moved into a rustic cabin and sat by the fireplace and dreamed dreams and told each other their love would last forever. But how can love survive when into the dream move ex-wives waving back-alimony bills; when into the dream come process-servers and income-tax collectors and government officials who want to push the man you've been dreaming with out of the country? The dream died quickly, but Rita did not move out of it

until Dick was on his feet. Then she packed up Rebecca and Yasmin and left.

Aly was still trying to get custody of Yasmin—or, at least, to get Rita to live up to her agreement to let him see his child every summer. But Rita's lawyer had advised against her complying until certain other legal matters were settled. The legal matters were primarily monetary ones.

"Yasmin is entitled to one-fifth of the Aga's estate," the lawyer kept saying.

"But I don't care about that," Rita protested.

"It's not your decision to make," the lawyer said. "It's up to the child, and, since she's not old enough to decide, you simply can't throw away her birth-right!"

Well, he was an attorney, after all, Rita decided. Probably he knew best. But it hurt her to see Yasmin's face when she was denied yet another visit with her daddy. "Next summer," Rita would tell the child, or, "Maybe at Christmas time, or for your birthday. We'll see."

And then, gradually, Yasmin didn't ask any more. Maybe she's forgotten, Rita thought, feeling relieved. Maybe it wasn't as important as I thought. Maybe everything will be all right.

It was Jim Hill who showed her that everything was *not* all right. Soon after she'd met him, on Christmas Eve of 1956, her heart began to sing. He was a partner in the Hecht-Hill-Lancaster production company, for whom she was to do a part in "Separate Tables." He was also a good friend of the Bob Schiffers, whom Rita had known and cared about for a long time. When the Schiffers asked Rita over for Christmas Eve, they asked Jim, too. And that's when they really began to know each other.

From that night on, Jim was no longer a forty-one-year-old confirmed bachelor. Rita was no longer lonely. From a basic liking and understanding of each other, they grew to love each other deeply. And Jim loved Rebecca and Yasmin, too.

But even though he loved the girls as if they were his own, they were not. And they knew it. Yasmin especially.

"She should see her father," Jim said. Rita turned to him, her face puzzled. They were flying down to Palm Springs for lunch. It was the first time she'd ever been on an airplane and not been afraid. Maybe that was because Jim was flying it himself. And maybe that was because he had just asked her to be his wife and she had said, "Yes, darling, with all my heart. . . ."

"I thought Yasmin had forgotten," she said. "She hasn't mentioned her father in quite a while." But then she remembered how she had felt as a child, and she knew Yasmin would never forget.

Her hand flew to her mouth. "What if she thinks Aly doesn't care any more?" she asked, her voice muffled, her throat feeling strangled. How could she think that? she wondered. And then a voice within it answered her: *Why, it's easy. Haven't you always thought that about your father?*

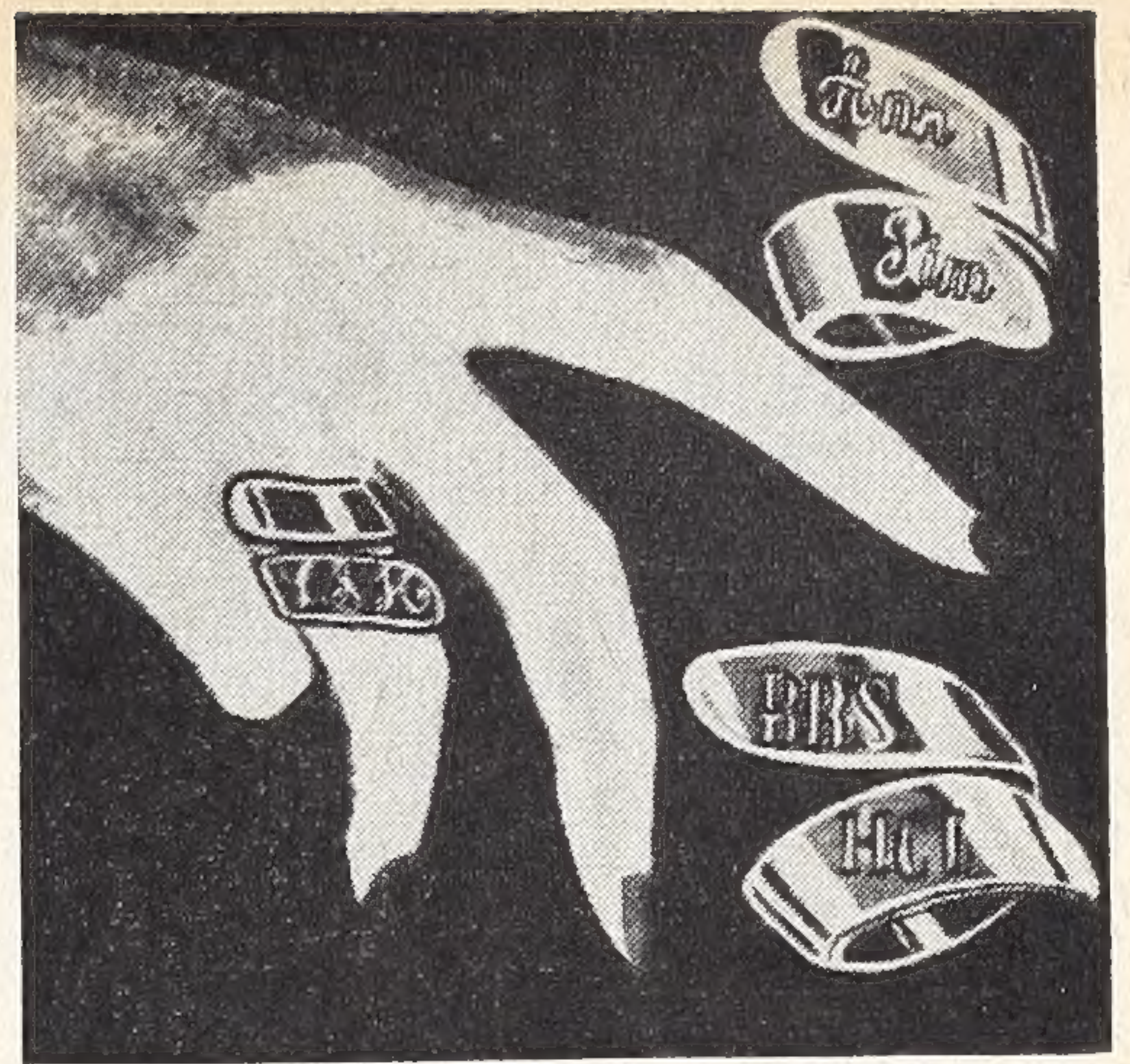
So, shortly after that she fired her lawyer. "I'm Yasmin's mother," she said. "I know what my little girl needs, and it's *not* money!" How well she knew that.

Holding tightly to Jim's arm, Rita walked down the hotel steps toward the limousine. Quietly, respectfully, the reporters cleared a path for her. Just as she was getting into the car, one reporter said, "But what will Yasmin think about this twenty years from now?"

Turning, she said, "She'll think how happy she is. She'll remember how much we loved her." And Rita smiled.

—ANN HUNTER

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OTHER WOMEN

Continued from page 53

until June. I'd like to make it sooner—but you know girls. She wants to be a June bride."

They stood watching her across the room where some other girls were admiring her ring, and then Tony heard his friend give a low whistle. He turned to him, frowning. "What did you do that for?" he asked.

His friend caught him by the elbow and pointed. "Who's that?"

Tony looked in the direction in which his friend was staring. There was a girl—tiny and blonde—standing there, her head thrown back, her eyes crinkled with laughter. She looked fresh and vivacious.

"That's just a girl," Tony answered and he realized he felt uncomfortable.

"I'd like to meet her. Do you know her?"

Tony nodded, but he said, "Look—what are you trying to do? You just got engaged. Your fiancée's right here. What do you want to meet another girl for?"

"Come on, Tony," his pal said, "don't give me a lecture."

Tony led his friend over to the girl and introduced them. She seemed to fascinate his friend and he hung on her every word.

Tony left and went to get himself a cup of coffee. I know exactly what's going to happen, he told himself. That guy's going to hang around that blonde all evening, and then, when he realizes there's nothing to it, he'll be sorry. But he'll be sorrier when his fiancée reads the riot act to him.

It didn't happen exactly that way though. The next day his friend called him, sounding real down in the dumps.

"Was it worth it?" Tony asked him.

"No—I don't know what came over me," his friend said. "Maybe it was pre-wedding jitters—or, I don't know."

"Well, are you still engaged?"

"I sure am. But do you know what happened? I expected my girl to get mad and yell or cry, or something. But all she said was, 'I thought you were grown-up enough to be engaged.' That was all she said, but it made me feel about an inch high. I'll never look at another woman again." He sounded as though he meant it, too.

There's no future in it, Tony told himself. He was determined that he was never going to look at another woman once he was engaged—or married.

"Look," his producer friend said, patting his hand, "it's not as bad as all that. Do you know what Cary Grant once told me?" he went on. "If he sees a pretty woman on the street he goes right up to her and says, 'I'd like to tell you how very nice you look today!'"

Smiling a little, Tony said, "Well, not every man has Cary's poise. Someone like me would get a slap in the face doing that."

His friend laughed. "As Cary points out, it's not that you look—it's *how* you look at a woman that counts! What's more, have you ever noticed that women look at men, too? They admire a tie—or the set of a man's jaw—or a good tweed suit. They look and then look away."

It was true; women did notice other men but they seemed to do it differently. When a handsome man caught Shelley's eye, she'd say, "He's nice looking, all right, but what a shame he's letting himself get heavy," and Tony would think it was worth the effort to keep in shape, and feel good.

Shelley always made him feel the person she noticed was never quite as wonderful or as nice as he. When she looked, she saw the total man—the good with the

bad—and she always ended up making him feel that she was glad she was with him. That was it. That was the difference. . . . He felt better. He was learning.

With time, married life changes, everybody admits. When Tony and Shelley first met during rehearsals for the Broadway production of "A Hatful of Rain," they fell head over heels in love. They walked in the rain together and felt dry and warm, because they were holding hands. They dreamed of what it would be like when they were married, and promised each other that they'd take turns serving each other breakfast in bed.

When it actually came to it though, they discovered that it wasn't very comfortable eating in bed and when the third glass of juice was spilled all over the beautiful blue blanket that had been a wedding present, they gave up eating in bed altogether. "Well, we didn't know," Shelley said. "We had to learn."

The next thing they gave up was staying up until dawn together. Yawning, Tony said, "I guess I'm getting old. I need my sleep, Shell," and she smiled and said, "I wondered which one of us would collapse first!"

She was understanding about everything, and this got better as time passed. Sometimes he didn't even have to tell her how he felt about something. She just *knew*.

And after a while he knew that he couldn't live without Shelley. She was the one who had persuaded him to go to Hollywood and try making movies. She'd had faith in him, when he'd had none in himself.

PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS

Debbie Reynolds color and black-and-white by Fitzgerald-Carter; Lennon Sisters color by Roger Prigent; Steve McQueen by Curt Gunther (Topix); Tony Franciosa by Gene Lesser (Globe) and Gene Trindl (Topix); Tuesday Weld by Gene Trindl (Topix); Elvis Presley by Jean Kerby (Pictorial Parade); Pat Boone by Howell Conant (Topix); Sophia Loren by Mal Bulloch.

He remembered the bleak days of pounding pavements, looking for another part in a stage play in New York, while Shelley went to Hollywood to make a movie. He'd never acted in front of a movie camera in his life, and the whole idea terrified him. But Shelley called him long-distance every night, begging him to try, begging him to come to Hollywood for a screen test.

"It'll be all right," she'd say. "You'll be fine. I just know you will."

She believed in him. She just wouldn't stop believing in him, no matter what excuse he gave. Then one night she got him to admit that, actually, he wouldn't mind being a movie star. He would kind of like it—only, well, he was scared to try. What if he failed? What if the screen test showed him up and made him look terrible? What then?

Finally, after spending a fortune in cross-country telephone calls, Shelley managed to convince Tony that at least he ought to try. So he'd flown out to her and taken the screen test, and he'd clicked! Because of Shelley's faith in him. She'd known he'd do well long before he had. Perhaps because women mature earlier than men.

Tony finished his coffee and looked at his watch. "Oh-oh," he said to his friend, "I have to go. I'm meeting Shelley for dinner." He pushed back the metal chair and stood up. "It's been great," he said. "Let's try to get together again . . . maybe when Diane and the kids come home from the country."

Tony walked to the corner and waited

for the light to change. He was thinking that maybe the country air was good for his friend's wife and kids, but that it wasn't such a great idea for her to stay away so long. Then he remembered what Diane was like and decided that, after all, she knew what she was doing. She was the kind of wife who had her husband's best interests at heart—and he knew it. As he had grown, she had grown with him. And, as long as their marriage continued to grow, as long as their main interests were the same—with room for occasional surprises so that nothing was ever dull—there was nothing to worry about.

The light changed and Tony crossed the street. But before he got to the other side, another thought struck him. What about the man who looks in the wrong way? he asked himself; or the man who looks too long? What can a girl do about that?

He wasn't thinking of himself now. And then, walking along the noisy, crowded street all by himself, he grinned.

The best thing a woman can do with a man like that is to surprise him. He'll expect her to be angry, he decided, just as my friend expected his fiancée to flare up over that blonde. But what a girl should do is this: When she sees her husband or boyfriend doing a double-take over a woman, she ought to tell him what good taste he has. Well, that's what she *ought* to do, Tony thought, but then how many girls could do it!

What most girls would do is throw something at the guy—even if it's only an icy glance or catty remark. But if a girl *could* do that, Tony smiled to himself, I'll bet her husband would do another double-take—this time in his wife or girlfriend's direction. Because he'll wonder why she didn't get mad, and then he'll wonder if she cares about him any more—when she didn't get jealous or anything. So then he'll start concentrating on her completely, to make sure she *does* care, and keeps on caring.

Tony was smiling as he swung into the restaurant where Shelley was waiting for him. He spotted her immediately, even though she was seated in an inconspicuous corner. She wore her new suit, he thought. If a woman would always take as much time and trouble getting ready for her husband or boyfriend as she did when they first started dating, there would never be any trouble. It would help, too, if a girl showed how happy she was to see a guy when they met. None of that staring off into the distance while her husband kisses her on the cheek. Now is that romantic? Not to a guy.

Shelley didn't see him yet, because she was staring at a tall, dark man on the opposite side of the room. He had a sort of matinee-idol profile. Tony marched up to her table. "Shelley!" he said sternly.

Turning back, she looked up at him and smiled that special smile of hers. "Hi, darling," she said, and then bent closer to him. "See that man over there?" she asked.

"I certainly do!" Tony said icily.

"He's very handsome, don't you think? But, oh! I can smell his conceit from over here!"

And Tony laughed. As he sat down across from her at the table, he kept on laughing.

"What's so funny?" Shelley asked, looking puzzled.

"Nothing. Nothing at all," said Tony, but he thought, I've got the answer. It's so simple. Everybody looks—it's basic!

THE END

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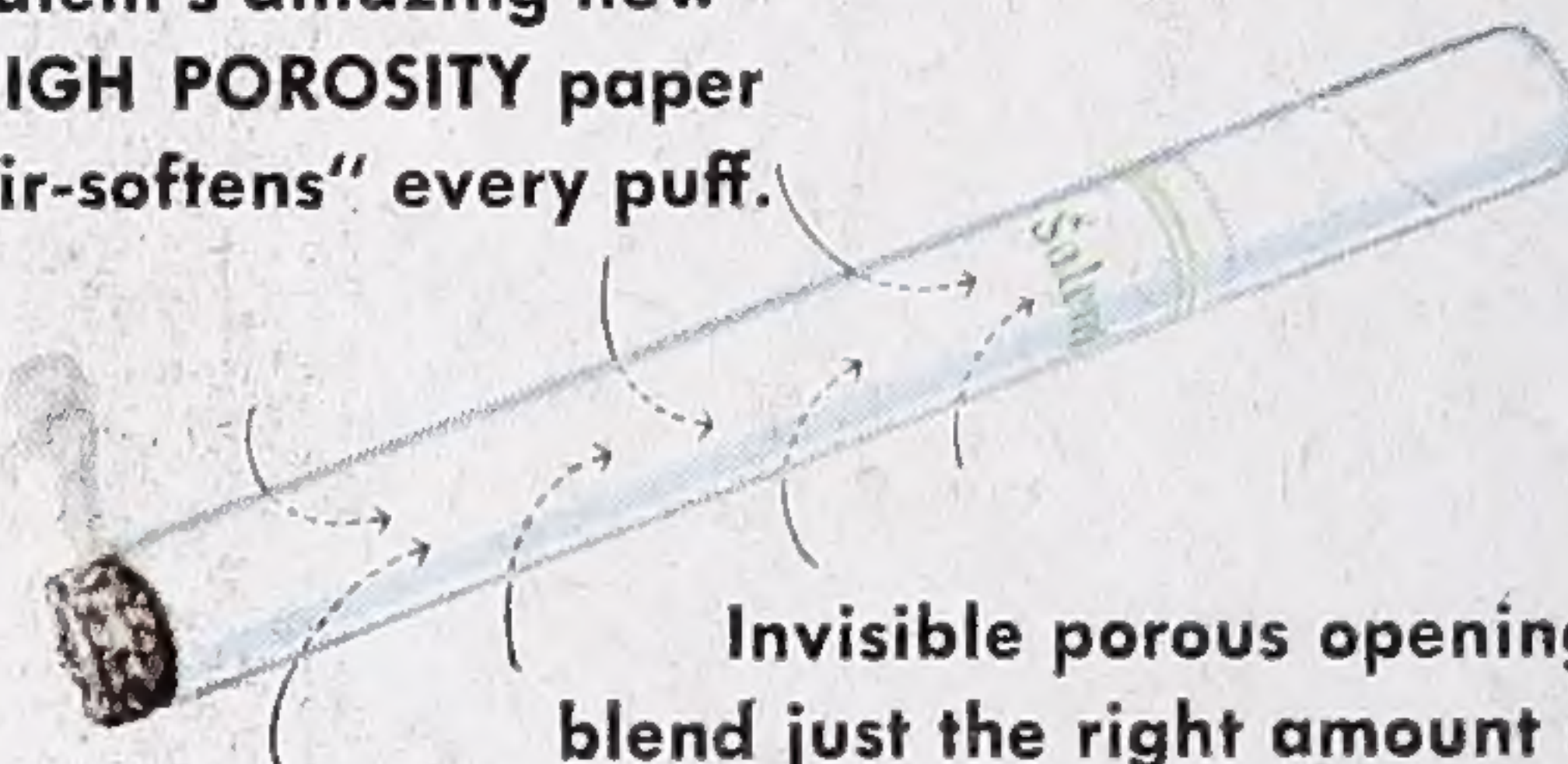
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